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Shadows we are and
like shadows depart.

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LANDOR'S

POEMS, DIALOGUES IN VERSE, AND EPIGRAMS

Wednesday
April 5.

My dear Sir,

Let me condole
with you on the heav-
-iest of all calamities,
and assure you that
among your numerous
friends no one more
highly estimates your
worth, or laments his
sincerely your bereave-
-ment than

W. S. Landor

I would not write earlier,
and I am still afraid
that I may have written
too soon.

POEMS DIALOGUES IN VERSE AND EPIGRAMS BY WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR EDITED WITH NOTES BY CHARLES G. CRUMP

IN TWO VOLUMES

SECOND VOLUME

POEMS AND EPIGRAMS

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POEMS AND EPIGRAMS.

POEMS AND EPIGRAMS.

—*—

GEBIR.

FIRST BOOK.

I SING[1] the fates of Gebir. He had dwelt
Among those mountain-caverns which retain
His labours yet, vast halls and flowing wells,
Nor have forgotten their old master's name
Though sever'd from his people: here, incenst
By meditating on primeval wrongs,
He blew his battle-horn, at which uprose
Whole nations; here, ten thousand of most might
He call'd aloud; and soon Charoba saw
His dark helm hover o'er the land of Nile.
What should the virgin do? should royal knees
Bend suppliant? or defenceless hands engage
Men of gigantic force, gigantic arms?
For 'twas reported that nor sword sufficed,
Nor shield immense nor coat of massive mail,
But that upon their towering heads they bore
Each a huge stone, refulgent as the stars.
This told she Dalica, then cried aloud,
"If on your bosom laying down my head
I sobb'd away the sorrows of a child,
If I have always, and Heav'n knows I have,
Next to a mother's held a nurse's name,
Succour this one distress, recall those days,
Love me, tho' 'twere because you lov'd me then."
But whether confident in magic rites

Or toucht with sexual pride to stand implor'd,
Dalica smiled, then spake: "Away those fears.
Though stronger than the strongest of his kind,
He falls; on me devolve that charge; he falls.
Rather than fly him, stoop thou to allure;
Nay, journey to his tents. A city stood
Upon that coast, they say, by Sidad built,
Whose father Gad built Gadir; on this ground
Perhaps he sees an ample room for war.
Persuade him to restore the walls himself
In honour of his ancestors, persuade . .
But wherefore this advice? young, unespoused,
Charoba want persuasions! and a queen!"
"O Dalica!" the shuddering maid exclaim'd,
"Could I encounter that fierce frightful man?
Could I speak? no, nor sigh." "And canst thou reign?"
Cried Dalica; "Yield empire or comply."
Unfixt, though seeming fixt, her eyes downcast,
The wonted buzz and bustle of the court
From far through sculptured galleries met her ear;
Then lifting up her head, the evening sun
Pour'd a fresh splendour on her burnisht throne:
The fair Charoba, the young queen, complied.
But Gebir, when he heard of her approach,
Laid by his orbed shield; his vizor-helm,
His buckler and his corset he laid by,
And bade that none attend him: at his side
Two faithful dogs that urge the silent course,
Shaggy, deep-chested, croucht; the crocodile,
Crying, oft made them raise their flaccid ears
And push their heads within their master's hand.
There was a brightening paleness in his face,
Such as Diana rising o'er the rocks
Shower'd on the lonely Latmian; on his brow
Sorrow there was, yet nought was there severe.
But when the royal damsel first he saw,
Faint, hanging on her hand-maid, and her knees
Tottering, as from the motion of the car,
His eyes lookt earnest on her, and those eyes

Show'd, if they had not, that they might have, lov'd,
For there was pity in them at that hour.
With gentle speech, and more with gentle looks,
He sooth'd her ; but lest Pity go beyond
And crost Ambition lose her lofty aim,[2]
Bending, he kist her garment, and retired.
He went, nor slumber'd in the sultry noon,
When viands, couches, generous wines, persuade,
And slumber most refreshes ; nor at night,
When heavy dews are laden with disease ;
And blindness waits not there for lingering age.
Ere morning dawn'd behind him, he arrived
At those rich meadows where young Tamar fed
The royal flocks entrusted to his care.
"Now," said he to himself, "will I repose
At least this burthen on a brother's breast."
His brother stood before him : he, amazed,
Rear'd suddenly his head, and thus began.
"Is it thou, brother ! Tamar, is it thou !
Why, standing on the valley's utmost verge,
Lookest thou on that dull and dreary shore
Where beyond sight Nile blackens all the sand ?
And why that sadness ? When I past our sheep
The dew-drops were not shaken off the bar,
Therefore if one be wanting, 'tis untold."
"Yes, one is wanting, nor is that untold,"
Said Tamar ; "and this dull and dreary shore
Is neither dull nor dreary at all hours."
Whereon the tear stole silent down his cheek,
Silent, but not by Gebir unobserv'd :
Wondering he gazed awhile, and pitying spake.
"Let me approach thee ; does the morning light
Scatter this wan suffusion o'er thy brow,
This faint blue lustre under both thine eyes ?"
"O brother, is this pity or reproach ?"
Cried Tamar, "cruel if it be reproach,
If pity, O how vain !" "Whate'er it be
That grieves thee, I will pity, thou but speak,
And I can tell thee, Tamer, pang for pang."

"Gebir! then more than brothers are we now!
Everything (take my hand) will I confess.
I neither feed the flock nor watch the fold;
How can I, lost in love? But, Gebir, why
That anger which has risen to your cheek?
Can other men? could you? what, no reply!
And still more anger, and still worse conceal'd!
Are these your promises? your pity this?"
"Tamar, I well may pity what I feel . .
Mark me aright . . I feel for thee . . proceed . .
Relate me all." "Then will I all relate,"
Said the young shepherd, gladden'd from his heart.
"'Twas evening, though not sunset, and the tide
Level with these green meadows, seem'd yet higher:
'Twas pleasant; and I loosen'd from my neck
The pipe you gave me, and began to play.
O that I ne'er had learnt the tuneful art!
It always brings us enemies or love.
Well, I was playing, when above the waves
Some swimmer's head methought I saw ascend;
I, sitting still, survey'd it, with my pipe
Awkwardly held before my lips half-closed.
Gebir! it was a Nymph! a Nymph divine!
I can not wait describing how she came,
How I was sitting, how she first assum'd
The sailor; of what happen'd there remains
Enough to say, and too much to forget.
The sweet deceiver stept upon this bank
Before I was aware; for with surprise
Moments fly rapid as with love itself.
Stooping to tune afresh the hoarsen'd reed,
I heard a rustling, and where that arose
My glance first lighted on her nimble feet.
Her feet resembled those long shells explored
By him who to befriend his steed's dim sight
Would blow the pungent powder in the eye.
Her eyes too! O immortal Gods! her eyes
Resembled . . what could they resemble? what
Ever resemble those? Even her attire

Was not of wonted woof nor vulgar art:
Her mantle show'd the yellow samphire-pod,
Her girdle the dove-colour'd wave serene.
'Shepherd,' said she, 'and will you wrestle now,
And with the sailor's hardier race engage?'
I was rejoiced to hear it, and contrived
How to keep up contention: could I fail
By pressing not too strongly, yet to press?
'Whether a shepherd, as indeed you seem,
Or whether of the hardier race you boast,
I am not daunted; no; I will engage.'
'But first,' said she, 'what wager will you lay?'
'A sheep,' I answered: 'add whate'er you will.'
'I can not,' she replied, 'make that return:
Our hided vessels in their pitchy round
Seldom, unless from rapine, hold a sheep.
But I have sinuous shells of pearly hue
Within, and they that lustre have imbibed
In the sun's palace-porch, where when unyoked
His chariot-wheel stands midway in the wave:
Shake one and it awakens, then apply
Its polisht lips to your attentive ear,
And it remembers its august abodes,
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there.
And I have others given me by the nymphs,
Of sweeter sound than any pipe you have;
But we, by Neptune! for no pipe contend,
This time a sheep I win, a pipe the next.'
Now came she forward eager to engage,
But first her dress, her bosom then survey'd,
And heav'd it, doubting if she could deceive.
Her bosom seem'd, inclos'd in haze like heav'n,
To baffle touch, and rose forth undefined:
Above her knee she drew the robe succinct,
Above her breast, and just below her arms.
'This will preserve my breath when tightly bound,
If struggle and equal strength should so constrain.'
Thus, pulling hard to fasten it, she spake,
And, rushing at me, closed: I thrill'd throughout

And seem'd to lessen and shrink up with cold.
Again with violent impulse gusht my blood,
And hearing nought external, thus absorb'd,
I heard it, rushing through each turbid vein,
Shake my unsteady swimming sight in air.
Yet with unyielding though uncertain arms
I clung around her neck; the vest beneath
Rustled against our slippery limbs entwined:
Often mine springing with eluded force
Started aside and trembled till replaced:
And when I most succeeded, as I thought,
My bosom and my throat felt so comprest
That life was almost quivering on my lips,
Yet nothing was there painful: these are signs
Of secret arts and not of human might;
What arts I can not tell; I only know
My eyes grew dizzy and my strength decay'd;
I was indeed o'ercome . . with what regret,
And more, with what confusion, when I reacht
The fold, and yielding up the sheep, she cried,
'This pays a shepherd to a conquering maid.'
She smiled, and more of pleasure than disdain
Was in her dimpled chin and liberal lip,
And eyes that languisht, lengthening, just like love.
She went away; I on the wicker gate
Leant, and could follow with my eyes alone.
The sheep she carried easy as a cloak;
But when I heard its bleating, as I did,
And saw, she hastening on, its hinder feet
Struggle, and from her snowy shoulder slip,
One shoulder its poor efforts had unveil'd,
Then all my passions mingling fell in tears;
Restless then ran I to the highest ground
To watch her; she was gone; gone down the tide;
And the long moon-beam on the hard wet sand
Lay like a jasper column half up-rear'd."
"But, Tamar! tell me, will she not return?"
"She will return, yet not before the moon
Again is at the full: she promist this,

Tho' when she promist I could not reply."
" By all the Gods I pity thee! go on,
Fear not my anger, look not on my shame,
For when a lover only hears of love
He finds his folly out, and is ashamed.
Away with watchful nights and lonely days,
Contempt of earth and aspect up to heaven,
With contemplation, with humility,
A tatter'd cloak that pride wears when deform'd,
Away with all that hides me from myself,
Parts me from others, whispers I am wise:
From our own wisdom less is to be reapt
Than from the barest folly of our friend.
Tamar! thy pastures, large and rich, afford
Flowers to thy bees and herbage to thy sheep,
But, battened on too much, the poorest croft
Of thy poor neighbour yields what thine denies."
They hasten'd to the camp, and Gebir there
Resolved his native country to forego,
And order'd from those ruins to the right
They forthwith raise a city. Tamar heard
With wonder, tho' in passing, 'twas half-told,
His brother's love, and sigh'd upon his own.

SECOND BOOK.

The Gadite men the royal charge obey.
Now fragments weigh'd up from the uneven streets
Leave the ground black beneath ; again the sun
Shines into what were porches, and on steps
Once warm with frequentation ; clients, friends,
All morning, satchel'd idlers all mid-day,
Lying half-up and languid tho' at games.
Some raise the painted pavement, some on wheels
Draw slow its laminous length, some intersperse
Salt water thro' the sordid heaps, and seize
The flowers and figures starting fresh to view ;
Others rub hard large masses, and essay
To polish into white what they misdeem
The growing green of many trackless years.*
Far off at intervals the axe resounds
With regular strong stroke, and nearer home
Dull falls the mallet with long labour fringed.
Here arches are discover'd ; there huge beams
Resist the hatchet, but in fresher air
Soon drop away : there spreads a marble squared
And smoothen'd ; some high pillar for its base
Chose it, which now lies ruin'd in the dust.
Clearing the soil at bottom, they espy
A crevice, and, intent on treasure, strive
Strenuous and groan to move it : one exclaims,
"I hear the rusty metal grate ; it moves ! "
Now, overturning it, backward they start,
And stop again, and see a serpent pant,
See his throat thicken and the crisped scales
Rise ruffled, while upon the middle fold
He keeps his wary head and blinking eye
Curling more close, and crouching ere he strike.

* *Verde Antico* is found here.

Go, mighty men, invade far cities, go,
And be such treasure portions to your heirs.
  Six days they labour'd: on the seventh day
Returning, all their labours were destroy'd.
'Twas not by mortal hand, or from their tents
'Twere visible; for these were now removed
Above, where neither noxious mist ascends
Nor the way wearies ere the work begin.
There Gebir, pierced with sorrow, spake these words:
  "Ye men of Gades, arm'd with brazen shields,
And ye of near Tartessus, where the shore
Stoops to receive the tribute which all owe
To Bœtis and his banks for their attire,
Ye too whom Durius bore on level meads,
Inherent in your hearts is bravery,
For earth contains no nation where abounds
The generous horse and not the warlike man.
But neither soldier now nor steed avails,
Nor steed nor soldier can oppose the Gods,
Nor is there aught above like Jove himself,
Nor weighs against his purpose, when once fixt,
Aught but, with supplicating knee, the Prayers.
Swifter than light are they, and every face,
Tho' different, glows with beauty; at the throne
Of Mercy, when clouds shut it from mankind,
They fall bare-bosom'd, and indignant Jove
Drops at the soothing sweetness of their voice
The thunder from his hand. Let us arise
On these high places daily, beat our breast,
Prostrate ourselves and deprecate his wrath."
  The people bow'd their bodies and obey'd.
Nine mornings with white ashes on their heads
Lamented they their toil each night o'erthrown,
And now the largest orbit of the year,
Leaning o'er black Mocattam's rubied brow,*
Proceeded slow, majestic, and serene,
Now seemed not further than the nearest cliff,
And crimson light struck soft the phosphor wave.

* The summits are of a deep red.

Then Gebir spake to Tamar in these words:
"Tamar! I am thy elder and thy king,
But am thy brother too, nor ever said
Give me thy secret and become my slave:
But haste thee not away; I will myself
Await the nymph, disguised in thy attire."
Then starting from attention, Tamar cried,
"Brother! in sacred truth it can not be.
My life is yours, my love must be my own.
O surely he who seeks a second love
Never felt one, or 'tis not one I feel."
But Gebir with complacent smile replied,
"Go then, fond Tamar, go in happy hour,
But, ere thou partest, ponder in thy breast
And well bethink thee, lest thou part deceived,
Will she disclose to thee the mysteries
Of our calamity? and unconstrain'd?
When even her love thy strength had to disclose.
My heart indeed is full, but, witness heaven!
My people, not my passion, fill my heart."
"Then let me kiss thy garment," said the youth,
"And heaven be with thee, and on me thy grace."
Him then the monarch thus once more addrest:
"Be of good courage: hast thou yet forgot
What chaplets languisht round thy unburnt hair,
In colour like some tall smooth beech's leaves
Curl'd by autumnal suns?" How flattery
Excites a pleasant, soothes a painful shame!
"These," amid stifled blushes Tamar said,
"Were of the flowering raspberry and vine:
But ah! the seasons will not wait for love,
Seek out some other now." They parted here:
And Gebir, bending through the woodland, cull'd
The creeping vine and viscous raspberry,
Less green and less compliant than they were,
And twisted in those mossy tufts that grow
On brakes of roses when the roses fade:
And as he passes on, the little hinds
That shake for bristly herds the foodful bough,

Wonder, stand still, gaze, and trip satisfied ;
Pleas'd more if chesnut, out of prickly husk
Shot from the sandal, roll along the glade.
And thus unnoticed went he, and untired
Stept up the acclivity ; and as he stept,
And as the garlands nodded o'er his brow,
Sudden from under a close alder sprang
Th' expectant nymph, and seiz'd him unaware.
He stagger'd at the shock ; his feet at first
Slipt backward from the wither'd grass short-grazed,
But striking out one arm, tho' without aim,
Then grasping with his other, he enclosed
The struggler ; she gain'd not one step's retreat,
Urging with open hands against his throat
Intense, now holding in her breath constrain'd,
Now pushing with quick impulse and by starts,
Till the dust blacken'd upon every pore.
Nearer he drew her and yet nearer, clasp't
Above the knees midway, and now one arm
Fell, and her other lapsing o'er the neck
Of Gebir, swung against his back incurved,
The swoln veins glowing deep, and with a groan
On his broad shoulder fell her face reclined.
But ah ! she knew not whom that roseate face[1]
Cool'd with its breath ambrosial ; for she stood
Higher on the bank, and often swept and broke
His chaplets mingled with her loosen'd hair.
Whether, while Tamar tarried, came desire,
And she, grown languid, loost the wings of Love
Which she before held proudly at her will,[2]
And, nought but Tamar in her soul, and nought
(Where Tamar was) that seem'd or fear'd deceit,
To fraud she yielded what no force had gain'd ;
Or whether Jove in pity to mankind,
When from his crystal fount the visual orbs
He fill'd with piercing ether, and endued
With somewhat of omnipotence, ordain'd
That never two fair forms at once torment
The human heart and draw it different ways,

And thus, in prowess like a god, the chief[3]
Subdued her strength nor softened at her charms,
The nymph divine, the magic mistress, fail'd.
Recovering, still half-resting on the turf,
She lookt up wildly, and could now descry
The kingly brow archt lofty for command.
"Traitor!" said she undaunted, tho' amaze
Threw o'er her varying cheek the air of fear,
"Thinkest thou thus that with impunity
Thou hast forsooth deceived me? dar'st thou deem
Those eyes not hateful that have seen me fall?
O heaven! soon may they close on my disgrace.
Merciless man! what! for one sheep estranged
Hast thou thrown into dungeons and of day
Amerced thy shepherd? hast thou, while the iron
Pierced thro' his tender limbs into his soul,
By threats, by tortures, torn out that offence,
And heard him (O could I) avow his love?
Say, hast thou? cruel, hateful! ah my fears!
I feel them true! speak, tell me, are they true?"
She, blending thus entreaty with reproach,
Bent forward, as tho' falling on her knee
Whence she had hardly risen, and at this pause
Shed from her large dark eyes a shower of tears.
The Iberian King her sorrow thus consoled.
"Weep no more, heavenly maiden, weep no more:
Neither by force withheld nor choice estranged,
Thy Tamar lives, and only lives for thee.
Happy, thrice happy, you! 'tis me alone
Whom heaven and earth and ocean with one hate
Conspire on, and throughout each path pursue.
Whether in waves beneath or skies above
Thou hast thy habitation, 'tis from heaven,
From heaven alone, such power, such charms descend.
Then O! discover whence that ruin comes
Each night upon our city; whence are heard
Those yells of rapture round our fallen walls:
In our affliction can the Gods delight,
Or meet oblation for the Nymphs are tears?"

He spake, and indignation sank in woe.
Which she perceiving, pride refresht her heart,
Hope wreath'd her mouth with smiles, and she exclaim'd:
"Neither the Gods afflict you, nor the Nymphs.
Return me him who won my heart, return
Him whom my bosom pants for, as the steeds
In the sun's chariot for the western wave.
The Gods will prosper thee, and Tamar prove
How Nymphs, the torments that they cause, assuage.
Promise me this; indeed I think thou hast,
But 'tis so pleasing, promise it once more."
"Once more I promise," cried the gladden'd king,
"By my right-hand and by myself I swear,
And ocean's Gods and heaven's Gods I adjure,
Thou shalt be Tamar's, Tamar shall be thine."
Then she, regarding him long fixt, replied:
"I have thy promise, take thou my advice.
Gebir! this land of Egypt is a land
Of incantation, demons rule these waves;
These are against thee, these thy works destroy.
Where thou hast built thy palace, and hast left
The seven pillars to remain in front,
Sacrifice there, and all these rites observe.
Go, but go early, ere the gladsome Hours
Strew saffron in the path of rising Morn,
Ere the bee buzzing o'er flowers fresh disclosed
Examine where he may the best alight
Nor scatter off the bloom, ere cold-lipt herds
Crop the pale herbage round each other's bed,
Lead seven bulls well pastur'd and well form'd,
Their neck unblemisht and their horn unring'd,
And at each pillar sacrifice thou one.
Around each base rub thrice the blackening blood,
And burn the curling shavings of the hoof,
And of the forehead locks thou also burn;
The yellow galls, with equal care preserv'd,
Pour at the seventh statue from the north."
He listen'd, and on her his eyes intent
Perceiv'd her not, and she had disappear'd;

So deep he ponder'd her important words.
And now had morn arisen and he perform'd
Almost the whole enjoined him: he had reacht
The seventh statue, pour'd the yellow galls,
The forelock from his left he had releast,
And burnt the curling shavings of the hoof
Moisten'd with myrrh; when suddenly a flame
Spired from the fragrant smoke, nor sooner spired
Down sank the brazen fabric at his feet.
He started back, gazed, nor could aught but gaze,
And cold dread stiffen'd up his hair flower-twined;
Then with a long and tacit step, one arm
Behind, and every finger wide outspread,
He lookt and totter'd on a black abyss.
He thought he sometimes heard a distant voice
Breathe thro' the cavern's mouth, and further on
Faint murmurs now, now hollow groans reply.
Therefore suspended he his crook above,
Dropt it, and heard it rolling step by step:
He enter'd, and a mingled sound arose
Like one (when shaken from some temple's roof
By zealous hand, they and their fretted nest)
Of birds that wintering watch in Memnon's tomb,
And tell the halcyons when spring first returns.

THIRD BOOK.

O FOR the spirit of that matchless man
Whom Nature led throughout her whole domain,
While he embodied breath'd ethereal air!
Tho' panting in the play-hour of my youth
I drank of Avon too, a dangerous draught,
That rous'd within the feverish thirst of song,
Yet never may I trespass o'er the stream
Of jealous Acheron, nor alive descend
The silent and unsearchable abodes
Of Erebus and Night, nor unchastised
Lead up long-absent heroes into day.
When on the pausing theatre of earth
Eve's shadowy curtain falls, can any man
Bring back the far-off intercepted hills,
Grasp the round rock-built turret, or arrest
The glittering spires that pierce the brow of Heaven?
Rather can any with outstripping voice
The parting Sun's gigantic strides recall?
Twice sounded *Gebir!* twice th' Iberian king
Thought it the strong vibration of the brain
That struck upon his ear; but now descried
A form, a man, come nearer: as he came
His unshorn hair (grown soft in these abodes)
Waved back, and scatter'd thin and hoary light.
Living men called him Aroar, but no more
In celebration or recording verse
His name is heard, no more by Arnon's side
The well-wall'd city, which he rear'd, remains.
Gebir was now undaunted, for the brave
When they no longer doubt, no longer fear,
And would have spoken, but the shade began.
"Brave son of Hesperus! no mortal hand
Has led thee hither, nor without the Gods
Penetrate thy firm feet the vast profound.

Thou knowest not that here thy fathers lie,
The race of Sidad; theirs was loud acclaim
When living, but their pleasure was in war;
Triumphs and hatred followed: I myself
Bore, men imagin'd, no inglorious part;
The Gods thought otherwise, by whose decree
Depriv'd of life, and more, of death depriv'd,
I still hear shrieking thro' the moonless night
Their discontented and deserted shades.
Observe these horrid walls, this rueful waste!
Here some refresh the vigour of the mind
With contemplation and cold penitence.
Nor wonder, while thou hearest, that the soul,
Thus purified, hereafter may ascend
Surmounting all obstruction, nor ascribe
The sentence to indulgence; each extreme
Hath tortures for ambition; to dissolve
In everlasting languor, to resist
Its impulse, but in vain; to be enclosed [1]
Within a limit, and that limit fire;
Sever'd from happiness, from eminence,
And flying, but hell bars us, from ourselves.
  Yet rather all these torments most endure
Than solitary pain, and sad remorse,
And towering thoughts on their own breast o'erturn'd
And piercing to the heart: such penitence,
Such contemplation theirs! thy ancestors
Bear up against them, nor will they submit
To conquering Time the asperities of Fate:
Yet could they but revisit earth once more,
How gladly would they poverty embrace,
How labour, even for their deadliest foe!
It little now avails them to have rais'd
Beyond the Syrian regions, and beyond
Phenicia, trophies, tributes, colonies:
Follow thou me: mark what it all avails."
  Him Gebir follow'd, and a roar confused
Rose from a river rolling in its bed,
Not rapid, that would rouse the wretched souls,

Nor calmly, that might lull them to repose;
But with dull weary lapses it upheaved
Billows of bale, heard low, yet heard afar;
For when hell's iron portals let out night,
Often men start and shiver at the sound,
And lie so silent on the restless couch,
They hear their own hearts beat. Now Gebir breath'd
Another air, another sky beheld:
Twilight broods here, lull'd by no nightingale
Nor waken'd by the shrill lark dewy-wing'd,
But glowing with one sullen sunless heat.
Beneath his foot nor sprouted flower nor herb,
Nor chirpt a grasshopper; above his head
Phlegethon form'd a fiery firmament;
Part were sulphurous clouds involving, part
Shining like solid ribs of molten brass;
For the fierce element, which else aspires
Higher and higher and lessens to the sky,
Below, Earth's adamantine arch rebuft.
Gebir, tho' now such languor held his limbs,
Scarce aught admir'd he, yet he this admir'd;
And thus addrest him then the conscious guide.
"Beyond that river lie the happy fields;
From them fly gentle breezes, which when drawn
Against yon crescent convex, but unite
Stronger with what they could not overcome.
Thus they that scatter freshness thro' the groves
And meadows of the fortunate, and fill
With liquid light the marble bowl of Earth,
And give her blooming health and sprightly force,
Their fire no more diluted, nor its darts
Blunted by passing thro' thick myrtle-bowers,
Neither from odours rising half dissolved,
Point forward Phlegethon's eternal flame;
And this horizon is the spacious bow
Whence each ray reaches to the world above." [2]
The hero pausing, Gebir then besought
What region held his ancestors, what clouds,
What waters, or what Gods, from his embrace. [3]

Aroar then sudden, as tho' rous'd, renew'd.
"Come thou, if ardour urges thee and force
Suffices . . mark me, Gebir, I unfold
No fable to allure thee . . on! behold
Thy ancestors!" and lo! with horrid gasp
The panting flame above his head recoil'd,
And thunder through his heart and life-blood throb'd.
Such sound could human organs once conceive,
Cold, speechless, palsied, not the soothing voice
Of friendship or almost of Deity
Could raise the wretched mortal from the dust;
Beyond man's home condition they! With eyes
Intent, and voice desponding, and unheard
By Aroar, tho' he tarried at his side,
"They know me not," cried Gebir, "O my sires,
Ye know me not! they answer not, nor hear.
How distant are they still! what sad extent
Of desolation must we overcome!
Aroar! what wretch that nearest us? what wretch
Is that with eyebrows white and slanting brow?
Listen! him yonder, who, bound down supine,
Shrinks yelling from that sword there engine-hung;
He too among my ancestors?" "O King!
Iberia bore him, but the breed accurst
Inclement winds blew blighting from north-east."
"He was a warrior then, nor fear'd the Gods?"
"Gebir! he fear'd the Demons, not the Gods,
Tho' them indeed his daily face adored,
And was no warrior; yet the thousand lives
Squander'd as stones to exercise a sling,
And the tame cruelty and cold caprice . .
Oh madness of mankind! addrest, adored!
O Gebir! what are men? or where are Gods?
Behold the giant next him, how his feet
Plunge floundering mid the marshes yellow-flower'd,
His restless head just reaching to the rocks,
His bosom tossing with black weeds besmear'd,
How writhes he 'twixt the continent and isle!
What tyrant with more insolence e'er claim'd
Dominion? when from the heart of Usury

Rose more intense the pale-flamed thirst for gold?
And call'd forsooth *Deliverer!* False or fools
Who prais'd the dull-ear'd miscreant, or who hoped
To soothe your folly and disgrace with praise!
Hearest thou not the harp's gay simpering air
And merriment afar? then come, advance;
And now behold him! mark the wretch accurst
Who sold his people to a rival king:
Self-yoked they stood two ages unredeem'd."
"O horror! what pale visage rises there!
Speak, Aroar! me perhaps mine eyes deceive,
Inured not, yet methinks they there descry
Such crimson haze as sometimes drowns the moon.
What is yon awful sight? why thus appears
That space between the purple and the crown?"
"I will relate their stories when we reach
Our confines," said the guide; "for thou, O king,
Differing in both from all thy countrymen,
Seest not their stories and hast seen their fates.
But while we tarry, lo again the flame
Riseth, and murmuring hoarse, points straighter; haste,
'Tis urgent, we must hence." "Then O adieu!"
Cried Gebir and groan'd aloud: at last a tear
Burst from his eyes turn'd back, and he exclaimed:
"Am I deluded? O ye powers of hell!
Suffer me . . O my fathers! am I torn . ."
He spake, and would have spoken more, but flames
Enwrapt him round and round intense; he turn'd
And stood held breathless in a ghost's embrace.
"Gebir! my son! desert me not! I heard
Thy calling voice, nor fate withheld me more:
One moment yet remains; enough to know
Soon will my torments, soon will thine, expire.
O that I e'er exacted such a vow!
When dipping in the victim's blood thy hand,
First thou withdrew'st it, looking in my face
Wondering; but when the priest my will explain'd,
Then swarest thou, repeating what he said,
How against Egypt thou wouldst raise that hand
And bruise the seed first risen from our line.

Therefore in death what pangs have I endured!
Rackt on the fiery centre of the sun,
Twelve years I saw the ruin'd world roll round.
Shudder not; I have borne it; I deserved
My wretched fate; be better thine; farewell."
"O stay, my father! stay one moment more . .
Let me return thee that embrace . . 'tis past . .
Aroar! how could I quit it unreturn'd!
And now the gulf divides us, and the waves
Of sulphur bellow thro' the blue abyss.
And is he gone for ever! and I come
In vain?" Then sternly said the guide: "In vain!
Sayst thou? what wouldst thou more? alas, O prince,
None come for pastime here! but is it nought
To turn thy feet from evil? is it nought
Of pleasure to that shade if they are turn'd?
For this thou camest hither: he who dares
To penetrate this darkness, nor regards
The dangers of the way, shall reascend
In glory, nor the gates of hell retard
His steps, nor demon's nor man's art prevail.
Once in each hundred years, and only once,
Whether by some rotation of the world,
Or whether will'd so by some pow'r above,
This flaming arch starts back, each realm descries
Its opposite, and Bliss from her repose
Freshens and feels her own security."
"Security!" cried out the Gadite king,
"And feel they not compassion?" "Child of Earth,"
Calmly said Aroar at his guest's surprise,
"Some so disfigur'd by habitual crimes,
Others are so exalted, so refined,
So permeated by heaven, no trace remains
Graven on earth: here Justice is supreme;
Compassion can be but where passions are.
Here are discover'd those who tortured Law
To silence or to speech, as pleas'd themselves;
Here also those who boasted of their zeal
And lov'd their country for the spoils it gave.
Hundreds, whose glitt'ring merchandise the lyre

Dazzled vain wretches drunk with flattery,
And wafted them in softest airs to Heaven,
Doom'd to be still deceiv'd, here still attune
The wonted strings and fondly woo applause:
Their wish half granted, they retain their own,
But madden at the mockery of the shades.
Upon the river's other side there grow
Deep olive groves; there other ghosts abide,
Blest indeed they, but not supremely blest.
We can not see beyond, we can not see [4]
Aught but our opposite; and here are fates
How opposite to ours! here some observ'd
Religious rites, some hospitality:
Strangers, who from the good old men retired,
Closed the gate gently, lest from generous use
Shutting and opening of its own accord,
It shake unsettled slumbers off their couch:
Some stopt revenge athirst for slaughter, some
Sow'd the slow olive for a race unborn.
These had no wishes, therefore none are crown'd:
But theirs are tufted banks, theirs umbrage, theirs
Enough of sunshine to enjoy the shade,
And breeze enough to lull them to repose."
  Then Gebir cried: "Illustrious host, proceed.
Bring me among the wonders of a realm
Admired by all, but like a tale admired.
We take our children from their cradled sleep,
And on their fancy from our own impress
Ethereal forms and adulating fates!
But, ere departing for such scenes ourselves,
We seize the hand, we hang upon the neck,
Our beds cling heavy round us with our tears,
Agony strives with agony. Just Gods!
Wherefore should wretched mortals thus believe,
Or wherefore should they hesitate to die?"
  Thus while he question'd, all his strength dissolv'd
Within him, thunder shook his troubled brain,
He started, and the cavern's mouth survey'd
Near, and beyond his people; he arose,
And bent toward them his bewilder'd way.

FOURTH BOOK.

The king's lone road, his visit, his return,[1]
Were not unknown to Dalica, nor long
The wondrous tale from royal ears delay'd.
When the young queen had heard who taught the rites,
Her mind was shaken, and what first she askt
Was, whether the sea-maids were very fair,
And was it true that even gods were moved
By female charms beneath the waves profound,
And join'd to them in marriage, and had sons.
Who knows but Gebir sprang then from the Gods!
He that could pity, he that could obey,
Flatter'd both female youth and princely pride,
The same ascending from amid the shades
Show'd Power in frightful attitude: the queen
Marks the surpassing prodigy, and strives
To shake off terror in her crowded court,
And wonders why she trembles, nor suspects
How Fear and Love assume each other's form,
By birth and secret compact how allied.
Vainly (to conscious virgins I appeal)
Vainly with crouching tigers, prowling wolves,
Rocks, precipices, waves, storms, thunderbolts,
All his immense inheritance, would Fear
The simplest heart, should Love refuse, assail:
Consent, the maiden's pillowed ear imbibes
Constancy, honour, truth, fidelity,
Beauty and ardent lips and longing arms;
Then fades in glimmering distance half the scene,
Then her heart quails and flutters and would fly;[2]
'Tis her beloved! not to her! ye Powers!
What doubting maid exacts the vow? behold
Above the myrtles his protesting hand!
Such ebbs of doubt and swells of jealousy[3]
Toss the fond bosom in its hour of sleep

And float around the eyelids and sink thro'.
Lo! mirror of delight in cloudless days,
Lo! thy reflection: 'twas when I exclaim'd,
With kisses hurried as if each foresaw
Their end, and reckon'd on our broken bonds,
And could at such a price such loss endure,
"O what to faithful lovers met at morn,
What half so pleasant as imparted fears!" [4]
Looking recumbent how Love's column rose
Marmoreal, trophied round with golden hair,
How in the valley of one lip unseen
He slumber'd, one his unstrung bow imprest.
Sweet wilderness of soul-entangling charms!
Led back by Memory, and each blissful maze
Retracing, me with magic power detain
Those dimpled cheeks, those temples violet-tinged,
Those lips of nectar and those eyes of heaven!
Charoba, tho' indeed she never drank *
The liquid pearl, or twined the nodding crown,
Or, when she wanted cool and calm repose,
Dreamt of the crawling asp and grated tomb,
Was wretched up to royalty: the jibe
Struck her, most piercing where love pierced before,
From those whose freedom centres in their tongue,
Handmaidens, pages, courtiers, priests, buffoons. [5]
Congratulations here, there prophecies,
Here children, not repining at neglect
While tumult sweeps them ample room for play;
Every-where questions answer'd ere begun,
Every-where crowds, for every-where alarm.
Thus winter gone, nor spring (tho' near) arriv'd,
Urged slanting onward by the bickering breeze
That issues from beneath Aurora's car,
Shudder the sombrous waves; at every beam
More vivid, more by every breath impell'd,

* Antonius was afraid of poison; Cleopatra, to prove the injustice of his suspicions, and the ease with which a poison might be administered, shook it from her crown of flowers into his goblet: before he had raised it to his lips, she told him, and established his confidence.

Higher and higher up the fretted rocks,
Their turbulent refulgence they display.
Madness, which like the spiral element
The more it seizes on the fiercer burns,
Hurried them blindly forward, and involved
In flame the senses and in gloom the soul.
Determin'd to protect the country's gods,
And asking their protection, they adjure
Each other to stand forward, and insist
With zeal, and trample under foot the slow;
And disregardful of the Sympathies
Divine, those Sympathies whose delicate hand
Touching the very eyeball of the heart,
Awakens it, not wounds it nor inflames,
Blind wretches! they with desperate embrace
Hang on the pillar till the temple fall.
Oft the grave judge alarms religious wealth
And rouses anger under gentle words.
Woe to the wiser few who dare to cry
"People! these men are not your enemies,
Inquire their errand, and resist when wrong'd."
Together childhood, priesthood, womanhood,
The scribes and elders of the land, exclaim
"Seek they not hidden treasure in the tombs?
Raising the ruins, levelling the dust,
Who can declare whose ashes they disturb?
Build they not fairer cities than our own,
Extravagant enormous apertures
For light, and portals larger, open courts
Where all ascending all are unconfin'd,
And wider streets in purer air than ours?
Temples quite plain with equal architraves
They build, nor bearing gods like ours imbost.
O profanation! O our ancestors!"
Tho' all the vulgar hate a foreign face,
It more offends weak eyes and homely age,
Dalica most, who thus her aim pursued.
"My promise, O Charoba, I perform.
Proclaim to gods and men a festival

Throughout the land, and bid the strangers eat!
Their anger thus we haply may disarm."
"O Dalica," the grateful queen replied,
"Nurse of my childhood, soother of my cares,
Preventer of my wishes, of my thoughts,
O pardon youth, O pardon royalty!
If hastily to Dalica I sued,
Fear might impell me, never could distrust.
Go then, for wisdom guides thee, take my name,
Issue what most imports and best beseems,
And sovranty shall sanction the decree."
And now Charoba was alone, her heart
Grew lighter; she sat down, and she arose,
She felt voluptuous tenderness, but felt
That tenderness for Dalica; she prais'd
Her kind attention, warm solicitude,
Her wisdom; for what wisdom pleas'd like hers!
She was delighted; should she not behold
Gebir? she blusht; but she had words to speak,
She form'd them and reform'd them, with regret
That there was somewhat lost with every change;
She could replace them; what would that avail?
Moved from their order they have lost their charm.
While thus she strew'd her way with softest words,
Others grew up before her, but appear'd
A plenteous rather than perplexing choice:
She rubb'd her palms with pleasure, heav'd a sigh,
Grew calm again, and thus her thoughts revolv'd.
"But he descended to the tombs! the thought
Thrills me, I must avow it, with affright.
And wherefore? shows he not the more belov'd
Of heav'n? or how ascends he back to-day?
Then has he wrong'd me? could he want a cause
Who has an army and was bred to reign?
And yet no reasons against rights he urged,
He threaten'd not, proclaim'd not; I approacht,
He hasten'd on; I spake, he listen'd; wept,
He pity'd me; he lov'd me, he obey'd;
He was a conqueror, still am I a queen."

She thus indulged fond fancies, when the sound
Of timbrels and of cymbals struck her ear,
And horns and howlings of wild jubilee.
She fear'd, and listened to confirm her fears;
One breath sufficed, and shook her refluent soul.
Smiting, with simulated smile constrain'd,
Her beauteous bosom, "O perfidious man,
O cruel foe!" she twice and thrice exclaim'd,
"O my companions, equal-aged! my throne!
My people! O how wretched to presage
This day! how tenfold wretched to endure!"
She ceast, and instantly the palace rang
With gratulation roaring into rage;
'Twas her own people. "Health to Gebir! health
To our compatriot subjects! to our queen
Health and unfaded youth ten thousand years!"
Then went the victims forward crown'd with flowers,
Crown'd were tame crocodiles, and boys white-robed
Guided their creaking crests across the stream.
In gilded barges went the female train,
And, hearing others ripple near, undrew
The veil of sea-green awning: if they found
Whom they desired, how pleasant was the breeze!
If not, the frightful water forced a sigh.
Sweet airs of music ruled the rowing palms,
Now rose they glistening and aslant reclined,
Now they descended and with one consent
Plunging, seem'd swift each other to pursue,
And now to tremble wearied o'er the wave.
Beyond and in the suburbs might be seen
Crowds of all ages: here in triumph past
Not without pomp, tho' rais'd with rude device,
The monarch and Charoba; there a throng
Shone out in sunny whiteness o'er the reeds:
Nor could luxuriant youth, or lapsing age
Propt by the corner of the nearest street,
With aching eyes and tottering knees intent,
Loose leathery neck and wormlike lip outstretcht,
Fix long the ken upon one form, so swift

Thro' the gay vestures fluttering on the bank,
And thro' the bright-eyed waters dancing round,
Wove they their wanton wiles and disappear'd.
Meantime, with pomp august and solemn, borne
On four white camels tinkling plates of gold,
Heralds before and Ethiop slaves behind,
Each with the sign of office in his hand,
Each on his brow the sacred stamp of years,
The four ambassadors of peace proceed.
Rich carpets bear they, corn and generous wine,
The Syrian olive's cheerful gift they bear,
With stubborn goats that eye the mountain-top
Askance, and riot with reluctant horn,
And steeds and stately camels in their train.
The king, who sat before his tent, descried
The dust rise redden'd from the setting sun:
Thro' all the plains below the Gadite men
Were resting from their labour: some surveyed
The spacious site ere yet obstructed; walls
Already, soon will roofs have interposed;
Some ate their frugal viands on the steps
Contented; some, remembering home, prefer [6]
The cot's bare rafters o'er the gilded dome,
And sing (for often sighs too end in song)
"In smiling meads how sweet the brook's repose
To the rough ocean and red restless sands!
Where are the woodland voices that increast
Along the unseen path on festal days,
When lay the dry and outcast arbutus [7]
On the fane-step, and the first privet-flowers
Threw their white light upon the vernal shrine?"
Some heedless trip along with hasty step
Whistling, and fix too soon on their abodes;
Haply and one among them with his spear
Measures the lintel, if so great its highth
As will receive him with his helm unlower'd.
But silence went throughout, e'en thoughts were husht,
When to full view of navy and of camp
Now first expanded the bare-headed train.

Majestic unpresuming, unappall'd,
Onward they marcht, and neither to the right
Nor to the left, tho' there the city stood,
Turn'd they their sober eyes; and now they reacht
Within a few steep paces of ascent
The lone pavilion of the Iberian king:
He saw them, he awaited them, he rose,
He hail'd them, "Peace be with you:" they replied
"King of the western world, be with you peace."

FIFTH BOOK.

Once a fair city, courted then by kings,
Mistress of nations, throng'd by palaces,
Raising her head o'er destiny, her face
Glowing with pleasure and with palms refresht,
Now pointed at by Wisdom or by Wealth,
Bereft of beauty, bare of ornament,
Stood in the wilderness of woe, Masar.
Ere far advancing, all appear'd a plain,
Treacherous and fearful mountains, far advanced.
Her glory so gone down, at human step
The fierce hyena frighted from the walls
Bristled his rising back, his teeth unsheathed,
Drew the long growl and with slow foot retired.
Yet were remaining some of ancient race,
And ancient arts were now their sole delight.
With Time's first sickle they had markt the hour
When at their incantation would the Moon
Start back, and shuddering shed blue blasted light.
The rifted rays they gather'd, and immerst
In potent portion of that wondrous wave,
Which, hearing rescued Israel, stood erect,
And led her armies thro' his crystal gates.
Hither (none shared her way, her counsel none)
Hied the Masarian Dalica: 'twas night,
And the still breeze fell languid on the waste.
She, tired with journey long and ardent thoughts,
Stopt; and before the city she descried
A female form emerge above the sands:
Intent she fixt her eyes, and on herself
Relying, with fresh vigour bent her way;
Nor disappear'd the woman; but exclaim'd,
(One hand retaining tight her folded vest)
"Stranger! who loathest life, there lies Masar.
Begone, nor tarry longer, or ere morn

The cormorant in his solitary haunt
Of insulated rock or sounding cove
Stands on thy bleached bones and screams for prey.
My lips can scatter them o'er every sea[1]
Under the rising and the setting sun,
So shrivel'd in one breath as all the sands
We tread on, could not in a hundred years.
Wretched who die nor raise their sepulchre!
Therefore begone." But Dalica unaw'd,
(Tho' in her wither'd but still firm right-hand,
Held up with imprecations hoarse and deep,
Glimmer'd her brazen sickle, and enclosed
Within its figured curve the fading moon)
Spake thus aloud. "By yon bright orb of Heaven,
In that most sacred moment when her beam
(Guided first thither by the forked shaft,)
Strikes thro' the crevice of Arishtah's tower . . ."
"Sayst thou?" astonisht cried the sorceress,
"Woman of outer darkness, fiend of death,
From what inhuman cave, what dire abyss,
Hast thou invisible that spell o'erheard?
What potent hand hath toucht thy quicken'd corse,
What song dissolv'd thy cerements? who unclosed
Those faded eyes and fill'd them from the stars?
But if with inextinguish'd light of life
Thou breathest, soul and body unamerst,
Then whence that invocation? who hath dared
Those hallow'd words, divulging, to profane?"
Dalica cried, "To heaven not earth addrest
Prayers for protection can not be profane."
Here the pale sorceress turn'd her face aside
Wildly, and mutter'd to herself amazed,
"I dread her who, alone at such an hour,
Can speak so strangely, who can thus combine
The words of reason with our gifted rites,
Yet will I speak once more. If thou hast seen
The city of Charoba, hast thou markt
The steps of Dalica?"
"What then?"

"The tongue
Of Dalica has then our rights divulged."
"Whose rites?" [2]
"Her mother's."
"Never."
"One would think,
Presumptuous, thou wert Dalica."
"I am;
Woman! and who art thou?"
With close embrace,
Clung the Masarian round her neck, and cried,
"Art thou then not my sister? ah! I fear
The golden lamps and jewels of a court
Deprive thine eyes of strength and purity:
O Dalica! mine watch the waning moon,
For ever patient in our mother's art,
And rest on Heaven suspended, where the founts
Of Wisdom rise, where sound the wings of Power;
Studies intense of strong and stern delight!
And thou too, Dalica, so many years
Wean'd from the bosom of thy native land,
Returnest back and seekest true repose.
O what more pleasant than the short-breath'd sigh
When, laying down your burthen at the gate
And dizzy with long wandering, you embrace
The cool and quiet of a homespun bed."
"Alas!" said Dalica, "tho' all commend
This choice, and many meet with no controul,
Yet none pursue it! Age by care opprest
Feels for the couch and drops into the grave.
The tranquil scene lies further still from Youth:
Frenzied Ambition and desponding Love
Consume Youth's fairest flowers; compared with Youth
Age has a something like repose.
Myrthyr, I seek not here a boundary
Like the horizon, which, as you advance,
Keeping its form and colour, yet recedes:
But mind my errand, and my suit perform.
"Twelve years ago Charoba first could speak:

If her indulgent father askt her name,
She would indulge him too, and would reply
What? why, Charoba! rais'd with sweet surprise,
And proud to shine a teacher in her turn.
Show her the graven sceptre; what its use?
'Twas to beat dogs with, and to gather flies.
She thought the crown a plaything to amuse
Herself, and not the people, for she thought
Who mimick infant words might infant toys:
But while she watcht grave elders look with awe
On such a bauble, she withheld her breath;
She was afraid her parents should suspect
They had caught childhood from her in a kiss;
She blusht for shame, and fear'd; for she believ'd.
Yet was not courage wanting in the child.
No; I have often seen her with both hands
Shake a dry crocodile of equal highth,
And listen to the shells within the scales,
And fancy there was life, and yet apply
The jagged jaws wide-open to her ear.
Past are three summers since she first beheld
The ocean; all around the child await
Some exclamation of amazement here:
She coldly said, her long-lasht eyes abased,
Is this the mighty ocean? Is this all!
That wondrous soul Charoba once possest,
Capacious then as earth or heaven could hold,
Soul discontented with capacity,
Is gone (I fear) for ever. Need I say
She was enchanted by the wicked spells
Of Gebir, whom with lust of power inflamed
The western winds have landed on our coast.
I since have watcht her in each lone retreat,
Have heard her sigh and soften out the name,
Then would she change it for Egyptian sounds
More sweet, and seem to taste them on her lips,
Then loathe them; *Gebir, Gebir* still return'd.
Who would repine, of reason not bereft!
For soon the sunny stream of Youth runs down,

And not a gadfly streaks the lake beyond.
Lone in the gardens, on her gather'd vest
How gently would her languid arm recline!
How often have I seen her kiss a flower,
And on cool mosses press her glowing cheek!
Nor was the stranger free from pangs himself.
Whether by spell imperfect, or, while brew'd,
The swelling herbs infected him with foam.
Oft have the shepherds met him wandering
Thro' unfrequented paths, oft overheard
Deep groans, oft started from soliloquies,
Which they believe assuredly were meant
For spirits who attended him unseen.
But when from his illuded eyes retired
That figure Fancy fondly chose to raise,[3]
He claspt the vacant air and stood and gazed;
Then owning it was folly, strange to tell,
Burst into peals of laughter at his woes;
Next, when his passion had subsided, went
Where from a cistern, green and ruin'd, ooz'd
A little rill, soon lost; there gather'd he
Violets, and harebells of a sister bloom,
Twining complacently their tender stems
With plants of kindest pliability.
These for a garland woven, for a crown
He platted pithy rushes, and ere dusk
The grass was whiten'd with their roots nipt off.
These threw he, finisht, in the little rill
And stood surveying them with steady smile:
But such a smile as that of Gebir bids
To Comfort a defiance, to Despair
A welcome, at whatever hour she please.
Had I observ'd him I had pitied him,
I have observed Charoba: I have askt
If she loved Gebir. *Love him!* she exclaim'd
With such a start of terror, such a flush
Of anger, *I love Gebir? I in love?*
And lookt so piteous, so impatient lookt . .
And burst, before I answered, into tears.

Then saw I, plainly saw I, 'twas not love;
For such her natural temper, what she likes
She speaks it out, or rather she commands:
And could Charoba say with greater ease
Bring me a water-melon from the Nile,
Than, if she lov'd him, *Bring me him I love.*
Therefore the death of Gebir is resolv'd."
"Resolv'd indeed," cried Myrthyr, nought surprised,
"Precious my arts! I could without remorse
Kill, tho' I hold thee dearer than the day,
E'en thee thyself, to exercise my arts.
Look yonder! mark yon pomp of funeral!
Is this from fortune or from favouring stars?
Dalica, look thou yonder, what a train!
What weeping! O what luxury! come, haste,
Gather me quickly up these herbs I dropt,
And then away . . hush! I must unobserv'd
From those two maiden sisters pull the spleen:
Dissemblers! how invidious they surround
The virgin's tomb, where all but virgins weep."
"Nay, hear me first," cried Dalica, "'tis hard
To perish to attend a foreign king."
"Perish! and may not then mine eye alone
Draw out the venom-drop, and yet remain
Enough? the portion can not be perceiv'd."
Away she hasten'd with it to her home,
And, sprinkling thrice fresh sulphur o'er the hearth,
Took up a spindle with malignant smile,
And pointed to a woof, nor spake a word;
'Twas a dark purple, and its dye was dread.
Plunged in a lonely house, to her unknown,
Now Dalica first trembled: o'er the roof
Wander'd her haggard eyes . . 'twas some relief . .
The massy stones, tho' hewn most roughly, show'd
The hand of man had once at least been there:
But from this object sinking back amazed,
Her bosom lost all consciousness, and shook
As if suspended in unbounded space.
Her thus entranced the sister's voice recall'd,

"Behold it here! dyed once again, 'tis done."
Dalica stept, and felt beneath her feet
The slippery floor, with moulder'd dust bestrewn:
But Myrthyr seiz'd with bare bold-sinew'd arm
The grey cerastes, writhing from her grasp,
And twisted off his horn, nor fear'd to squeeze
The viscous poison from his glowing gums.
Nor wanted there the root of stunted shrub
Which he lays ragged, hanging o'er the sands,
And whence the weapons of his wrath are death;
Nor the blue urchin that with clammy fin
Holds down the tossing vessel for the tides.
  Together these her scient hand combined,
And more she added, dared I mention more.
Which done, with words most potent, thrice she dipt
The reeking garb; thrice waved it through the air:
She ceast; and suddenly the creeping wool
Shrunk up with crisped dryness in her hands:
"Take this," she cried, "and Gebir is no more."

SIXTH BOOK.

Now to Aurora borne by dappled steeds
The sacred gate of orient pearl and gold,
Smitten with Lucifer's light silver wand,
Expounded slow to strains of harmony;
The waves beneath in purpling rows, like doves
Glancing with wanting coyness tow'rd their queen,
Heav'd softly; thus the damsel's bosom heaves
When from her sleeping lover's downy cheek,
To which so warily her own she brings
Each moment nearer, she perceives the warmth
Of coming kisses fann'd by playful Dreams.[1]
Ocean and earth and heaven was jubilee,
For 'twas the morning pointed out by Fate
When an immortal maid and mortal man
Should share each other's nature knit in bliss.
The brave Iberians far the beach o'erspread
Ere dawn, with distant awe; none hear the mew,
None mark the curlew flapping o'er the field;
Silence held all, and fond expectancy.
Now suddenly the conch above the sea
Sounds, and goes sounding through the woods profound.
They, where they hear the echo, turn their eyes,
But nothing see they, save a purple mist
Roll from the distant mountain down the shore:
It rolls, it sails, it settles, it dissolves:
Now shines the Nymph to human eye reveal'd,
And leads her Tamar timorous o'er the waves.
Immortals crowding round congratulate
The shepherd; he shrinks back, of breath bereft:
His vesture clinging closely round his limbs
Unfelt, while they the whole fair form admire,
He fears that he has lost it, then he fears
The wave has mov'd it, most to look he fears.

Scarce the sweet-flowing music he imbibes,
Or sees the peopled ocean; scarce he sees
Spio with sparkling eyes, and Beroe
Demure, and young Ione, less renown'd,
Not less divine; mild-natured, Beauty form'd
Her face, her heart Fidelity; for Gods
Design'd, a mortal too Ione lov'd.
These were the Nymphs elected for the hour
Of Hesperus and Hymen; these had strown
The bridal bed, these tuned afresh the shells,
Wiping the green that hoarsen'd them within;
These wove the chaplets, and at night resolv'd
To drive the dolphins from the wreathed door.
Gebir surveyed the concourse from the tents,
The Egyptian men around him; 'twas observ'd
By those below how wistfully he lookt,
From what attention with what earnestness
Now to his city, now to theirs, he waved
His hand, and held it, while they spake, outspread.
They tarried with him and they shared the feast;
They stoopt with trembling hand from heavy jars
The wines of Gades gurgling in the bowl;
Nor bent they homeward till the moon appear'd
To hang midway betwixt the earth and skies.
'Twas then that leaning o'er the boy belov'd,
In Ocean's grot where Ocean was unheard,
"Tamar!" the Nymph said gently, "come, awake!
Enough to love, enough to sleep, is given,
Haste we away." This Tamar deem'd deceit,
Spoken so fondly, and he kist her lips,
Nor blusht he then, for he was then unseen.
But she arising bade the youth arise.
"What cause to fly?" said Tamar; she replied
"Ask none for flight, and feign none for delay."
"O am I then deceived! or am I cast
From dreams of pleasure to eternal sleep,
And, when I cease to shudder, cease to be!"
She held the downcast bridegroom to her breast,
Lookt in his face and charm'd away his fears.

She said not "wherefore have I then embraced
You a poor shepherd, or at most a man,
Myself a Nymph, that now I should deceive?"
She said not . . Tamar did, and was ashamed.
Him overcome her serious voice bespake.
"Grief favours all who bring the gift of tears: [2]
Mild at first sight he meets his votaries
And casts no shadow as he comes along;
But, after his embrace, the marble chills
The pausing foot, the closing door sounds loud,
The fiend in triumph strikes the roof, then falls
The eye uplifted from his lurid shade.
Tamar, depress thyself, and miseries
Darken and widen: yes, proud-hearted man!
The sea-bird rises as the billows rise;
Nor otherwise when mountain floods descend
Smiles the unsullied lotus glossy-hair'd;
Thou, claiming all things, leanest on thy claim
Till overwhelmed through incompliancy.
Tamar, some silent tempest gathers round!"
"Round whom?" retorted Tamar, "thou describe
The danger, I will dare it."
"Who will dare
What is unseen?"
"The man that is unblest."
"But wherefore thou? It threatens not thyself,
Nor me, but Gebir and the Gadite host."
"The more I know, the more a wretch am I,"
Groan'd deep the troubled youth, "still thou proceed."
"Oh seek not destin'd evils to divine,
Found out at last too soon! cease here the search,
'Tis vain, 'tis impious, 'tis no gift of mine:
I will impart far better, will impart
What makes, when Winter comes, the Sun to rest
So soon on Ocean's bed his paler brow,
And Night to tarry so at Spring's return.
And I will tell sometimes the fate of men
Who loost from drooping neck the restless arm
Adventurous, ere long nights had satisfied

The sweet and honest avarice of love!
How whirlpools have absorb'd them, storms o'erwhelm'd,
And how amid their struggles and their prayers
The big wave blacken'd o'er the mouth supine:
Then, when my Tamar trembles at the tale,
Kissing his lips half-open with surprise,
Glance from the gloomy story, and with glee
Light on the fairer fables of the Gods.
"Thus we may sport at leisure when we go
Where, lov'd by Neptune and the Naiad, lov'd
By pensive Dryad pale, and Oread,
The sprightly Nymph whom constant Zephyr woos,
Rhine rolls his beryl-colour'd wave; than Rhine
What river from the mountains ever came
More stately? most the simple crown adorns
Of rushes and of willows intertwined
With here and there a flower: his lofty brow
Shaded with vines and misletoe and oak
He rears, and mystic bards his fame resound.
Or gliding opposite, th' Illyrian gulf
Will harbour us from ill." While thus she spake
She toucht his eyelashes with libant lip
And breath'd ambrosial odours, o'er his cheek
Celestial warmth suffusing: grief disperst,
And strength and pleasure beam'd upon his brow.
Then pointed she before him: first arose
To his astonisht and delighted view
The sacred isle that shrines the queen of love.
It stood so near him, so acute each sense,
That not the symphony of lutes alone
Or coo serene or billing strife of doves,
But murmurs, whispers, nay the very sighs
Which he himself had utter'd once, he heard.
Next, but long after and far off, appear
The cloudlike cliffs and thousand towers of Crete,
And further to the right the Cyclades;
Phœbus had rais'd and fixt them, to surround
His native Delos and aërial fane.
He saw the land of Pelops, host of Gods,

Saw the steep ridge where Corinth after stood
Beckoning the serious with the smiling Arts
Into her sunbright bay; unborn the maid
That to assure the bent-up hand unskill'd
Lookt oft, but oftener fearing who might wake.
He heard the voice of rivers; he descried
Pindan Peneüs and the slender Nymphs
That tread his banks but fear the thundering tide;
These, and Amphrysos and Apidanos
And poplar-crown'd Sperchios, and, reclined
On restless rocks, Enipeus, where the winds
Scatter'd above the weeds his hoary hair.
Then, with Pirenè and with Panopè,
Evenos, troubled from paternal tears,
And last was Acheloös, king of isles.
Zacynthos here, above rose Ithaca,
Like a blue bubble floating in the bay.
Far onward to the left a glimmering light
Glanced out oblique, nor vanisht; he inquired
Whence that arose; his consort thus replied.
"Behold the vast Eridanus! ere long
We may again behold him and rejoice.
Of noble rivers none with mightier force
Rolls his unwearied torrent to the main."
And now Sicanian Ætna rose to view:
Darkness with light more horrid she confounds,
Baffles the breath and dims the sight of day.
Tamar grew giddy with astonishment
And, looking up, held fast the bridal vest;
He heard the roar above him, heard the roar[3]
Beneath, and felt it too, as he beheld,
Hurl, from Earth's base, rocks, mountains, to the skies.
Meanwhile the Nymph had fixt her eyes beyond,
As seeing somewhat, not intent on aught:
He, more amazed than ever, then exclaim'd
"Is there another flaming isle? or this
Illusion, thus past over unobserved?"
"Look yonder," cried the Nymph, without reply,
"Look yonder!" Tamar lookt, and saw afar[4]

Where the waves whitened on the desert shore.
When from amid grey ocean first he caught
The highths of Calpè, sadden'd he exclaim'd,
"Rock of Iberia! fixt by Jove, and hung
With all his thunder-bearing clouds, I hail
Thy ridges rough and cheerless! what tho' Spring
Nor kiss thy brow nor cool it with a flower,
Yet will I hail thee, hail thy flinty couch
Where Valour and where Virtue have reposed."
The Nymph said, sweetly smiling, "Fickle Man
Would not be happy could he not regret;
And I confess how, looking back, a thought
Has toucht and tuned or rather thrill'd my heart,
Too soft for sorrow and too strong for joy;
Fond foolish maid! 'twas with mine own accord
It sooth'd me, shook me, melted, drown'd, in tears.
But weep not thou; what cause hast thou to weep?
Would'st thou thy country? would'st those caves abhorr'd, [5]
Dungeons and portals that exclude the day?
Gebir, though generous, just, humane, inhaled
Rank venom from these mansions. Rest, O king,
In Egypt thou! nor, Tamar! pant for sway.
With horrid chorus, Pain, Diseases, Death,
Stamp on the slippery pavement of the proud,
And ring their sounding emptiness through earth. [6]
Possess the ocean, me, thyself, and peace."
And now the chariot of the Sun descends,
The waves rush hurried from his foaming steeds,
Smoke issues from their nostrils at the gate,
Which, when they enter, with huge golden bar
Atlas and Calpè close across the sea.

SEVENTH BOOK.

What mortal first by adverse fate assail'd,[1]
Trampled by tyranny or scofft by scorn,
Stung by remorse or wrung by poverty,
Bade with fond sigh his native land farewell?[2]
Wretched! but tenfold wretched who resolv'd
Against the waves to plunge the expatriate keel
Deep with the richest harvest of his land!
Driven with that weak blast which Winter leaves
Closing his palace-gates on Caucasus,
Oft hath a berry risen forth a shade;
From the same parent plant another lies
Deaf to the daily call of weary hind;
Zephyrs pass by and laugh at his distress.[3]
By every lake's and every river's side
The Nymphs and Naiads teach equality;
In voices gently querulous they ask,
"Who would with aching head and toiling arms
Bear the full pitcher to the stream far off?
Who would, of power intent on high emprise,
Deem less the praise to fill the vacant gulf
Than raise Charybdis upon Ætna's brow?"
Amid her darkest caverns most retired,
Nature calls forth her filial elements
To close around and crush that monster *Void:*
Fire, springing fierce from his resplendent throne,
And Water, dashing the devoted wretch
Woundless and whole with iron-colour'd mace,
Or whirling headlong in his war-belt's fold.
Mark well the lesson, man! and spare thy kind.
Go, from their midnight darkness wake the woods,
Woo the lone forest in her last retreat;
Many still bend their beauteous heads unblest
And sigh aloud for elemental man.
Thro' palaces and porches evil eyes

Light upon e'en the wretched, who have fled
The house of bondage or the house of birth;
Suspicions, murmurs, treacheries, taunts, retorts,
Attend the brighter banners that invade,
And the first horn of hunter, pale with want,
Sounds to the chase, the second sounds to war.
The long-awaited day at last arrived
When, linkt together by the seven-armed Nile,
Egypt with proud Iberia should unite.
Here the Tartessian, there the Gadite tents
Rang with impatient pleasure: here engaged
Woody Nebrissa's quiver-bearing crew,
Contending warm with amicable skill,
While they of Durius raced along the beach
And scatter'd mud and jeers on all behind.
The strength of Bætis too removed the helm
And stript the corslet off, and stauncht the foot
Against the mossy maple, while they tore
Their quivering lances from the hissing wound.
Others push forth the prows of their compeers,
And the wave, parted by the pouncing beak,
Swells up the sides and closes far astern:
The silent oars now dip their level wings,
And weary with strong stroke the whitening waves.
Others, afraid of tardiness, return:
Now, entering the still harbour, every surge
Runs with a louder murmur up their keel,
And the slack cordage rattles round the mast.
Sleepless with pleasure and expiring fears
Had Gebir risen ere the break of dawn,
And o'er the plains appointed for the feast
Hurried with ardent step: the swains admired
What so transversely could have swept the dews.
For never long one path had Gebir trod,
Nor long, unheeding man, one pace preserv'd.
Not thus Charoba: she despair'd the day;
The day was present; true; yet she despair'd.
In the too tender and once tortured heart
Doubts gather strength from habit, like disease;

Fears, like the needle verging to the pole,
Tremble and tremble into certainty.
How often, when her maids with merry voice
Call'd her, and told the sleepless queen 'twas morn,
How often would she feign some fresh delay,
And tell 'em (though they saw) that she arose.
Next to her chamber, closed by cedar doors,
A bath of purest marble, purest wave,
On its fair surface bore its pavement high:
Arabian gold enchased the crystal roof,
With fluttering boys adorn'd and girls unrobed;
These, when you touch the quiet water, start
From their aërial sunny arch, and pant
Entangled mid each other's flowery wreaths,
And each pursuing is in turned pursued.
Here came at last, as ever wont at morn,
Charoba: long she lingered at the brink,
Often she sigh'd, and, naked as she was,
Sate down, and leaning on the couch's edge,
On the soft inward pillow of her arm
Rested her burning cheek: she moved her eyes;
She blusht; and blushing plunged into the wave.
Now brazen chariots thunder through each street,
And neighing steeds paw proudly from delay.
While o'er the palace breathes the dulcimer,
Lute, and aspiring harp, and lisping reed,
Loud rush the trumpets bursting through the throng
And urge the high-shoulder'd vulgar; now are heard
Curses and quarrels and constricted blows,
Threats and defiance and suburban war.
Hark! the reiterated clangour sounds!
Now murmurs, like the sea or like the storm
Or like the flames on forests, move and mount
From rank to rank, and loud and louder roll,
Till all the people is one vast applause.
Yes, 'tis herself, Charoba. Now the strife
To see again a form so often seen.
Feel they some partial pang, some secret void,
Some doubt of feasting those fond eyes again?

Panting imbibe they that refreshing sight
To reproduce in hour of bitterness?
She goes, the king awaits her from the camp:
Him she descried, and trembled ere he reacht
Her car, but shuddered paler at his voice.
So the pale silver at the festive board
Grows paler fill'd afresh and dew'd with wine;
So seems the tenderest herbage of the spring
To whiten, bending from a balmy gale.
The beauteous queen alighting he received,
And sigh'd to loose her from his arms; she hung
A little longer on them through her fears.
Her maidens follow'd her; and one that watcht,
One that had call'd her in the morn, observ'd
How virgin passion with unfuel'd flame
Burns into whiteness, while the blushing cheek
Imagination heats and shame imbues.
Between both nations drawn in ranks they pass:
The priests, with linen ephods, linen robes,
Attend their steps, some follow, some precede,
Where clothed with purple intertwined with gold
Two lofty thrones commanded land and main.
Behind and near them numerous were the tents
As freckled clouds o'erfloat our vernal skies,
Numerous as wander in warm moonlight nights
Along Meänder's or Cayster's marsh
Swans pliant-neckt and village storks revered.
Throughout each nation moved the hum confused,
Like that from myriad wings o'er Scythian cups
Of frothy milk, concreted soon with blood.
Throughout the fields the savoury smoke ascends,
And boughs and branches shade the hides unbroacht.
Some roll the flowery turf into a seat,
And others press the helmet. Now resounds
The signal! queen and monarch mount the thrones.
The brazen clarion hoarsens: many leagues
Above them, many to the south, the heron
Rising with hurried croak and throat outstretcht,
Ploughs up the silvering surface of her plain.

Tottering with age's zeal and mischief's haste
Now was discover'd Dalica; she reacht
The throne, she lean'd against the pedestal,
And now ascending stood before the king.
Prayers for his health and safety she preferr'd,
And o'er his head and o'er his feet she threw
Myrrh, nard, and cassia, from three golden urns;
His robe of native woof she next removed,
And round his shoulders drew the garb accurst,
And bow'd her head, departing: soon the queen
Saw the blood mantle in his manly cheek,
And fear'd, and faultering sought her lost replies,
And blest the silence that she wisht were broke.
Alas, unconscious maiden! night shall close,
And love and sovranty and life dissolve,
And Egypt be one desert drencht in blood.
When thunder overhangs the fountain-head,
Losing its wonted freshness every stream
Grows turbid, grows with sickly warmth suffused:
Thus were the brave Iberians when they saw
The king of nations from his throne descend.
Scarcely, with pace uneven, knees unnerv'd,
Reacht he the waters: in his troubled ear
They sounded murmuring drearily; they rose
Wild, in strange colours, to his parching eyes;
They seem'd to rush around him, seem'd to lift
From the receding earth his helpless feet.
He fell: Charoba shriekt aloud; she ran;
Frantic with fears and fondness, mazed with woe,
Nothing but Gebir dying she beheld.
The turban that betray'd its golden charge
Within, the veil that down her shoulder hung,
All fallen at her feet! the furthest wave
Creeping with silent progress up the sand,
Glided through all, and rais'd their hollow folds.
In vain they bore him to the sea, in vain
Rubb'd they his temples with the briny warmth;
He struggled from them, strong with agony,
He rose half-up, he fell again, he cried

" *Charoba ! O Charoba !* " she embraced
His neck, and raising on her knee one arm,
Sigh'd when it moved not, when it fell she shriekt,
And clasping loud both hands above her head,
She call'd on Gebir, call'd on earth, on heaven.
" Who will believe me ? what shall I protest ?
How innocent, thus wretched ? God of Gods,
Strike me . . who most offend thee most defy . .
Charoba most offends thee : strike me, hurl
From this accursed land, this faithless throne.
O Dalica ! see here the royal feast !
See here the gorgeous robe ! you little thought
How have the demons dyed that robe with death.
Where are ye, dear fond parents ! when ye heard
My feet in childhood pat the palace-floor,
Ye started forth and kist away surprise :
Will ye now meet me ? how, and where, and when ?
And must I fill your bosom with my tears,
And, what I never have done, with your own ?
Why have the Gods thus punisht me ? what harm
Have ever I done them ? have I profaned
Their temples, askt too little, or too much ?
Proud if they granted, griev'd if they withheld ?
O mother ! stand between your child and them !
Appease them, soothe them, soften their revenge,
Melt them to pity with maternal tears.
Alas, but if you can not ! they themselves
Will then want pity rather than your child.
O Gebir ! best of monarchs, best of men,
What realm hath ever thy firm even hand
Or lost by feebleness or held by force ?
Behold thy cares and perils how repaid !
Behold the festive day, the nuptial hour ! "
Thus raved Charoba ; horror, grief, amaze,
Pervaded all the host ; all eyes were fixt ;
All stricken motionless and mute : the feast
Was like the feast of Cepheus, when the sword
Of Phineus, white with wonder, shook restrain'd,
And the hilt rattled in his marble hand.

She heard not, saw not, every sense was gone;
One passion banisht all; dominion, praise,
The world itself, was nothing. Senseless man!
What would thy fancy figure now from worlds?
There is no world to those that grieve and love.
She hung upon his bosom, prest his lips,
Breath'd, and would feign it his that she resorb'd.
She chafed the feathery softness of his veins,
That swell'd out black, like tendrils round their vase
After libation: lo! he moves! he groans!
He seems to struggle from the grasp of death!
Charoba shriekt and fell away, her hand
Still clasping his, a sudden blush o'erspread
Her pallid humid cheek, and disappear'd.
'Twas not the blush of shame; what shame has woe?
'Twas not the genuine ray of hope; it flasht
With shuddering glimmer through unscatter'd clouds,
It flasht from passions rapidly opposed.
  Never so eager, when the world was waves,
Stood the less daughter of the ark, and tried
(Innocent this temptation!) to recall
With folded vest and casting arm the dove;
Never so fearful, when amid the vines
Rattled the hail, and when the light of heaven
Closed, since the wreck of Nature, first eclipst,
And she was eager for his life's return,
As she was fearful how his groans might end.
They ended: cold and languid calm succeeds;
His eyes have lost their lustre, but his voice
Is not unheard, though short: he spake these words.
  "And weepest thou, Charoba! shedding tears
More precious than the jewels that surround
The neck of kings entomb'd! then weep, fair queen,
At once thy pity and my pangs assuage.
Ah! what is grandeur? glory? they are past!
When nothing else, not life itself, remains,
Still the fond mourner may be call'd our own.
Should I complain of Fortune? how she errs,
Scattering her bounty upon barren ground,

Slow to allay the lingering thirst of toil?
Fortune, 'tis true, may err, may hesitate,
Death follows close, nor hesitates, nor errs.
I feel the stroke! I die!" He would extend
His dying arm: it fell upon his breast;
Cold sweat and shivering ran o'er every limb,
His eyes grew stiff, he struggled, and expired.

VARIOUS READINGS IN "GEBIR."

Book I.

[1] B.E. begin as follows:—
When old Silenus called the Satyrs home,
Satyrs the tender hooft and ruddy horn'd
With Bacchus and the nymphs, he sometimes rose
Amidst the tale or pastoral, and shew'd
The light of purest wisdom; and the god
Scattered with wholesome fruit the pleasant plains.
Ye woody hills of Cambria! and ye hills
That hide in heaven your summits and your fame,
Your ancient songs, and breezes pure, invite
Me from my noontide rambles, and the force
Of high example influences my lay.
I sing, &c.

[2] 69. This line first occurs in E.

Book II.

[1] 133-136. This passage first occurs in E.

[2] 130-141. This passage first occurs in E.

[3] 149-150. This passage first occurs in E.

Book III.

[1] 53. B.E. read here
Its impulse, but in vain; to hear, frequent,
Nay, to take counsel from, and seek resource,
Be soothed by, or be scoffed at by, O Heaven!
The vilest of mankind; to be enclosed
Within a limit, &c.

[2] 109. B.E. read

world above.

Fire rules the realms of pleasure and of pain,
Parent and element of elements,
Changing, and yet unchanged, pervading heaven
Purest, and then reviewing all the stars:
All crowd around him in their orbits, all
In legions for that radiant robe contend
Allotted them, unseam'd, and undefil'd,
Then, saturate with what their nature craves,
Unite the grateful symphony of guests,
Take short repose, and with slow pace return;
And not the glowing oceans of the sun
Fire fills alone, and draws there smaller streams,
And dashes them on crystal cliffs of hail,
And filters through black clouds and fleecy snows,
But penetrates each cold and blue abyss
Of trackless waves, and each white glimmering gem
That crowns the victim's immolated brow."
The hero pausing, Gebir then, &c.

[3] 112. B.E. read

embrace.

"Young man," said Aroar, "some indeed declare
That they the spirit, when it is itself,
Have wakened on; and with fixt eyes beheld
Fixt eyes; both stricken speechless, both would speak;
Both stretched their kindred arms and would embrace.
That spirit, which thus struggles in its flight
To some one dearest object with a will
Omnipotent, ne'er, after this, returns.
Neither can mortal see departed friends,
Or they see mortal; if indeed they could
How care would furrow up their flowery fields,
What asps and adders bask in every beam!
Then oft might faithful fondness, from the shades,
See its beloved in another's arms,
And curse immoral laws, immodest vows,
Elysium and the vanity of soul.

She, who evading modesty dares take—
With sacrilegious incest most accurst—
The lamp of marriage from a husband's tomb,
And beckon up another, to defile
A bed new littered, a mere tavern-stall,
Biting her chain, bays body; and despair
Awakes the furies of insatiate lust.
Others, if worse be any, float immerst
In prisons blackly green with ropy slime,
Where toughens the brown fungus, brittle stalked:
Their grosser spirits with the putrid air
Amalgamate, and in due time ferment
Seed heretofore inert; hence crawls gay-winged
The gad-fly! hence trails forth the fulsome snake.
Living they never owned that Nature's face
Was lovely, never with fond awe beheld
On her parental bosom Truth repose!"
He paused; then sudden, as if roused, renewed,
"But come, if ardour urges thee, &c.

4 242. "we cannot see
Aught but our opposite; and here are fates
How opposite to ours!"
This passage first occurs in E.

Book IV.

1 1-10. This passage first occurs in H.

2 29. This line first occurs in E.

3 33-35. This passage first occurs in E.

4 42. B.E. read

fears."
How many a night serene shall I behold
Those warm attractive orbits, close enshrined
In ether, over which Love's column rose,
Marmoreal, trophied o'er with golden hair.
Within the valley of one lip unseen
Love slumbered, &c.

[5] 59. B.E. read
Handmaids and pages sleek and courtiers aged.

[6] 208. B.E. read
interposed.
Nor is the glory of no price, to take
The royal city in, as these presume.
Some ate, &c.

[7] 215-219. This passage first occurs in H.

Book V.

[1] 38. B.E.H. read
My lips can scatter them a hundred leagues
So shrivelled in one breath, &c.

[2] 74. B.E.H. read
"Whose rites?" "Her sisters, mothers, and her own."
"Never." "How sayest thou never? One would think
Presumptuous, &c.

[3] 159. B.E. read
raise,
For never had she formed so fair a one
Herself, till nature showed an architype.
He clasped the vacant air, &c.

Book VI.

[1] 11. B.E. read here
Blithe warmth of kisses fanned by playful dreams.

[2] 78-84. This passage first occurs in text E.

[3] 178. B. reads
He heard it roll above him, heard it roll
Beneath, &c.

[4] 187. B.E. read here
"Look yonder!" Tamar looked, and saw two isles
Where the waves whitened on the desert shore.

Then she continued. "That which intervenes,
Scarcely the nymphs themselves have known from fame;
But mark the furthest; there shall once arise,
From Tamar shall arise by fate's decree
A mortal man above all mortal praise.
Methinks already though she equals heaven,
Towering Trinacria to Therapne* yields."
Tamar, who listened still amidst amaze
Had never thought on progeny; he clasped
His arms with extasy around his bride,
And pleasure freshened her prophetic lip.
He thought too of his ancestors and home
When from amid grey ocean, &c.

[5] 205. B.E. read
Weep not thy country, weep not caves abhorred.

[6] 212. B.E. conclude this book as follows.
through Earth.
The hour in vain held back by war arrives
When justice shall unite the Iberian hinds,
And equal Egypt bid her shepherds reign.
The fairest land dry-lashed could I forego
Rather than crawl a subject; corals, pearls,
Confine me round, if Nymph can be confined,
'Twill not console me. Kindness prest by power
Gives pride fresh tortures, and fresh bars constraint.
And guard me heaven from that paternal care,
Which beats and bruises me with iron rods,
Till I embrace them, and with tears protest
That I am happy! rather, when I sin,
Shut me from love and hide me in the deep!"
Now disappear the Liparæan isles
Behind, and forward hang th' Etrurian coasts,
Verdant with privet and with juniper
Now faith is plighted; piled on every hearth
Crackle the consecrated branches, heard
Propitious, and from vases rough embost

* E. reads "my Corsis" for "Therapne."

Thro' the light ember falls the bubbling wine.
And now the chariot of the sun descends,
The waves rush hurried from his foaming steeds,
Smoke issues from their nostrils at the gate,
Which, when they enter, with huge golden bar
Atlas and Calpe close across the main.
They reach the unfurrowed Appenines. All hail
Clime of unbounded Liberty and Love!
Deep down beneath their feet, a river flow'd
Of varied view; yet each variety
So charming, that their eyes could scarce admire
The many beauties that around them thronged,
Successive as the wave: aspiring elms
O'er the wide waters cast a mingled shade
Of tendrils green and grapes of rosy hue.
Among the branches thousand birds appeared
To raise their little throats, with trilling song
Unwearied, but alas! their trilling song
Fast as it flowed the roaring torrent drowned.
Some unacquainted with the scene, unmoved
By loss of tuneful mate, on timid wing
Fly from th' eternal thunder of the waves;
But these content with humid woods, which yield
The choicest moss to warm their callow young,
Brood over them; nor shudder at the damp
That falls for ever round each circled nest.
Here craggy rocks arise; the stream recoils
Struggling; (but hurried to the vast abyss
Abruptly) reascends in gloomy rain;
Bespangling in its way the scattered herbs
That cling around each lofty precipice
Of wintry blasts regardless, and the reeds,
Which never shall amuse with shrill assay
The valley or the grove, and tender flowers
On virgin bosoms never to repose.
But all around them dart the wandering rays
In myriads, and amidst the fresh festoons
Of pensile vines a hundred arches bend,
Raised by the hand of Phœbus and of Jove,

The seats of Iris—Rise Iberian man!
Rise, Maid of Ocean! I myself will rise,
Vigorous with youth, with soaring soul endued,
I feel not earth beneath me. Lo! I snatch
The sunbeam, scorn the sunbeam, climb the skies!
What force have you informed me with! what sight
Piercing through darkness to futurity.
Yonder where sailing slow the clouds retire
How grand a prospect opens! Alps o'er Alps
Tower, to survey the triumphs that proceed
There, while the Garonne dances in the gloom
Of larches, 'mid her Naiads, or reclined
Leans on the broom-clad bank to watch the sport
Of some far distant chamois, silken haired,
The chaste Pyrene, drying up her tears,
Finds with your children refuge: yonder Rhine
Lays his imperial sceptre at their feet.
What hoary form so vigorous, vast, bends there
Time, Time himself throws off his motley garb
Figured with monstrous men and monstrous gods,
And in pure vestures enters their pure fanes,
A proud partaker of their festivals.
Captivity led captive, war o'erthrown,
They shall o'er Europe, shall o'er Earth extend
Empire that seas alone and skies confine,
And glory that shall strike the crystal stars.

Book VII.

[1] 1. For "adverse fate" B. reads "various ills."

[2] 4. B. reads: "Prime evil! bade his native, &c."

[3] 13. B. reads: distress.
So falls it here; and driven forth by fate
On any rock may rest; but evil eyes
Light on the weak, or restless, who have fled
The house of bondage, &c. (l. 36 below.)

FROM THE PHOCÆANS.

Heroes of old would I commemorate.
Those heroes, who obeyed the high decree
To leave Phocæa, and erect in Gaul
Empire, the fairest heaven had e'er design'd;
And, borne amidst them, I would dedicate
To thee O Liberty, the golden spoils.
For, Liberty, 'tis thou whose voice awakes
Their sons, from slumber in the setting beams
Of sceptred Power, and banishest from Earth,
Tho' tardier than hell's heaviest cloud she move,
And leave behind the wizard cup and sword—
Circæn soul-dissolving Monarchy.

Say, daughters of Mnemosyne and Jove,
Speak, hearts of harmony! what sacred cause
United, so long sever'd, in debate,
Pallas and Neptune? 'Twas when every god
Flew shuddering from the royal feast accurst,
With Ceres most offended, these ordain
Th' eternal terror of proud thrones to rise:
Such among eastern thrones Phocæa stood,
Such, amid Europe's oaken groves retired.

Now had Priené mourn'd her murder'd swains,
Who late ascending Mycalé, released
The pipe, and sitting on the wayside crag
Temper'd the tabor to their roundelays:
Of brittle ivy, from the living stone
Stript off with haste, before their partners came,
Chaplets to ward off envy they combined,

To ward off envy, not to ward off death,
Nor to survive themselves: now with amaze
Meander, rising slow from sedgey bed,
Sees soaring high the white-wing'd multitude
Of cranes and cycnets, like a sunny cloud,
Nor till they circle lower, distinguishes
The aerial blue between, and feeble cries
From thin protruded throat: Pactolus tore
His yellow hair with human blood defiled,
And spurn'd his treacherous waves and tempting sand.
Of cities built by heroes built by Gods,
Throughout the Ægæan, Asia now surveyed
None but Phocæa free: her bolder youth
The galling yoke of gifted peace disdain.
On far Iberia's friendly coast arrived,
Rich streamers, snatched from conquest they display;
And Persic spoils, in sportive mockery worn,
Flutter and rustle round the steeds, that rear'd
Amid the caverns of the genial winds,
On Tagrus' top, start sidelong from the tide.
All are advanced to manhood for the hour.
With sweet solicitude and fearful joy,
Each mother from the shaded ship descries
Her son amidst the contest, and her son
Or now excels each rival in the race,
Or if behind them will ere long excel.
Naarchus, whose attemper'd hand heaven-taught,
Directed thro' wide seas and wearying straits
To rich Tartessus the Phocæan sails,
Now, leaning back against a stranded skiff,
Drawn till half upright on the shelving beach,
Turns idly round the rudder in its rest,
And hardly thinks of land; warm youth attracts,
As amber sweet, the wither'd reed of age.
Such on the banks of Hermus, on the banks
Of that most pleasant of all sacred streams,
For 'twas the nearest to his native home,
And first that exercised his crooked oar,
Now distant, swelling forth with sweet regrets!—

Such was Naarchus! steadfastly he gazed,
And harmless envy heav'd one mindful sigh.

Meanwhile, with Euxenus, and Hyelus,
In council sage, but stricken sore by years,
And Cimos, firm in friendship, firm in fight,
And more, whose wisdom, and whose bravery,
The hallowed bosom of but few records,
Men, high in nature, high in sphere of souls
That burn in battle, or that shine in peace—
Protis, the son of Cyrnus, in the halls
Of Arganthonius, suppliant thus implores
His peace, and his protection. "Mighty king,
If ever thou injuriously hast borne
The rage of ruthless war, and surely war
Hath envied and hath visited, a realm
So flourishing, so prosperous, behold
The scattered ruins of no humble race."
Amid these words, a little from the ground
He rais'd his aching eyes, and waved his hand
Where over citron bowers and light arcades
Hung the fresh garlands fluttering from the mast:
Then paused; the hoary monarch, stung with grief,
Sate silent, and observ'd the frequent tear
Flow bitterly from off each manly cheek,
Uninterrupted! for the hero's soul
Flew back upon his country's wrongs and grown
Impatient of the pity it required,
Sunk into sorrow: thus, his foes had said,
Had foes e'er seen him thus, the helpless child
Putting one arm against its mother's breast,
Holds out the other to a stranger's hand,
But, e'er receiv'd, it weeps: th' Iberian king
Then answer'd, "Just and holy are the tears
Of warriors; sweet as cassia to the Gods,
To man and misery they're the dew of heaven,
But wherefore thus disconsolate! this arm
Might heretofore have rescued and avenged,
And now perhaps may succour." He embraced
The stranger, and embracing him, perceived

His heart beat heavy thro' his panting vest;
Then thus continued, "We too have endured
Insulting power, insatiate avarice,
But ere the wrongs we suffer'd half were told
The sun more rapid now his rays decline
Would leave the Atlantic wave." The patriot chiefs
Around, burn each to hear his own exploits
And see the history open on his name.
Fain would they seize congenial glances, fain
Force attestation from the question'd eye:
So pants for Glory, Virtue nurst by war,
That, some amongst them to their neighbours turn
Not for their neighbour's notice but their king's.
Hymmeus was present, of Milesian race,
But he disdain'd his country, and preferr'd
One struggling hard with tyranny, to one
Where power o'er slaves was freedom and was rights,
Nor man degraded could but man degrade.
The harp, his sorrow's solace, he resumed,
Whose gently agitating liquid airs
Melted the wayward shadow of disgrace,
And, bearing highly up his well-stored heart
Above the vulgar, bade him cherish Pride.—
Mother of virtues to the virtuous man,
Her brilliant heavenly-temper'd ornaments
Tarnish to blackness at the touch of vice.
Sometimes the sadly quivering soul-struck wires
Threw a pale lustre on his native shore;
When suddenly the sound "*Conspirator*,"
How harsh from those we serve and those we love!—
Burst with insulting blow the enchanting strain,
And the fair vision vanish'd into air.
The pleasant solitude of sunny beach,
The yellow bank scoopt out with idle hands,
And near, white birds, and further naked boys,
That o'er the level of the lustrous sand,
Like kindred broods, seem ready to unite,
The tempest whirls away,—and where they stood
Up starts a monster, that, with hiss and howl,

Seizes the wretch who runs to loose its chains.

When Arganthonius saw him, he exclaim'd
" Hymneus ! and thou too here ! thy glowing words
Could once, arousing in the warrior's breast
Enthusiastic rage, sublime the soul
So far above the rocks where Danger broods,
That she and all her monstrous progeny
Groveling, and breathing fire, and shadow-winged,
Become invisible.—O thou of power
With magic tones Affliction to disarm !
Thou canst conjure up fury, call down hope,
Or whisper comfort, or inspire revenge.
Rise ! trace the wanderings of thy comrades, shew
What men, relying on the Gods, can bear."
He ended here, and Hymneus thus began.
Long has Tartessus left her fertile fields,
And but by forest beast or mountain bird,
Seen from afar her flocks lie unconsumed ;
The maids of Sidon, and the maids of Tyre
To whom proud streams thro' marble arches bend,
Still bid the spindle urge its whirring flight
And waft to wealth the luxury of our woes.
Thus without lassitude barbaric kings
Shall midst their revels read our history ;
And thou too, warm to fancy, warm to grief,
In hall and arbour, shade and solitude,
Whose bosom rises at the faintest breath
From dizzy tower, dark dungeon, stormy rock,
But rises not, nor moves, to public pangs—
Woman ! our well-wrought anguish shalt admire !
And toy-taught children overtake our flight.
But we have conquer'd :—hear me valiant youth !
Untired and pressing for the course ; O hear
Ye fires, whom stormy life's vicissitudes
At length have driven on no hostile shore,
O hear me, nor repine ; but cherish hope,
And fortune will return and cherish you.
We utter'd soothing words from sickening hearts,

And with firm voice in flight and rout proclaim'd,
That we would never yield, would never fly:
While thus, revived by confidence, they rose,
Fortune gave weight to fancy's golden dreams,
And more than hope dare promise time perform'd.
Thus from some desert rock which every tide
Drenches and deluges, the mariner
Marks the uneven surges rolling, marks
The black pods rattling as the wave retires,—
And now another!—high he folds his arms,
He groans, looks earnest on, and is resign'd.
Danger and safety this dread interval
Brings close; the billow self-suspended hangs;
The tide had reach'd its highest, and has ebbed:
While distant, now appearing, now unseen,
His comrades struggle up the fluited surge,
Their strength, their voices, wreckt! the spring approach'd;
The fields and woods were vocal with the joy
Of birds that twittering from the thin-leav'd broom
Or close laurustin, or the sumach-tufts
Gay, nest-like, meditated nought but love.
Ah! happy far beyond man's happiness,
Who ever saw them wander o'er the waves
For guilty gold, or shiver on the shore
For life-wrung purple to array their breasts?
Theirs cherish, ours repudiate, chaste desire!
In vain was nature gay; in vain the flocks
With fond parental bleatings filled the fold;
In vain the brindled heifer lowed content
To crop the shining herbage, or to browze
The tender maple in the twilight dell.
Cold, O ye flocks and herds the hand will be
That fed ye, cold the hand that sweetly tuned
Its pipe to call ye to your nightly home,
Or gave the feebler dog encouragement
To drive the wolf away! vain care—the wretch
Who slew your shepherd, at the altar's horn
Slays you to celebrate his victory.
The Tyrians now approach; a thousand oars

Heave with impatient sweep the whitening surge
To seize Tartessus in the noon of peace.
The very zephyr now, that cool'd our coast,
Plays in the bosom of their sail, and smooths
Each rising billow; never more appall'd
The hand that cultivates Vesuvio's slope,
When with dull dash the fiery tide o'erflows
The pumice that surrounds his humble cot,
Than was Tartessus. Olpis first espied
The naval host advancing; now delay
Were death;—he loosen'd the relaying rope
From his left elbow, and the toils above
Dropt sounding on the surface of the waves.
He ran; nor enter'd he the city gate
Ere, interrupted oft, by haste, and fear,
In accents loud and shrill he thus began.
"Fly, fly, what madness holds you in your streets?
The Tyrians are behind; they climb the rocks
Light and unnumber'd as the brooding gulls.—
O fly, Tartessians! not a hope remains."

Incontinent, the noisy streets are fill'd
With young alike and old; the mother runs
To save her children, playing in the court,
Improvident of ill, and grasps their wrist,
Hurrying them onward till they weep and ask
"*For what?*" and whining plead the promised hour,
Now threaten loud, and now again in tears.
No more the murmuring labour of the loom
Detains the virgin, who, with patient hand,
But fluttering heart, the whitest vesture wove
For him she loved so tenderly, for him
Who soon arising from the nuptial couch,
Would scatter mid the warbling wanton choir
The lavish nuts, would hear their bland adieu,
And seize the pleasures they were taught to sing.
Here were the fathers sitting; they were seen
To wave their tremulous hand, and bid them go
Whose life is green and vigorous, "for you

The sun will ripen many vintages,
But we are prone to tarry, cruel Tyre
Scarcely can drag the dying in her chains."

The throbs of urgent terror now subside
In all, and every one his earnest arms
With pious anguish throws around them, prays
To lead them into refuge, prays to strow
The bed of age, and close the beamless eye.
Alas! too confident in hoary hairs
God's gift, but not God's blessing—they refuse
The proffer'd kindness; and their parted limbs
Hung upon hooks, with patriot gore distain'd
The walls they once defended! ah! thy day
Rolls on; a victim to the very sword
Thyself unsheathest, I behold thee fall;
Nor help in any near—that help, O Tyre!
Blind to the future, why hast thou destroyed?
Were it not better to extend the hand
T'ward rising states, than proudly crush them? realms
Which stand on ruins insecurely stand.
But wherefore turn our eyes to other climes
Which fate has frown'd on! tho' her frowns I dread,
I deem it first of human miseries
To *be* a tyrant, then to suffer one.
'Tis true we left our city, left our fields,
O'er naked flints we travell'd, and review'd
What once we held so dear: the eye of youth
Saw, tho' the tear would often intervene,
And shake their branches, and suspend their bowers,
The groves that echoed to his horn or waved
With gales that whilom whisper'd notes of love:
He saw; and linger'd long; for seldom fear
Invades a bosom harbouring regret.
But others hasten'd to the far-off heights
Of Calpè: there a hundred grottoes gleam
High-arct with massy spear; from hence descend
Columns of crystal, ranged from side to side
In equal order; there the freshest Nymphs

Bring water sweet and glide away unseen.
But hither few arrive, now darkness reigns
Around; but weary of the slow-paced hours
One lifts his eyes above, and, trembling, views
The moss and ivy shake with every wind
Against the yawning cavern; every wind
He deems a spectre's yell; and every beam
Shed from the clouded orbit stops his flight.
One, when molested from their lone abode
The birds of omen rise aloft in air,
Shrill-shrieking, and on whirring pinion borne
Sidelong, and circling o'er the pinnacles,
In turbid agitation thinks he hears
His infant faintly wailing, or his wife
From far, imploring help he cannot give;
And wishes he were dead, yet fears to die.
'Twere piteous now, had pity past ourselves,
To hear sometimes the long-drawn moan of dogs,
Sometimes their quick impatience, while they sought
Fond master, left behind, or headlong dash'd
Where faithless moonshine fill'd the abrupt abyss.
From waken'd nest, and pinion silence-pois'd,
Th' huge vulture drops rebounding;—first he fears;
Looks round; draws back; half lifts his cow'ring wing;
Stretches his ruffled neck and rolling eye,
Tastes the warm blood, and flickers for the foe.

Some, seated on the soft declivity,
Sink into weary slumber; others climb
The crumbling cliff, and craggy precipice,
To none accessible but him who fears.
Thus, to the mountain-brake that overhangs
A valley dark and narrow, flies the kid
Before a lion: he from far espies
The pensile fugitive, nor dares pursue;
But gazing often, with tremendous roar
Shakes from his thirsty throat the fretful foam.
Here, love, ambition, labor, victory,
Injustice, vengeance, Hercules forgot.

Forgot how proud Laomedon, from Troy's
High summits, knew the hero, knew the steeds
That paw'd the plain beneath, and all the king
Shrunk, and the perjurer alone remain'd.
Here mournful Thessaly no more occurr'd,
Deserted by her shepherds, while the neck
Of roving oxen soften'd from the yoke.
Here hospitable Scyros he forgot;
Here Tempé, fresh with springs, with woods embower'd;
Larissa too, whose glowing children vied
In pæans, vied in tracing where the throng
Around the quiver, markt the hand, of strength
To lift on high the shafts of Hercules.
While thro' the bulrushes the hero stept,
Slow, and intently looking round him, waved
His torch, and blue-eyed Lerna, lily-crowned,
Shook at the shadow of a future God.
'Twas there he started, matchless in the race;
The race was run; and Calpé was the goal.
'Twas here Tartessus, in distraction fled
Before the steel of Sidon; she with Tyre
Unfurl'd the sail of conquest, Oceans rose
To waft her, suns to strow the yielding way.
Hers were the realms of night—each star was hers.
But Venus far above the rest, whose orb's
Meek lustre, melting thro' the cedar-sprays
That spire around the lofty Lebanon,
Led forth their matrons all at evening's close
To celebrate the sad solemnity.
There they abided: here, ill-omen'd hour!
Aside Lacippo's stream, with boughs o'erhung,
Dark alder, pearly-blossom'd arbutus,
And myrtle, highest held of earthly flowers,
And mixt with amaranth at the feasts above—
Maids snowy-stoled, and purple-mitred boys,
Foregoing each young pleasure—mazy dance,
Where Love most but most slightly wounds,
Games, where Contention strives to look like Love,
Scatter anemones, and roses, torn

Ere daylight wakes them, from their mossy cell.

Not thus, Nebrissa, went thy mountaineers.
Mad with religious lust and solemn wine,
They panted for their orgies, at the fount
Accustom'd: part the mangled heifer tear;
Part, stamping on the neck, wrench off its brow
The horns, and blow them bubbling hoarse with blood:
Some gird themselves with adders: others yell
From pipe far-screeching—trill above their head
The tymbrel—clash the cymbal—others drum
The hollow deep-toned Corybantine brass.
Before them, Sycus and Amphyllion,
Glad to have mixt themselves with men, at hours
When fearful childhood is constrain'd to rest,
Ran tripping for Lacippo; but to see
Flowers that profusely floated down the stream,
Breaking the yellow moonshine as they passed,
Surprised and held them; fixt on this, they heard
No plaintive strain beyond: for childhood's mind
Sits on the eyeball; 'tis her boundary.
But, higher up, those who the orgies led
Hearken'd, at every pause, and each was fill'd
With clear responses winding thro' the vale.

Old Cheratægon chided this delay.
"Why stood they gaping? had the wrathful Moon
Struck them? had any Satyr from the heights,
Had he whom every Season stops to crown,
Whom Hellespontic Lampsacus adores,
Answered their carols, kind? if so—reply."
Then placing to his lips the clarion,
He started, waved it round, and listening
Again, cried out "*a female voice I hear,*
"*Proceed, proceed.*" They hurry on; they view
The choir: the shrieking damsels cannot fly;
Their vesture baffles each attempt of fear.
In vain implore they Venus, and adjure
By all she suffer'd when Adonis died,

The rustics knew Adonis not by name
Nor Venus by a tear. They wring their hands
In agony, they clasp them in despair,
Or those restricted in the strong embrace,
Raise praying eyes to heaven, and bend the neck
Back till, its tapering column quite convulsed,
The breasts that from the marble sanctuary
Stood out inviting Chastity and Love,
By violence and passion are profaned.
While tumult rages there and wild affright,
Led by avenging deities, and warm'd
With patriot fire, the purest that ascends
Before the presence of those deities,
The caverns we had left, and many a plain
As desolate, where now the wolf, enraged,
Bit the deserted fences of the fold;
And now with plighted faith and pledging vows
Throughout invoke our murder'd countrymen:
For now at las the radiant host of heaven
Seem'd, going one by one, to delegate
Peace and repose behind; these oft enchant
The wicked; but whene'er the weary lids
Drop, either dreadful visions they enclose,
Tenacious, or the senseless breast imbibes
The poison'd balm of sweet security.
Seen through that porch's pillars, yonder wood
Tho' not far distant, yet from hence appears
More like a grassy slope—by Lybian blasts
Distorted—there in ambush, we surveyed
Our battlements, whose friendly shadow stretch'd
O'er half the ruins of old Geryon's tomb:
When silently and quick athwart the dale
Glide ranks of helmets; these alone are seen,
Darkness and distance occupy the rest.
They fade away, and eagerly we catch
The rumour of their march: the hunter, worn
With service dragging some ignoble weight,
Stops in the passing wind the well-known cry
Of hound that, after hard-run chase hath leapt

Up to his nostrils, or against his side
Rested one foot—the other gall'd with thorns—
Like him we, conscious of our former strength,
Quake with the impotence of wild desire.

Less dangerous now is our determined course
Toward Tartessus: we approach the walls;
We reach them; nor had halted, ere the gates
Fly open: staring at the prodigy,
Encouraged at the fact, the Iberian bands
Rush in, and with a dreadful shout proclaim
The vengeance of the Gods; afraid to strike
At first, lest any one of these, conceal'd
In human likeness, at the portal placed,
The force, himself inspired them with, bewail.
Astounded and aghast, the Tyrians rise
From slumber: these imagine it a dream,
Discrediting their senses' evidence;
Those in the portico cry out to arms,
Forgetful of their own, while many, driven
By desperation, reckless of their shield
Or buckler, rush amidst us, sword in hand,
Impetuous, covering with their prostrate corse
The spot they fought on: others, overthrown
By numbers pressing forward, under throngs
Of enemies, groan loud; a double pang
Such feel, in dying with no hostile wound.
Hundreds and fortunate are they, prolong
Sleep into death, nor ever know the change.
The remnant in their hollow ships confide
For refuge, close pursued; thrice happy few
Who now, the pitchy, hard, and slippery side
Surmounted, mindless yet of sail or oar,
Embrace their own Patæcus * on the prow.

* The *Patæci* were little images, like those which the Spaniards, and others of the same religion carry about with them at present, to avert calamity. I imagine those charms and amulets which are also in use among the nations of Africa, and which are called *fetiches*, are of the same origin: they perhaps are the prototypes

O'er their companions, in the crowded strand
Death, leading up night's rear, her banner waves,
Invisible, but rustling like the blast
That strips the fallen year: with arms outstrètched,
Dismay, before her, pushes on; and Fear
Crouching unconscious close beside her casts
A murky paleness o'er her wing black-plumed.
Just liberated from their noisome cells,
Slavery's devoted, thirsting for revenge,
Drink deep; the fetter is at last become
An instrument of slaughter, and the feet
Swoln with it bathe themselves in hostile blood,
Till from the valleys deep the fogs arise
Perceptible; while on the summits Morn
Her saffron robe and golden sceptre lays.
Then of their lofty vessels we descry
Nought save the topmost sails, each nether part
By Gades, tho' behind them, was obscured;
These, distant yet, seem'd o'er the town displayed.

'Tis painful, O Phocæans, to unfold
The brazen gates of War, and find Revenge
Bursting her brittle manacles, while Rage
Strikes with impatient spear the sounding floor.
Here Sycus and Amphyllion I behold,
Shivering, and with the back of feeble wrist
Drawn frequently across their swollen eyes,
Wiping large tears away—poor harmless pair!
You, playing near life's threshold strown with flowers,
Common indeed, but sweet, and all your own,
Death snatcht away, and flapt her raven wing.

The Tyrians sally forth, to meet the hour
When woe and darkness yield to light and glee,

of the Patæci, and were introduced into Spain by the Carthaginians. When the Tyrians are mentioned here, they must be supposed in great part Carthaginians; as the people of the United States of America were, during their alliance, indiscriminately called Englishmen by our enemies.

And reach Lacippo's fount ere earliest dawn.
No mortal meet they, nor the faintest noise
Hear, but of rustling leaves and tinkling rill.
They wonder; look around them; shudder, seize
Each zephyr, and each shadow which he makes
By nimbly lighting on the pliant boughs
Creep further on the grass: for every man
Imagines, tho' all others may have strayed,
Surely his own must near him still remain.
But all upon the distant hills were drag'd
Thro' wild and winding sheep-walks, into huts
Where with unsated eye Nebrissan wives,
Not yet suspicious of supplanting charms,
Survey their strange attire: one draws the veil
Aside, and fancies somewhat in the face
Tho' foreign like her countrywomen; lips
Rosy, but rather blighted; eyes full-orbed,
Ringlets that o'er pellucid temples wave,
As cedars o'er steep snow-drifts; blooming cheeks,
But, courted not by sun or sea-born gale,
Pallid and puny when compared with hers:
Another, hath some broken flower escaped
Mid the dishevel'd hair, with curious hand
Twists round, on tiptoe, its exotic stem,
Exulting high with ingenuity.

The Tyrians now, disconsolate, unite
In counsel: each one differs in the way
To follow, each his neighbour's choice amends.
When on the pathway haply one espied
A torch; he whirl'd, he kindled it; he sware
By earth and heaven 'twas happy; he exclaim'd
"We too will sacrifice! Revenge be ours!
Revenge is worthy to succeed to Love.
Each irresistible, immortal each,
Not blind—the wretch feigns that—their pupils roll
In fire unquenchable: Persuasion form'd
Their lips, and raptured at their lively hue
She kist her new creation; hence delight

Breathes through the thirsting fibres of the breast,
Like honey from Dodona's prophet-grove,
Sweet and inspiring too—Revenge, revenge."
Silence dwelt shortly with them, ere he touched
This jarring nerve; when suddenly their hearts
Vibrated into dreadful unison.
They gape upon him, gathering from his breath
(As manna from the desert men would seize)
The substance of their wishes; they demand
In sentences imperfect, how to grasp
The phantom set before them, whispering
With eager but with hesitating haste
Together and awaiting no reply:
Nay, often an enquiry that commenced
With one concluded in another's ear.
They moved; the crowd seem'd growing: swift they strode
Toward the streamlet, thither where it spread,
Wider, and (as upon its bosom fell
The frigid, iron-color'd, unripe light)
Just trembled: here the boy Amphyllion
Stood waiting for the broken garlands, borne
No farther by the current; forward lean'd
The busy idler, under where he stood
Sweeping them gently on with willow wand.
He thought, full sure he thought—such eagerness
His one protended and one poising hand,
Half-open lips, and steady lustrous eyes,
Show'd plainly—safe arrived ere others woke,
To deck his mother's door, and be forgiven.
Sycus more weary, on his arm inclined,
Sat peevish by, and, often of the way
Complaining, yet unwilling to arise,
Bit acid sorrels from their juicy stalk.
"Lo yonder!" he exclaim'd, "the morning dawns
Among the junipers, and ill forebodes
Beside such dampness when no dew has fallen—
This bursting glare, while all around is shade.
Can it be morning? No; *there* mornings rise:
It is not morning; and the moon is gone;

It cannot be the moon." Too rightly judged
Poor Sycus; nearer now flashed redder light
Than rising moons give reapers going home;
Now nearer, and now nearer yet, approach'd
Voices and armour glimmer'd thro' the glade;
Next, helmets were distinguisht; lastly, vests
Black afar off, their proper crimson shew'd.
They tremble at the sight, and deadly drops
Trickle down ankles white as ivory.
Pity and mercy they implore—the soul
Presages ere it reasons—they implore
Pity and mercy, ere the enemy's hand
Seizes them, ere, in painful bondage bent,
Behind them hang so helplessly their own.

Uprooted smells the hazel underwood,
The verdant pile ascends; upon the top
Branches of pitch-tree are arranged, across,
And cover'd with their leaves: the cymbals ring;
The tymbrels rough, and doubling drums reply.

Music, when thunders arm her heavenly voice,
May rouse most other passions—she may rouse
The Furies from their deep Tartarian dens,
Or Wonder from her unseen orbit, fixt
The middlemost of endless myriads—
Terror she stops amid his wild career,
Engages and subdues. Amphyllion's heart
Flutter'd indeed but flutter'd less confined,
He trembled more, yet dreaded less: the boy
Would now with rapturous violence have rubbed
His palms to sparkling, were they but unbound,
His head he would have nestled in the lap
Of Fortune, when he found the budded spoils
Lie innocent, squared well, and garland-hung.
He laughed at their device; he look'd around,
And saw the knife, but sought the sacrifice.

Can yon ethereal Powers! if any rule

Above us or below, or if concern
For human sins and sorrows touches you—
Can you see, quivering, shrinking, shrivelling,
Lips without guile, and bosoms without gall,
Nor pity, succour, save! Alas, your will
Was pleaded, and your presence was invoked.
First, 'twas revenge—but, when 'twas done, 'twas heaven!
When others rise in anger, men exclaim
"*Fierce Furies urge them:*" but when they themselves,
"*Righteous inflexible Eumenides.*"
Even thou Venus! Goddess! even thou,
That leadest the Gætulian lioness
From caves and carnage, and on sunny sands
Makest to slumber with satiety—
Thou wreathest serpents as thou wreathest flowers,
Thou silencest the winds without a word,
Thou curbest the black Tempest; and the face
Of Ocean brightens at thy filial smile,
Yet, either art thou cruel or profaned.

When Cruelty and Youth together dwell
Nature may weep indeed! they also wept.
The sons of Tyre and Sidon also wept.
Returning to the gates, they only heard
A few last groans, only a few fond names
Given them long ago: by madness driven,
Like Atys, when he left his father's home,
Never to see it more, nor to admire
His face dim-shining from his olived thigh—
They run into the woods and are devour'd
By grief and famine, without friend or grave.

CHRYSAOR.

Come, I beseech ye, Muses! who, retired
Deep in the shady glens by Helicon,
Yet know the realms of Ocean, know the laws
Of his wide empire, and throughout his court
Know every Nymph, and call them each by name;
Who from your sacred mountain see afar
O'er earth and heaven, and hear and memorise
The crimes of men and counsels of the Gods;
Sing of those crimes and of those counsels, sing
Of Gades sever'd from the fruitful main,
And what befell, and from what mighty hand,
Chrysaor, wielder of the golden sword.
'Twas when the high Olympus shook with fear,
Lest all his temples, all his groves, be crusht
By Pelion piled on Ossa: but the sire
Of mortals and immortals waved his arm
Around, and all below was wild dismay:
Again, 'twas agony: again, 'twas peace.
Chrysaor still in Gades tarrying,
Hurl'd into ether, tinging, as it flew,
With sudden fire the clouds round Saturn's throne,
No pine surrendered by retreating Pan,
Nor ash, nor poplar pale: but swoln with pride
Stood towering from the citadel; his spear
One hand was rested on, and one with rage
Shut hard, and firmly fixt against his side;
His frowning visage, flusht with insolence,
Rais'd up oblique to heaven. "O thou," he cried,
"Whom nations kneel to, not whom nations know,

Hear me, and answer, if indeed thou canst,
The last appeal I deign thee or allow.
Tell me, and quickly, why should I adore,
Adored myself by millions? why invoke,
Invoked with all thy attributes? Men wrong
By their prostrations, prayers, and sacrifice,
Either the Gods, their rulers, or themselves:
But flame and thunder fright them from the Gods;
Themselves they can not, dare not, they are ours;
Us, dare they, can they, *us?* But triumph, Jove!
Man for one moment hath engaged his lord,
Henceforth let merchants value him, not kings.
No! lower thy sceptre, and hear Atrobal,
And judge aright to whom men sacrifice.
'My children,' said the sage and pious priest,
'Mark there the altar! though the fumes aspire
Twelve cubits ere a nostril they regale,
'Tis myrrh for Titans, 'tis but air for Gods.'
Time changes, Nature changes, I am changed!
Fronting the furious lustre of the sun,
I yielded to his piercing swift-shot beams
Only when quite meridan, then abased
These orbits to the ground, and there survey'd
My shadow: strange and horrid to relate!
My very shadow almost disappear'd!
Restore it, or by earth and hell I swear
With blood enough will I refascinate
The cursed incantation: thou restore,
And largely; or my brethren, all combined,
Shall rouse thee from thy lethargies, and drive
Far from thy cloud-soft pillow, minion-prest,
Those leering lassitudes that follow Love."
The smile of disappointment and disdain
Sat sallow on his pausing lip half-closed;
But, neither headlong importunity
Nor gibing threat of reed-propt insolence
Let loose the blast of vengeance: heaven shone bright,
And proud Chrysaor spurn'd the prostrate land.
But the triumphant Thunderer, now mankind

(Criminal mostly for enduring crimes)
Provoked his indignation, thus besought
His trident-sceptred brother, triton-borne.
"O Neptune! cease henceforward to repine.
They are not cruel, no; the Destinies
Intent upon their loom, unoccupied
With aught beyond its moody murmuring sound,
Will neither see thee weep nor hear thee sigh:
And wherefore weep, O Neptune, wherefore sigh!
Ambition? 'tis unworthy of a God,
Unworthy of a brother! I am Jove,
Thou Neptune: happier in uncitied realms,
In coral hall or grotto samphire-ceil'd,
Amid the song of Nymphs and ring of shells
Thou smoothest at thy will the pliant wave
Or liftest it to heaven. I also can
Whatever best beseems me, nor for aid
Unless I loved thee, Neptune, would I call.
Though absent, thou hast heard and hast beheld
The profanation of that monstrous race,
That race of earth-born giants; one survives;
The rapid-footed Rhodan mountain-rear'd
Beheld the rest defeated; still remain
Scatter'd throughout interminable fields,
Sandy and sultry, and each hopeless path
Choakt up with crawling briars and bristling thorns,
The flinty trophies of their foul disgrace.
Chrysaor, wielder of the golden sword,
Still hails as brethren men of stouter heart,
But, wise confederate, shuns Phlegræan fields.
No warrior he, yet who so fond of war,
Unfeeling, scarce ferocious; flattery's dupe,
He fancies that the Gods themselves are his;
Impious, but most in prayer. Now re-assert
Thy friendship, raise thy trident, strike the rock,
Sever him from mankind." Then thus replied
The Nymph-surrounded monarch of the main.
"Empire bemoan I not, however shared,
Nor Fortune frail, nor stubborn Fate, accuse:

No! mortals I bemoan! when Avarice,
Ploughing these fruitless furrows, shall awake
The basking Demons and the dormant Crimes,
Horrible, strong, resistless, and transform
Meekness to Madness, Patience to Despair.
What is Ambition? what but Avarice?
But Avarice in richer guise array'd,
Stalking erect, loud-spoken, lion-mien'd,
Her brow uncrost by care, but deeply markt,
And darting downward 'twixt her eyes hard-lasht
The wrinkle of command. Could ever I
So foul a fiend, so fondly too, caress?
Judge me not harshly, judge me by my deeds."

Though seated then on Afric's further coast,
Yet sudden at his voice, so long unheard,
(For he had grieved and treasured up his grief)
With short kind greeting meet from every side
The Triton herds, and warm with melody
The azure concave of their curling shells.
Swift as an arrow, as the wind, as light,
He glided through the deep, and now arrived,
Leapt from his pearly beryl-studded car.
Earth trembled: the retreating tide, black-brow'd
Gather'd new strength, and rushing on, assail'd
The promontory's base: but when the God
Himself, resistless Neptune, struck one blow,
Rent were the rocks asunder, and the sky
Was darken'd with their fragments ere they fell.
Lygeia vocal, Zantho yellow-hair'd,
Spio with sparkling eyes, and Beroe
Demure, and sweet Ione, youngest-born,
Of mortal race, but grown divine by song.
Had ye seen playing round her placid neck
The sunny circles, braidless and unbound,
O! who had call'd them boders of a storm!
These, and the many sister Nereids,
Forgetful of their lays and of their loves,
All unsuspicious of the dread intent,

Stop suddenly their gambols, and with shrieks
Of terror plunge amid the closing wave;
Yet, just above, one moment more appear
Their darken'd tresses floating in the foam.
Thrown prostrate on the earth, the Sacrilege
Rais'd up his head astounded, and accurst
The stars, the destinies, the gods; his breast
Panted from consternation and dismay,
And pride untoward on himself o'erthrown.
From his distended nostrils issued gore
At intervals, wherewith his wiry locks,
Huge arms, and bulky bosom, shone beslimed:
And thrice he call'd his brethren, with a voice
More dismal than the blasts from Phlegethon
Below, that urge along ten thousand ghosts
Wafted loud-wailing o'er the fiery tide.
But answer heard he none: the men of might
Who gather'd round him formerly, the men
Whom frozen at a frown, a smile revived,
Were far: enormous mountains interposed,
Nor ever had the veil-hung pine out-spred
O'er Tethys then her wandering leafless shade:
Nor could he longer under winter stars
Suspend the watery journey nor repose
Whole nights on Ocean's billowy restless bed;
No longer, bulging through the tempest, rose
That bulky bosom; nor those oarlike hands,
Trusted ere mortal's keenest ken conceived
The bluest shore, threw back opposing tides.
Shrunken mid brutal hair his violent veins
Subsided, yet were hideous to behold
As dragons panting in the noontide brake.
At last, absorbing deep the breath of heaven,
And stifling all within his deadly grasp,
Struggling and tearing up the glebe to turn,
And from a throat that, as it throbb'd and rose,
Seem'd shaking ponderous links of dusky iron,
Uttering one anguish-forced indignant groan,
Fired with infernal rage, the spirit flew.

Nations of fair Hesperia! lo, o'erthrown
Your peace-embracing war-inciting king!
Ah! thrice twelve years and longer ye endured,
Without one effort to rise higher, one hope
That heaven would wing the secret shaft aright,
The abomination: hence 'twas Jove's command
That many hundred, many thousand more,
Freed from one despot, yet from one unfreed,
Ye crouch unblest at Superstition's feet.
Her hath he sent among ye; her the pest
Of men below and curse of Gods above:
Hers are the last, worst tortures they inflict
On all who bend to any king but them.
Born of Sicanus in the vast abyss
Where never light descended, she survived
Her parent; he omnipotence defied,
But thunderstruck fell headlong from the clouds;
She, though the radiant ether overpower'd
Her eyes, accustom'd to the gloom of night,
And quencht their lurid orbs, Religion's helm
Assuming, vibrated her Stygian torch,
Till thou, Astræa! though behind the sire's
Broad egis, trembledst on thy heavenly throne.

REGENERATION.

We are what suns and winds and waters make us;
The mountains are our sponsors, and the rills
Fashion and win their nursling with their smiles.
But where the land is dim from tyranny,
Their tiny pleasures occupy the place
Of glories and of duties; as the feet
Of fabled fairies when the sun goes down
Trip o'er the grass where wrestlers strove by day.

Then Justice, call'd the Eternal One above,
Is more inconstant than the buoyant form
That burst into existence from the froth
Of ever-varying ocean: what is best
Then becomes worst; what loveliest, most deformed.
The heart is hardest in the softest climes,
The passions flourish, the affections die.
O thou vast tablet of these awful truths,
That fillest all the space between the seas,
Spreading from Venice's deserted courts
To the Tarentine and Hydruntine mole,
What lifts thee up? what shakes thee? 'tis the breath
Of God. Awake, ye nations! spring to life!
Let the last work of his right hand appear
Fresh with his image, Man. Thou recreant slave
That sittest afar off and helpest not,
O thou degenerate Albion! with what shame
Do I survey thee, pushing forth the spunge
At thy spear's length, in mockery at the thirst
Of holy Freedom in his agony,
And prompt and keen to pierce the wounded side!
Must Italy then wholly rot away
Amid her slime, before she germinate
Into fresh vigour, into form again?
What thunder bursts upon mine ear! some isle
Hath surely risen from the gulphs profound,
Eager to suck the sunshine from the breast
Of beauteous Nature, and to catch the gale
From golden Hermus and Melena's brow.
A greater thing than isle, than continent,
Than earth itself, than ocean circling earth,
Hath risen there; regenerate Man hath risen.
Generous old bard of Chios! not that Jove
Deprived thee in thy latter days of sight
Would I complain, but that no higher theme
Than a disdainful youth, a lawless king,
A pestilence, a pyre, awoke thy song,
When on the Chian coast, one javelin's throw
From where thy tombstone, where thy cradle stood,

Twice twenty self-devoted Greeks assail'd
The naval host of Asia, at one blow
Scattered it into air . . . and Greece was free . . .
And ere these glories beam'd, thy day had closed.
Let all that Elis ever saw, give way,
All that Olympian Jove e'er smiled upon:
The Marathonian columns never told
A tale more glorious, never Salamis,
Nor, faithful in the centre of the false,
Platea, nor Anthela, from whose mount
Benignant Ceres wards the blessed Laws,
And sees the Amphictyon dip his weary foot
In the warm streamlet of the strait below.*
Goddess! altho' thy brow was never rear'd
Among the powers that guarded or assail'd
Perfidious Ilion, parricidal Thebes,
Or other walls whose war-belt e'er inclosed
Man's congregated crimes and vengeful pain,
Yet hast thou toucht the extremes of grief and joy;
Grief upon Enna's mead and Hell's ascent,
A solitary mother; joy beyond,
Far beyond, that thy woe, in this thy fane:
The tears were human, but the bliss divine.
I, in the land of strangers, and deprest
With sad and certain presage for my own,
Exult at hope's fresh dayspring, tho' afar,
There where my youth was not unexercised
By chiefs in willing war and faithful song:
Shades as they were, they were not empty shades,
Whose bodies haunt our world and blear our sun,
Obstruction worse than swamp and shapeless sands.
Peace, praise, eternal gladness, to the souls
That, rising from the seas into the heavens,
Have ransom'd first their country with their blood!
O thou immortal Spartan! at whose name
The marble table sounds beneath my palms,
Leonidas! even thou wilt not disdain

* The Amphictyons met annually in the temple of Ceres near Anthela.

To mingle names august as these with thine;
Nor thou, twin-star of glory, thou whose rays
Stream'd over Corinth on the double sea,
Achaian and Saronic; whom the sons
Of Syracuse, when Death removed thy light,
Wept more than slavery ever made them weep,
But shed (if gratitude is sweet) sweet tears . .
The hand that then pour'd ashes o'er their heads
Was loosen'd from its desperate chain by thee.
What now can press mankind into one mass,
For Tyranny to tread the more secure?
From gold alone is drawn the guilty wire
That Adulation trills: she mocks the tone
Of Duty, Courage, Virtue, Piety,
And under her sits Hope. O how unlike
That graceful form in azure vest array'd,
With brow serene, and eyes on heaven alone
In patience fixt, in fondness unobscured!
What monsters coil beneath the spreading tree
Of Despotism! what wastes extend around!
What poison floats upon the distant breeze!
But who are those that cull and deal its fruit?
Creatures that shun the light and fear the shade,
Bloated and fierce, Sleep's mien and Famine's cry.
Rise up again, rise in thy dignity,
Dejected Man! and scare this brood away.

TO CORINTH.

Queen of the double sea, beloved of him
Who shakes the world's foundations, thou hast seen
Glory in all her beauty, all her forms;
Seen her walk back with Theseus when he left
The bones of Sciron bleaching to the wind,
Above the ocean's roar and cormorant's flight,
So high that vastest billows from above
Show but like herbage waving in the mead;

Seen generations throng thy Isthmian games,
And pass away; the beautiful, the brave,
And them who sang their praises. But, O Queen,
Audible still, and far beyond thy cliffs,
As when they first were utter'd, are those words
Divine which praised the valiant and the just;
And tears have often stopt, upon that ridge
So perilous, him who brought before his eye
The Colchian babes. "Stay! spare him! save the last!
Medea! Is that blood? again! it drops
From my imploring hand upon my feet!
I will invoke the Eumenides no more,
I will forgive thee, bless thee, bend to thee
In all thy wishes, do but thou, Medea,
Tell me, one lives." "And shall I too deceive?"
Cries from the fiery car an angry voice;
And swifter than two falling stars descend,
Two breathless bodies; warm, soft, motionless,
As flowers in stillest noon before the sun,
They lie three paces from him: such they lie
As when he left them sleeping side by side,
A mother's arm round each, a mother's cheeks
Between them, flusht with happiness and love.
He was more changed than they were, doomed to show
Thee and the stranger, how defaced and scarr'd
Grief hunts us down the precipice of years,
And whom the faithless prey upon the last.
To give the inertest masses of our earth
Her loveliest forms, was thine; to fix the Gods
Within thy walls, and hang their tripods round
With fruits and foliage knowing not decay.
A nobler work remains: thy citadel
Invites all Greece: o'er lands and floods remote
Many are the hearts that still beat high for thee:
Confide then in thy strength, and unappall'd
Look down upon the plain, while yokemate kings
Run bellowing where their herdsmen goad them on.
Instinct is sharp in them and terror true,
They smell the floor whereon their necks must lie.

POEMS AND EPIGRAMS CHIEFLY FROM THE COLLECTION OF 1846.

O FRIENDS! who have accompanied thus far
My quickening steps, sometimes where sorrow sate
Dejected, and sometimes where valour stood
Resplendent, right before us; here perhaps
We best might part; but one to valour dear
Comes up in wrath and calls me worse than foe,
Reminding me of gifts too ill deserved.
I must not blow away the flowers he gave,
Altho' now faded; I must not efface
The letters his own hand has traced for me.
Here terminates my park of poetry.
Look out no longer for extensive woods,
For clusters of unlopt and lofty trees,
With stately animals coucht under them,
Or grottoes with deep wells of water pure,
And ancient figures in the solid rock:
Come, with our sunny pasture be content,
Our narrow garden and our homestead croft,
And tillage not neglected. Love breathes round;
Love, the bright atmosphere, the vital air,
Of youth; without it life and death are one.

I.

She leads in solitude her youthful hours,
Her nights are restlessness, her days are pain.
O when will Health and Pleasure come again,
Adorn her brow and strew her path with flowers,
And wandering wit relume the roseate bowers,
And turn and trifle with his festive train?

Grant me, O grant this wish, ye heavenly Powers!
All other hope, all other wish, restrain.[1]

II.

Come back, ye Smiles, that late forsook
Each breezy path and ferny nook.
Come Laughter, though the Sage hath said
Thou favourest most the thoughtless head:
I blame thee not, howe'er inclin'd
To love the vacant easy mind,
But now am ready, may it please,
That mine be vacant and at ease.
Sweet children of celestial breed,[2]
Be ruled by me; repress your speed.
Laughter! though Momus gave thee birth,
And said, *My darling, stay on earth!*
Smiles! though from Venus you arise,
And live for ever in the skies,
Softly! and let not one descend
But first alights upon my friend.
When one upon her cheek appears,
A thousand spring to life from hers;
Death smites his disappointed urn,
And spirit, pleasure, wit, return.

III.

WITH PETRARCA'S SONNETS.

Behold what homage to his idol paid
The tuneful suppliant of Valclusa's shade.
Often his lively fancy tried to cheat
Passion's fixed gaze with some assumed conceit,

[1 I. l. 8. F.H. read:
"All other gifts, all other hopes restrain."]

[2 II. l. 9. F. reads:
"Sweet children of celestial breed,
Though much invoked, repress your speed."
And l. 15:
"I order that not one descend."]

Often behind the mould'ring columns stood,
And often darted from the laureate wood.[1]
His verses still the tender heart engage,
They charmed a rude, and please a polisht age:
Some are to nature and to passion true,
And all had been so, had he lived for you.

IV.

The touch of Love dispels the gloom
Of life, and animates the tomb;
But never let it idly flare
On gazers in the open air,
Nor turn it quite away from one
To whom it serves for moon and sun,
And who alike in night and day
Without it could not find his way.

V.

TWELFTH-NIGHT.

I draw with trembling hand my doubtful lot;
Yet where are Fortune's frowns if she frown not
From whom I hope, from whom I fear, the kiss?
O gentle Love! if there be aught beyond
That makes the bosom calm, but leaves it fond,
O let her give me that, and take back this!

VI.

She I love (alas in vain!)
Floats before my slumbering eyes:
When she comes she lulls my pain,
When she goes what pangs arise!
Thou whom love, whom memory flies,
Gentle Sleep! prolong thy reign!
If even thus she soothe my sighs,
Never let me wake again!

[1 III. H.N. omit lines 3 to 6 inclusive. The text given is from F.]

VII.

Thou hast not rais'd, Ianthe, such desire
In any breast as thou hast rais'd in mine.
No wandering meteor now, no marshy fire,
Leads on my steps, but lofty, but divine:
And, if thou chillest me, as chill thou dost
When I approach too near, too boldly gaze,
So chills the blushing morn, so chills the host
Of vernal stars, with light more chaste than day's.

VIII.

Darling shell, where hast thou been,
West or East? or heard or seen?
From what pastimes art thou come?
Can we make amends at home?

Whether thou hast tuned the dance
To the maids of ocean
Know I not; but Ignorance
Never hurts Devotion.

This I know, Ianthe's shell,
I must ever love thee well,
Tho' too little to resound
While the Nereids dance around:

For, of all the shells that are,
Thou art sure the brightest;
Thou, Ianthe's infant care,
Most these eyes delightest.

To thy early aid she owes
Teeth like budding snowdrop rows:
And what other shell can say
On her bosom once it lay?

That which into Cyprus bore
Venus from her native sea,

(Pride of shells!) was never more
Dear to her than thou to me.[1]

IX.

Away my verse; and never fear,
As men before such beauty do;
On you she will not look severe,
She will not turn her eyes from you.
Some happier graces could I lend
That in her memory you should live,
Some little blemishes might blend,
For it would please her to forgive.

X.

Pleasure! why thus desert the heart
In its spring-tide?
I could have seen her, I could part,
And but have sigh'd!

O'er every youthful charm to stray,
To gaze, to touch . .
Pleasure! why take so much away,
Or give so much!

[1 VIII. For the last two stanzas H.F. reads:

"Earlier to whose aid she owes
Teeth like budding snowdrop rows,
Teeth whose love incited powers
I have felt in happier hours.

On my shoulder, on my neck
Still the cherished mark remains,
Well pourtrayed in many a speck
Round thy smooth and quiet veins.

Who can wonder then, if thou
Hearest breathe my tender vow,
If thy lips so pure, so bright
Are dim with kisses day and night."]

XI.

My hopes retire; my wishes as before
Struggle to find their resting-place in vain:
The ebbing sea thus beats against the shore;
The shore repels it; it returns again.

XII.

Lie, my fond heart at rest,
She never can be ours.
Why strike upon my breast
The slowly passing hours?

Ah! breathe not out the name!
That fatal folly stay!
Conceal the eternal flame,
And tortured ne'er betray.

XIII.

The heart you cherish can not change;
The fancy, faint and fond,
Has never more the wish to range
Nor power to rise beyond.

XIV.

Clifton! in vain thy varied scenes invite,
The mossy bank, dim glade, and dizzy hight;
The sheep that, starting from the tufted thyme,
Untune the distant church's mellow chime,
As o'er each limb a gentle horror creeps,
And shakes above our heads the craggy steeps.
Pleasant I've thought it to pursue the rower
While light and darkness seize the changeful oar,
The frolic Naiads drawing from below
A net of silver round the black canoe.
Now the last lonely solace must it be
To watch pale evening brood o'er land and sea,

Then join my friends and let those friends believe
My cheeks are moisten'd by the dews of eve.[1]

XV.

Ask me not, a voice severe
Tells me, *for it gives me pain.*
Peace! the hour, too sure, is near [2]
When I can not ask again.

XVI.

O thou whose happy pencil strays
Where I am call'd, nor dare to gaze,
But lower my eye and check my tongue;
O, if thou valuest peaceful days,
Pursue the ringlet's sunny maze,
And dwell not on those lips too long.
What mists athwart my temples fly,
Now, touch by touch, thy fingers tie
With torturing care her graceful zone!
For all that sparkles from her eye
I could not look while thou art by,
Nor could I cease were I alone.

[1 XIV. F. adds at the end of this poem:

"What voice can charm us, or what view can cheer,
Removed from her the restless heart holds dear?
Ah, why then, self-tormenter, why removed?
Say, thou who lovest, art thou not beloved?
Resume thy courage, give thy sorrows o'er—
Will not her bosom press thy bosom more?
Her clasping arms around thy neck entwine,
Her gentle hands be linkt again in thine?
Will not her lips again their honied dews impart,
And will not rapture swell her answering heart?
Soon shall thy exile, and thy grief be closed,
By whom but thee, for whom but her, imposed.
Through seven days, imperfect, waste and wild,
In seven days the whole creation smiled."]

[2 XV. H. reads on line 3:

"Peace, sweet maid, the hour is near."]

XVII.

All tender thoughts that e'er possest
The human brain or human breast,
Centre in mine for thee . .
Excepting one . . and that must thou
Contribute: come, confer it now:
Grateful I fain would be.

XVIII.

Past ruin'd Ilion Helen lives,
Alcestis rises from the shades;
Verse calls them forth; 'tis verse that gives
Immortal youth to mortal maids.

Soon shall Oblivion's deepening veil
Hide all the peopled hills you see,
The gay, the proud, while lovers hail
These many summers you and me.[1]

XIX.

Soon, O Ianthe! life is o'er,
And sooner beauty's heavenly smile:
Grant only (and I ask no more),
Let love remain that little while.

XX.

Flow, precious tears! thus shall my rival know
For me, not him, ye flow.
Stay, precious tears! ah stay! this jealous heart
Would bid you flow apart,
Lest he should see you rising o'er the brim,
And hope you rise for him.
Your secret cells, while he is present, keep,
Nor, tho' I'm absent, weep.

[1 XVIII. H. adds another stanza:

"The tear for fading beauty check,
For passing glory cease to sigh,
One form shall rise above the wreck,
One name, Ianthe, shall not die."]

XXI.

It often comes into my head
That we may dream when we are dead,
  But I am far from sure we do.
O that it were so! then my rest
Would be indeed among the blest;
  I should for ever dream of you.

XXII.

Your pleasures spring like daisies in the grass,
  Cut down, and up again as blithe as ever;
From you, Ianthe, little troubles pass
  Like little ripples down a sunny river.[1]

XXIII.

Ianthe! you are call'd to cross the sea![2]
      A path forbidden *me!*
Remember, while the Sun his blessing sheds
      Upon the mountain-heads,
How often we have watcht him laying down
      His brow, and dropt our own
Against each other's, and how faint and short
      And sliding the support!
What will succeed it now? Mine is unblest,
      Ianthe! nor will rest
But on the very thought that swells with pain.
      O bid me hope again!
O give me back what Earth, what (without you)
      Not Heaven itself can do,
One of the golden days that we have past;
      And let it be my last!
Or else the gift would be, however sweet,
      Fragile and incomplete.

[1 XXII. In N. the couplets are transposed. The text printed is from Q.]

[2 XXIII. l. 1. H. reads:
"Ianthe, you resolve to cross the sea."]

XXIV.

Mine fall, and yet a tear of hers
Would swell, not soothe their pain.
Ah! if she look but at these tears,
They do not fall in vain.

XXV.

Circe, who bore the diadem
O'er every head we see,
Pursued by thousands, turn'd from them
And fill'd her cup for me.

She seiz'd what little was design'd
To catch a transient view;
For thee alone she left behind [1]
The tender and the true.

XXVI.

If mutable is she I love,
If rising doubts demand their place,
I would adjure them not to move
Beyond her fascinating face.

Let it be question'd, while there flashes
A liquid light of fleeting blue,
Whether it leaves the eyes or lashes,
Plays on the surface or peeps through.

With every word let there appear
So modest yet so sweet a smile,
That he who hopes must gently fear,
Who fears may fondly hope the while.

XXVII.

Could but the dream of night return by day,
And thus again the true Ianthe say,

[1 XXV. line 7. H. reads:
"For thee, sweet maid, she left behind."]

"Altho' some other I should live to see
As fond, no other can have charms for me.
No, in this bosom none shall ever share,
Firm is, and tranquil be, your empire there!
If wing'd with amorous fear the unfetter'd slave
Stole back the struggling heart she rashly gave,
Weak, they may call it, weak, but not untrue;
Its destination, though it fail'd, was you.
So to some distant isle the unconscious dove
Bears at her breast the billet dear to love,
But drops, while viewless lies the happier scene,
On some hard rock or desert beach between."

XXVIII.

I love to hear that men are bound
By your enchanting links of sound:
I love to hear that none rebel
Against your beauty's silent spell.
I know not whether I may bear
To see it all, as well as hear;
And never shall I clearly know
Unless you nod and tell me so.

XXIX.

Soon as Ianthe's lip I prest,
Thither my spirit wing'd its way:
Ah, there the wanton would not rest!
Ah, there the wanderer could not stay!

XXX.

Beloved the last! beloved the most!
With willing arms and brow benign
Receive a bosom tempest-tost,
And bid it ever beat to thine.

The Nereid maids, in days of yore,
Saw the lost pilot loose the helm,
Saw the wreck blacken all the shore,
And every wave some head o'erwhelm.

Afar the youngest of the train
Beheld (but fear'd and aided not)
A minstrel from the billowy main
Borne breathless near her coral grot.

Then terror fled, and pity rose . .
"Ah me!" she cried, "I come too late!
Rather than not have sooth'd his woes,
I would, but may not, share his fate."

She rais'd his hand. "What hand like this
Could reach the heart athwart the lyre!
What lips like these return my kiss,
Or breathe, incessant, soft desire!"

From eve to morn, from morn to eve,
She gazed his features o'er and o'er,
And those who love and who believe
May hear her sigh along the shore.

XXXI.

Art thou afraid the adorer's prayer
Be overheard? that fear resign.
He waves the incense with such care
It leaves no stain upon the shrine.

XXXII.

You see the worst of love, but not the best,
Nor will you know him till he comes your guest.
Tho' yearly drops some feather from his sides,
In the heart's temple his pure torch abides.

XXXIII.

While the winds whistle round my cheerless room,
And the pale morning droops with winter's gloom;
While indistinct lie rude and cultured lands,
The ripening harvest and the hoary sands;
Alone, and destitute of every page

That fires the poet or informs the sage,
Where shall my wishes, where my fancy, rove,
Rest upon past or cherish promist love?
Alas! the past I never can regain,
Wishes may rise and tears may flow . . in vain.
Fancy, that brings her in her early bloom, [1]
Throws barren sunshine o'er the unyielding tomb.
What then would passion, what would reason, do?
Sure, to retrace is worse than to pursue.
Here will I sit till heaven shall cease to lour
And happier Hesper bring the appointed hour,
Gaze on the mingled waste of sky and sea,
Think of my love, and bid her think of me.

XXXIV.

One pansy, one, she bore beneath her breast,
A broad white ribbon held that pansy tight.
She waved about nor lookt upon the rest,
Costly and rare; on this she bent her sight.
I watcht her raise it gently when it droopt;
I knew she wisht to show it me; I knew
She would I saw it rise, to lie unloopt
Nearer its home, that tender heart! that true!

XXXV.

You tell me I must come again
Now buds and blooms appear:
Ah! never fell one word in vain
Of yours on mortal ear.
You say the birds are busy now
In hedgerow, brake, and grove,
And slant their eyes to find the bough
That best conceals their love:
How many warble from the spray!
How many on the wing!

[1 XXXIII. l. 10. F.H. reads:
"Fancy, that shews her in her early bloom."
L. 16. H. reads:
"And the bright Hesper bring the appointed hour."]

"Yet, yet," say you, "one voice away
I miss the sound of spring."
How little could that voice express,
Beloved, when we met!
But other sounds hath tenderness,
Which neither shall forget.

XXXVI.

I often ask upon whose arm she leans,
She whom I dearly love,
And if she visit much the crowded scenes
Where mimic passions move.
There, mighty powers! assert your just controul,
Alarm her thoughtless breast,
Breathe soft suspicion o'er her yielding soul,
But never break its rest.
O let some faithful lover, absent long,
To sudden bliss return;
Then Landor's name shall tremble from her tongue,
Her cheek thro' tears shall burn.

XXXVII.

I sadden while I view again
Smiles that for me the Graces wreathed.
Sure my last kiss those lips retain
And breathe the very vow they breathed;

At peace, in sorrow, far or near,
Constant and fond she still would be,
And absence should the more endear
The sigh it only woke for me.[1]

Till the slow hours have past away,
Sweet image, bid my bosom rest.
Vain hope! yet shalt thou night and day,
Sweet image, to this heart be prest.

[1 XXXVII. l. 8 and 9. H. reads:
"The sigh to her, it woke for me.
Till its long hours have past away."]

XXXVIII.

A time will come when absence, grief, and years,
Shall change the form and voice that please you now,
When you perplext shall ask, "And fell my tears
Into his bosom? breath'd I there my vow?"

It must be so, Ianthe! but to think
Malignant Fate should also threaten *you*,
Would make my heart, now vainly buoyant, sink:
Believe it not: 'tis what I'll never do.

XXXIX.

Have I, this moment, led thee from the beach
Into the boat? now far beyond my reach!
Stand there a little while, and wave once more
That kerchief; but may none upon the shore
Dare think the fond salute was meant for him!
Dizzily on the plashing water swim
My heavy eyes, and sometimes can attain
Thy lovely form, which tears bear off again.
In vain have they now ceast; it now is gone
Too far for sight, and leaves me here alone.
O could I hear the creaking of the mast!
I curst it present, I regret it past.

XL.

Yes, we shall meet (I knew we should) again,
And I am solaced now you tell me when.
Joy sprung o'er sorrow as the morning broke,
And, as I read the words, I thought you spoke.
Altho' you bade it, yet to find how fast
My spirits rose, how lightly grief flew past,
I blush at every tear I have represt,
And one is starting to reprove the rest.

XLI.

Ye walls! sole witnesses of happy sighs,
Say not, blest walls, one word.

Remember, but keep safe from ears and eyes
All you have seen and heard.*

XLII.

IANTHE'S LETTER.

We will not argue, if you say
My sorrows when I went away
Were not for you alone;
For there were many very dear,
Altho' at dawn they came not near,
As you did, yet who griev'd when I was gone.
We will not argue (but why tell
So false a tale?) that scarcely fell
My tears where mostly due.
I can not think who told you so:
I shed (about the rest I know
Nothing at all) the first and last for you.

XLIII.

"Remember you the guilty night," [1]
A downcast myrtle said,

* First pencilled thus,
O murs! temoins des plus heureux soupirs.
N'en dites mot: gardez nos souvenirs.

[1 XLIII. F. begins the poem:
"My little Myrtle, tell me why
You threaten me that you will die.
My little Myrtle seems to say
'I'll tell you that another day.'
Ah, while the sparing fates allow,
My little Myrtle, tell me now.
'Well, cruel, since you will not wait
To see how very just is Fate,
I'll tell you what its books unfold—
But will you thank me when I've told.
Remember then the guilty night
You snatcht and held me pale with fright,
At every swell more close,'" &c.

At l. 18 F. interpolates:
"Ah well! however that may be,
Though sister sprays and parent tree

"You snatcht and held me pale with fright
Till life almost had fled?
At every swell more close I prest
With jealous care that lovely breast;
Of every tender word afraid,
I cast a broader, deeper shade,
And trembled so, I fell between
Two angel-guards, by you unseen:
There, pleasures, perils, all forgot,
I clung and fainted: who would not?
Yet certainly, this transport over,
I should, for who would not? recover.
Yes! I was destined to return
And sip anew the crystal urn,
Where with four other sister sprays
I bloom'd away my pleasant days.
But less and less and less again
Each day, hour, moment, is the pain
My little shrivel'd heart endures . .
Now can you say the same for yours?
I torn from her and she from you,
What wiser thing can either do
Than with our joys our fears renounce
And leave the vacant world at once?
When she you fondly love must go,
Your pangs will rise, but mine will cease;
I never shall awake to woe,
Nor you to happiness or peace."

Forced by your tyrant hand I leave,
You greatly more unforced will grieve.
My veins with feverish anguish burn,
And tranquil scenes can ne'er return;
Yet less and less," &c.

H. agrees with N. except at line 4, where it has,

"She paused; I bowed my head."

And at l. 10, where it interpolates:

"Or else your hand had never dared
To strip me from their holy ward."

A few verbal alterations in F. are not noted.]

XLIV.

On the smooth brow and clustering hair
Myrtle and rose! your wreath combine,
The duller olive I would wear,
Its constancy, its peace, be mine.

XLV.

Along this coast I led the vacant Hours
To the lone sunshine on the uneven strand,
And nipt the stubborn grass and juicier flowers
With one unconscious inobservant hand,
While crept the other by degrees more near
Until it rose the cherisht form around,
And prest it closer, only that the ear
Might lean, and deeper drink some half-heard sound.

XLVI.

Pursuits! alas, I now have none,
But idling where were once pursuits,
Often, all morning quite alone,
I sit upon those twisted roots
Which rise above the grass, and shield
Our harebell, when the churlish year
Catches her coming first afield,
And she looks pale tho' spring is near;
I chase the violets, that would hide
Their little prudish heads away,
And argue with the rills, that chide
When we discover them at play.

XLVII.

No, thou hast never griev'd but I griev'd too;
Smiled thou hast often when no smile of mine
Could answer it. The sun himself can give
But little colour to the desert sands.

XLVIII.

Where alders rise up dark and dense
But just behind the wayside fence,
A stone there is in yonder nook
Which once I borrow'd of the brook :
You sate beside me on that stone,
Rather (not much) too wide for one.
Untoward stone! and never quite
(Tho' often very near it) right,
And putting to sore shifts my wit
To roll it out, then steady it,
And then to prove that it must be
Too hard for anyone but me.
Ianthe, haste! ere June declines
We'll write upon it all these lines.

XLIX.

From heaven descend two gifts alone;
The graceful line's eternal zone
And beauty, that too soon must die.
Exposed and lonely Genius stands,
Like Memnon in the Egyptian sands,
At whom barbarian javelins fly.
For mutual succour Heaven design'd
The lovely form and vigorous mind
To seek each other and unite.
Genius! thy wing shall beat down Hate,
And Beauty tell her fears at Fate
Until her rescuer met her sight.

L.

Remain, ah not in youth alone,
Tho' youth, where you are, long will stay,
But when my summer days are gone,
And my autumnal haste away.
"*Can I be always by your side?*"
No; but the hours you can, you must,
Nor rise at Death's approaching stride,
Nor go when dust is gone to dust.

LI.

It is no dream that I am he
Whom one awake all night
Rose ere the earliest birds to see,
And met by dawn's red light;

Who, when the wintry lamps were spent
And all was drear and dark,
Against the rugged pear-tree leant
While ice crackt off the bark;

Who little heeded sleet and blast,
But much the falling snow;
Those in few hours would sure be past,
His traces *that* might show;

Between whose knees, unseen, unheard,
The honest mastiff came,
Nor fear'd he; no, nor was he fear'd:
Tell me, am I the same?

O come! the same dull stars we'll see,
The same o'er-clouded moon.
O come! and tell me am I he?
O tell me, tell me soon.

LII.

Here, ever since you went abroad,
If there be change, no change I see,
I only walk our wonted road,
The road is only walkt by me.

Yes; I forgot; a change there is;
Was it of *that* you bade me tell?
I catch at times, at times I miss
The sight, the tone, I know so well.

Only two months since you stood here!
Two shortest months! then tell me why

Voices are harsher than they were,
And tears are longer ere they dry.

LIII.

Silent, you say, I'm grown of late,
Nor yield, as you do, to our fate?
Ah! that alone is truly pain
Of which we never can complain.

LIV.

I held her hand, the pledge of bliss,
Her hand that trembled and withdrew;
She bent her head before my kiss . .
My heart was sure that hers was true.
Now I have told her I must part,
She shakes my hand, she bids adieu,
Nor shuns the kiss. Alas, my heart!
Hers never was the heart for you.

LV.

TO LOVE.

Where is my heart, perfidious boy?
Give it, ah give it back again!
I ask no more for hours of joy,
Left but thy arm, and burst my chain.

"Fond man the heart we rashly gave
She prizes not but won't restore;
She passes on from slave to slave—
Go, go; thy heart is thine no more."

LVI.

You smiled, you spoke, and I believed,
By every word and smile deceived.
Another man would hope no more;
Nor hope I what I hoped before:
But let not this last wish be vain;
Deceive, deceive me once again!

LVII.

Proud word you never spoke, but you will speak
Four not exempt from pride some future day.
Resting on one white hand a warm wet cheek
Over my open volume you will say,
"This man loved *me!*" then rise and trip away

LVIII.

Tears, and tears only, are these eyes that late
In thine could contemplate
Charms which, like stars, in swift succession rise
No longer to these eyes!
Love shows the place he flew from; there, bereft
Of motion, Grief is left.

LIX.

The Loves who many years held all my mind,
A charge so troublesome at last resign'd.
Among my books a feather here and there
Tells what the inmates of my study were.
Strong for no wrestle, ready for no race,
They only serve to mark the left-off place.
'Twas theirs to dip in the tempestuous waves,
'Twas theirs to loiter in cool summer caves;
But in the desert where no herb is green
Not one, the latest of the flight, is seen.

LX.

As round the parting ray the busy motes
In eddying circles play'd,
Some little bird threw dull and broken notes
Amid an elder's shade.

My soul was tranquil as the scene around,
Ianthe at my side;
Both leaning silent on the turfy mound,
Lowly and soft and wide.

I had not lookt, that evening, for the part
One hand could disengage,
To make her arms cling round me, with a start
My bosom must assuage:

Silence and soft inaction please as much[1]
Sometimes the stiller breast,
Which passion now has thrill'd with milder touch
And love in peace possest.

"Hark! hear you not the nightingale?" I said,
To strike her with surprise.
"The nightingale?" she cried, and raised her head,
And beam'd with brighter eyes.

"Before you said 'twas he that piped above,
At every thrilling swell
He pleas'd me more and more; he sang of love
So plaintively, so well."

Where are ye, happy days, when every bird
Pour'd love in every strain?
Ye days, when true was every idle word,
Return, return again!

LXI.

So late removed from him she swore,
With clasping arms and vows and tears,
In life and death she would adore,
While memory, fondness, bliss, endears.

[[1] LX. For the 4th stanza F. H. read:

"Silence and soft inaction please as much
The Self-abandoned breast,
Which the chaste Muse hath ever deigned to touch
And love in peace possesst."

For the 5th and 6th stanzas F. reads:

"Before I knew him, as he piped above,
At every thrilling swell,
I loved him for he seemed to sing of love
So constant and so well."]

Can she forswear? can she forget?
Strike, mighty Love! strike, Vengeance! Soft!
Conscience must come and bring regret . .
These let her feel! . . nor these too oft!

LXII.

Mild is the parting year, and sweet
The odour of the falling spray;
Life passes on more rudely fleet,
And balmless is its closing day.
I wait its close, I court its gloom,
But mourn that never must there fall
Or on my breast or on my tomb
The tear that would have sooth'd it all.

LXIII.

Dull is my verse: not even thou
Who movest many cares away
From this lone breast and weary brow,
Canst make, as once, its fountain play;
No, nor those gentle words that now
Support my heart to hear thee say:
"The bird upon its lonely bough
Sings sweetest at the close of day."

LXIV.

When we have panted past life's middle space,
And stand and breathe a moment from the race,
These graver thoughts the heaving breast annoy:
"Of all our fields how very few are green!
And ah! what brakes, moors, quagmires, lie between
Tired age and childhood ramping wild with joy."

LXV.

There are some wishes that may start
Nor cloud the brow nor sting the heart.
Gladly then would I see how smiled
One who now fondles with her child;

How smiled she but six years ago,
Herself a child, or nearly so.
Yes, let me bring before my sight
The silken tresses chain'd up tight,
The tiny fingers tipt with red
By tossing up the strawberry-bed ;
Half-open lips, long violet eyes,
A little rounder with surprise,
And then (her chin against the knee)
" Mamma ! who can that stranger be ?
How grave the smile he smiles on me ! "

LXVI.

Youth is the virgin nurse of tender Hope,
And lifts her up and shows a far-off scene :
When Care with heavy tread would interlope,
They call the boys to shout her from the green.

Ere long another comes, before whose eyes
Nurseling and nurse alike stand mute and quail.
Wisdom : to her Hope not one word replies,
And Youth lets drop the dear romantic tale.

LXVII.

Here, where precipitate Spring, with one light bound
Into hot Summer's lusty arms, expires,
And where go forth at morn, at eve, at night,
Soft airs that want the lute to play with 'em,
And softer sighs that know not what they want,
Aside a wall, beneath an orange-tree,
Whose tallest flowers could tell the lowlier ones
Of sights in Fiesolè right up above,
While I was gazing a few paces off
At what they seem'd to show me with their nods,
Their frequent whispers and their pointing shoots,
A gentle maid came down the garden steps
And gathered the pure treasure in her lap.
I heard the branches rustle, and stept forth

To drive the ox away, or mule or goat,
Such I believed it must be. How could I [1]
Let beast o'erpower them? When hath wind or rain
Borne hard upon weak plant that wanted me,
And I (however they might bluster round)
Walkt off? 'Twere most ungrateful: for sweets scents
Are the swift vehicles of still sweeter thoughts,
And nurse and pillow the dull memory
That would let drop without them her best stores.
They bring me tales of youth and tones of love.
And 'tis and ever was my wish and way
To let all flowers live freely, and all die
(Whene'er their Genius bids their souls depart)
Among their kindred in their native place.
I never pluck the rose; the violet's head
Hath shaken with my breath upon its bank
And not reproacht me; the ever-sacred cup
Of the pure lily hath between my hands
Felt safe, unsoil'd, nor lost one grain of gold.
I saw the light that made the glossy leaves
More glossy; the fair arm, the fairer cheek
Warmed by the eye intent on its pursuit;
I saw the foot that, altho' half-erect
From its grey slipper, could not lift her up
To what she wanted: I held down a branch
And gather'd her some blossoms; since their hour
Was come, and bees had wounded them, and flies
Of harder wing were working their way thro'
And scattering them in fragments under-foot.
So crisp were some, they rattled unevolved,
Others, ere broken off, fell into shells,
For such appear the petals when detacht,
Unbending, brittle, lucid, white like snow,
And like snow not seen thro', by eye or sun:
Yet every one her gown received from me
Was fairer than the first. I thought not so,

[1 LXVII. At l. 16. From "How," to "ungrateful," (5 lines) added in N.]

But so she praised them to reward my care.
I said, "You find the largest."
"This indeed,"
Cried she, "is large and sweet." She held one forth,
Whether for me to look at or to take
She knew not, nor did I; but taking it
Would best have solved (and this she felt) her doubt.
I dared not touch it; for it seemed a part
Of her own self; fresh, full, the most mature
Of blossoms, yet a blossom; with a touch
To fall, and yet unfallen. She drew back
The boon she tender'd, and then, finding not
The ribbon at her waist to fix it in.
Dropt it, as loth to drop it, on the rest.

LXVIII.

Hark! 'tis the laugh of Spring: she comes,
With airy sylphs and fiery gnomes;
On cruel mischief these intent,
And those as anxious to prevent.
So now for frolic and for fun
And swains forsworn and maids undone;
So now for bridegrooms and for brides
And rivals hang'd by river-sides.
Here the hoarse-wooing dove is heard,
And there the cuckoo, taunting bird!
But soon along the osier vale
Will warble the sweet nightingale,
Amid whose song chaste Eve must hear
The threats of love, the screams of fear,
The milk-maid's shriek of laughter shrill
From hovel close beneath the hill,
Before the door the whirring wheel,
Behind the hedge the ticklish squeal,
The shepherd rude, the hoyden wroth,
The boisterous rip of stubborn cloth,
The brisk repulse, the pressing pray'r,

"Ah do!" and "do it if you dare!"
But whence, at every field we pass,
Those hollows in the starting grass?
The little Loves have gambol'd there,
Or fought or wrestled pair by pair.
Moist are the marks of struggling feet,
And the bruis'd herbage still smells sweet.
Let Nancy now, if Nancy will,
Return the kiss she took so ill.
If gentler thoughts thy bosom move,
Come, Nancy, give the kiss of love.
Soft is the bank I rest on here,
And soft the river murmurs near:
Above, the wandering dimples play,
Run round, unwind, and melt away:
Beneath, more regular, more slow,
The grassy weeds wave to and fro,
While the sharp reed, it peers so high,
Shakes at each swell that passes by.
The poor tired bird who fain would drink,
But fears the abrupt and crumbling brink,
Sees that his weight 'twill not sustain,
And hovers, and flies back again.
My Nancy, thus I thirst for you,
And he flies off as I may do.

LXIX.

I would invoke you once again,
Pale shades of gloomy Walcheren,
By every name most dear!
But every name what voice could call?
What tears could flow enough for all,
Within the circling year?
Yet comfort ye, illustrious band,
That might have saved your native land
Had life and health remain'd!
Who cast ye on those sands accurst?
Traitor! he sold his country first
And gave her up enchain'd.

No human power the wretch shall screen
That sent you to the misty scene,
Where glory never shone!
His vacant buoyant heart shall rue
The lingering death he brought on you
And wish that death his own.

LXX.

THE PROGRESS OF EVENING.

From yonder wood mark blue-eyed Eve proceed:
First thro' the deep and warm and secret glens,
Thro' the pale-glimmering privet-scented lane,
And thro' those alders by the river-side:
Now the soft dust impedes her, which the sheep
Have hollow'd out beneath their hawthorn shade.
But ah! look yonder! see a misty tide
Rise up the hill, lay low the frowning grove,
Enwrap the gay white mansion, sap its sides
Until they sink and melt away like chalk;
Now it comes down against our village-tower,
Covers its base, floats o'er its arches, tears
The clinging ivy from the battlements,
Mingles in broad embrace the obdurate stone,
(All one vast ocean), and goes swelling on
In slow and silent, dim and deepening waves.

LXXI.

In Clementina's artless mien
Lucilla asks me what I see,
And are the roses of sixteen
Enough for me?

Lucilla asks, if that be all,
Have I not cull'd as sweet before:
Ah yes, Lucilla! and their fall
I still deplore.

I now behold another scene,
Where Pleasure beams with heaven's own light,

More pure, more constant, more serene,
And not less bright:

Faith, on whose breast the Loves repose,
Whose chain of flowers no force can sever,
And Modesty who, when she goes,
Is gone for ever.

LXXII.

Against the rocking mast I stand,
The Atlantic surges swell
To bear me from my native land
And Psyche's wild farewell.

From billow upon billow hurl'd,
Again I hear her say,
"Oh! is there nothing in the world
Worth one short hour's delay?"

Alas, my Psyche! were it thus,
I should not sail alone,
Nor seas nor fates had sever'd us . .
But are you all my own?

Thus were it, never would burst forth
These sighs so deep, so true!
But, what to me is little worth,
The world, is much to you.

And you shall say, when once the dream
(So hard to break!) is o'er,
My love was very dear to him,
My fame and peace were more.

LXXIII.

To-morrow, brightest-eyed of Avon's train,
To-morrow thou art, slave-like, bound and sold,
Another's and another's! Haste away,
Wind thro' the willows, dart along the path;

It nought avails thee; nought our plaint avails.
O happy those before me who could say
"Short tho' thy period, sweet Tacæa,* short
Ere thou art destin'd to the depths below,
Even from thy valley-cradle, saffron-strown,
Thou passest half thy sunny hours with me."
I mourn not, envy not, what others gain;
Thee and thy venerable elms I mourn,
Thy old protectors! ruthless was the pride
And gaunt the need that made their heads lie low!
I see the meadow's tender grass start back,
See from their prostrate trunks the gory glare.
Ah! pleasant was it once to watch thy waves
Swelling o'er pliant beds of glossy weed;
Pleasant to watch them dip amid the stones,
Chirp, and spring over, glance and gleam along,
And tripping light their wanton way pursue.
Methinks they now with mellow mournfulnes
Bid their faint breezes chide my fond delay,
Nor suffer on the bridge nor on the knee
My poor irregularly pencill'd page.
Alas, Tacæa, thou art sore deceived!
Here are no foreign words, no fatal seal,
But thou and all who hear me shall avow
The simple notes of sorrow's song are here.

LXXIV.

WRITTEN IN WALES.

Ipsley! when hurried by malignant fate
I past thy court and heard thy closing gate,
I sigh'd, but sighing to myself I said
"Now for the quiet cot and mountain shade."
Ah! what resistless madness made me roam
From cheerful friends and hospitable home!
Whether in Arrow's vale or Tachbrook's grove
My lyre resounded Liberty and Love.

* Tachbrook, the name of a stream and village near Warwick.

Here never Love hath fann'd his purple flame,
And fear and anger start at Freedom's name.
Yet high exploits the churlish nation boasts
Against the Norman and the Roman hosts.
'Tis false; where conquest had but reapt disgrace
Contemptuous Valour spurn'd the reptile race.
Let me once more my native land regain,
Bounding with steady pride and high disdain;
Then will I pardon all the faults of fate,
And hang fresh garlands, Ipsley, on thy gate.

LXXV.

Maria! I have said *adieu*
To one alone so fair as you;
And she, beyond my hopes, at last
Returns and tells me of the past;
While happier for remembering well
Am I to hear and she to tell.
Whether gay Paris may again
Admire you gayest of her train,
Or, Love for pilot, you shall go
Where Orellana's waters flow,
And cull, amid Brazilian bowers,
Of richer fruits and gaudier flowers;
Or on the Siene or on the Line
Remember one command of mine:
Love with as steady love as e'er
Illumed the only breast so fair;
That, in another year at most,
Whether the Alps or seas are crost,
Something may scatter from the flame
Fresh lustre o'er Pereira's name.

LXXVI.

Wert thou but blind, O Fortune, then perhaps
Thou mightest always have avoided me;
For never voice of mine (young, middle-aged,
Or going down on tottering knee the shelf
That crumbles with us to the vale of years)

Call'd thee aside, whether thou rannest on
To others who expected, or didst throw
Into the sleeper's lap the unsought prize.
But blind thou art not; the refreshing cup
For which my hot heart thirsted, thou hast ever
(When it was full and at the lip) struck down.

LXXVII.

Let me sit here and muse by thee
Awhile, aërial Fiesole!
Thy shelter'd walks and cooler grots,
Villas and vines and olive-plots,
Catch me, entangle me, detain me,
And laugh to hear that aught can pain me.
'Twere just, if ever rose one sigh
To find the lighter mount more high,
Or any other natural thing
So trite that Fate would blush to sing,
Of Honour's sport or Fortune's frown,
Clung to my heart and kept it down.
But shunn'd have I on every side
The splash of newly-mounted Pride,[1]
And never riskt my taking cold
In the damp chambers of the old.
What has the zephyr brought so sweet?
'Tis the vine-blossom round my seat.

[[1] LXXVII. At l. 14 H. reads:

"And never was the child to dabble
In the spawn puddle of a rabble.
Not Rabelais' pen, Le Sage's, Scarron's
Or Swift's could sketch the knights and barons,
Pitt and Meg Nicholson have made,
And wiles in law and wealth in trade.
O country how enricht in titles
Splendid and cheap, as penny whistles.
No banker's boy, no kitchen wench,
But wears them, T——, Mother F——.
And why not thou, who not a whit art
Behind them in desert, V——.
What hath the zephyr," &c.]

Ah! how much better here at ease
And quite alone to catch the breeze,
Than roughly wear life's waning day
On rotten forms with Castlereagh,
'Mid public men for private ends,
A friend to foes, a foe to friends!
Long since with youthful chases warm,
And when ambition well might charm,
And when the choice before me lay,
I heard the din and turn'd away.
Hence oftentimes imperial Seine
Hath listen'd to my early strain,
And past the Rhine and past the Rhone
My Latian muse is heard and known:
Nor is the life of one recluse
An alien quite from public use.
Where alders mourn'd their fruitless beds
A thousand cedars raise their heads,
And from Segovia's hills remote,
My sheep enrich my neighbour's cote.
The wide and easy road I lead
Where never paced the harnest steed,
Where hardly dared the goat look down
Beneath her parent mountain's frown,
Suspended while the torrent-spray
Springs o'er the crags that roll away.
Cares if I had, I turn'd those cares
Toward my partridges and hares,
At every dog and gun I heard
Ill-auguring for some truant bird,
Or whisker'd friend of jet-tipt ear,
Until the frighten'd eld limpt near.
These knew me, and 'twas quite enough,
I paid no *Morning Post* to puff,
Saw others fame and wealth increase,
Ate my own mutton-chop in peace,
Open'd my window, snatcht my glass,
And, from the rills that chirp and pass,
A pure libation pour'd to thee,

Unsoil'd uncitied Liberty!
Lanthony! an ungenial clime,
And the broad wing of restless Time,
Have rudely swept thy massy walls
And rockt thy abbots in their palls.
I loved thee by thy streams of yore,
By distant streams I love thee more;
For never is the heart so true
As bidding what we love adieu.
Yet neither where we first drew breath,
Nor where our fathers sleep in death,
Nor where the mystic ring was given,
The link from earth that reaches heaven,
Nor London, Paris, Florence, Rome,
In his own heart's the wise man's home,
Stored with each keener, kinder, sense,
Too firm, too lofty, for offence,
Unlittered by the tools of state,
And greater than the great world's great.
If mine no glorious work may be,
Grant, Heaven! and 'tis enough for me,
(While many squally sails flit past,
And many break the ambitious mast)
From all that they pursue, exempt,
The stormless bay of deep contempt!

LXXVIII.

FOR AN URN IN THORESBY PARK.

With frigid art our numbers flow
For joy unfelt and fabled woe;
And listless are the poet's dreams
Of pastoral pipe and haunted streams.
All Nature's boundless reign is theirs,
But most her triumphs and her tears.
They try, nor vainly try, their power
To cheer misfortune's lonely hour;
Whether they raise the laurell'd head,
Or stoop beneath the peasant's shed,
They pass the glory they bestow,

And shine above the light they throw.
To Valour, in his car of fire,
Shall Genius strike the solemn lyre:
A Riou's fall shall Manvers mourn,
And Virtue raise the vacant urn.

LXXIX.

ON READING IN A NEWSPAPER THE DEATH OF A MOTHER AND THREE CHILDREN.

Again, my soul, sustain the mournful page!
Is there no difference? none of place? of age?
How the words tremble, how the lines unite!
What dim confusion floats before my sight!
Thrice happy strangers, to whose roving eyes
Unwet with tears these public columns rise!
Whate'er the changeful world contains of new,
These are events the least observed by you.
O Lambe, my early guide, my guardian friend,
Must thus our pleasures, thus our prospects end! [1]

[1 LXXIX. l. 10. F. reads; (H. omits the two first lines):

"All that could swell thy heart, thy soul elate,
Heaven gave; but pondering found one gift too great;
When marble-cold her meek Eliza lay
Was this the hour to snatch thy love away."

F. omits lines 15 and 16.

L. 24. F. adds:

"Against the storms of fate and throbs of pain
Wisdom is impotent and virtue vain.
What unknown powers this pausing hand controul,
What sacred horrors thrill this altered soul?
What radiant fingers point out heaven's decree?
'Tis thou, O angel, and I bend to thee.
No blushes now that well-earned name can raise,
Nor canst thou longer shrink from mortal praise.
I feel thy smile of pure celestial love
Repress our sorrows, our complaints reprove.
Thy bliss forbids us to indulge our woes
And checks each sigh that breathes, each tear that flows,
Ere the fresh turf hath closed around thy tomb,
Nor thine nor ours will seem the hardest doom.
Let those, who knew thee, spare thy sacred sleep;
Those who have never known thee, those may weep."

H. follows F., but omits the 6 lines from "I feel" to "hardest doom."]

When the fond mother claspt her fever'd child,
Death hail'd the omen, waved his dart, and smiled,
Nor unobserv'd his lengthen'd wings o'erspread
With deeper darkness each devoted head.
She knows his silent footsteps; they have past
Two other babes; two more have breath'd their last.
What now avails thee, what avail'd thee then,
To shine in science o'er the sons of men!
Each varying plant, each tortuous root, to know,
How latent pests from lucid waters flow,
All the deep bosom of the air contains,
Fire's parent strength and earth's prolific veins.
The last and hardest lesson teaches this,
Frail is our knowledge, frailer is our bliss.

LXXX.

Ah what avails the sceptred race,
Ah what the form divine!
What every virtue, every grace!
Rose Aylmer, all were thine.[1]
Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes
May weep, but never see,
A night of memories and of sighs
I consecrate to thee.

LXXXI.

Child of a day, thou knowest not
The tears that overflow thine urn,
The gushing eyes that read thy lot,
Nor, if thou knewest, couldst return!
And why the wish! the pure and blest
Watch like thy mother o'er thy sleep.
O peaceful night! O envied rest!
Thou wilt not ever see her weep.

[1 LXXX. l. 4. F. reads:
"For Aylmer, all were thine
Sweet Aylmer," &c.
L. 7. F. reads:
"A night of sorrows and of sighs."
H. reads:
"A night of memories and sighs."]

LXXXII.

ON A POET IN A WELSH CHURCHYARD.

Kind souls! who strive what pious hand shall bring
The first-found crocus from reluctant Spring,
Or blow your wintry fingers while they strew
This sunless turf with rosemary and rue,
Bend o'er your lovers first, but mind to save
One sprig of each to trim a poet's grave.

LXXXIII.

Thou in this wide cold church art laid,
Close to the wall, my little maid!
My little Fanny Verchild! thou
Sole idol of an infant vow!
My playmate in life's break of day,
When all we had to do was play!
Even then, if any other girl
To kiss my forehead seiz'd a curl,
Thou wouldst with sad dismay run in,
And stamp, and call it shame and sin.
And should some rash intrusive boy
Bring thee an orange, flower, or toy,
That instant I laid fist on frill,
I bore my jealousy so ill,
And felt my bosom beat so bold,
Altho' he might be six years old.
Against the marble slab mine eyes
Dwell fixt; and from below arise
Thoughts, not yet cold nor mute, of thee
It was their earliest joy to see.
One who had marcht o'er Minden's plain
In thy young smile grew young again.
That stern one melted into love,
That father traced the line above.*
His Roman soul used Roman speech,
And taught (ah thou too, thou didst teach!)

* "S. Franciscæ Verchild, Nat. xv. Julii, 1774. In cursu vitæ mors nobis instat."

How, soon as in our course we start,
Death follows with uplifted dart.

LXXXIV.

Tears driven back upon the fountain-head,
And Sorrow's voice suppresst,
Heave, while in quiet sleep repose the dead;
Oh! when will they too rest!

LXXXV.

Not the last struggles of the Sun,
Precipitated from his golden throne,
Hold darkling mortals in sublime suspense;
But the calm exod of a man
Nearer, tho' far above, who ran
The race we run, when Heaven recalls him hence.
Thus, O thou pure of earthly taint!
Thus, O my Southey! poet, sage, and saint!
Thou, after saddest silence, art removed.
What voice in anguish can we raise,
Or would we? Need we, dare we, praise?
God now does that, the God thy whole heart loved.

LXXXVI.

The day returns, my natal day,
Borne on the storm and pale with snow,
And seems to ask me why I stay,
Stricken by Time and bowed by Woe.

Many were once the friends who came
To wish me joy; and there are some
Who wish it now; but not the same;
They are whence friend can never come

Nor are they you my love watcht o'er
Cradled in innocence and sleep;
You smile into my eyes no more,
Nor see the bitter tears they weep.

LXXXVII.

When Helen first saw wrinkles in her face
('Twas when some fifty long had settled there
And intermarried and brancht off awide)
She threw herself upon her couch and wept:
On this side hung her head, and over that
Listlessly she let fall the faithless brass
That made the men as faithless.
But when you
Found them, or fancied them, and would not hear
That they were only vestiges of smiles,
Or the impression of some amorous hair
Astray from cloistered curls and roseate band,
Which had been lying there all night perhaps
Upon a skin so soft, "No, no," you said,
"Sure, they are coming, yes, are come, are here:
Well, and what matters it, while thou art too!"

LXXXVIII.

A provident and wakeful fear
Impels me, while I read, to say,
When Poesy invites, forbear
Sometimes to walk her tempting way:
Readier is she to swell the tear
Than its sharp tinglings to allay.

"But there are stories fit for song,
And fit for maiden lips to sing."
Yes; and to you they all belong,
About your knee they fondly cling:
They love the accents of your tongue,
They seek the shadow of your wing.

Ah! let the Hours be light and gay,
With Hope for ever at their side,
And let the Muses chaunt a lay
Of pleasures that await the bride,
Of sunny Life's untroubled sea,
Smooth sands, and gently swelling tide.

A time will come when steps are slow,
And prone on ancient scenes to rest,
When life shall lose its former glow,
And, leaf by leaf, the shrinking breast
Shall drop the blossom yet to blow
For the most blessed of the blest.

Then, nor till then, in spring go forth
"The graves of waiting friends to see."
It would be pleasant to my earth
To know your step, if that might be.
A verse is more than I am worth,
A thought is not undue to me.

LXXXIX.

Boastfully call we all the world our own:
What are we who should call it so? The form
Erect, the eye that pierces stars and suns,
Droop and decay; no beast so piteously.
More mutable than wind-worn leaves are we:
Yea, lower are we than the dust's estate;
The very dust is as it was before;
Dissever'd from ourselves, aliens and outcasts
From what our pride dared call inheritance,
We only live to feel our fall and die.

XC.

When the mimosas shall have made
(O'erarching) an unbroken shade;
And the rose-laurels let to breathe
Scarcely a favourite flower beneath;
When the young cypresses which now
Look at the olives, brow to brow,
Cheer'd by the breezes of the south
Shall shoot above the acacia's growth,
One peradventure of my four
Turning some former fondness o'er,
At last impatient of the blame
Cast madly on a father's name,
May say, and check the chided tear,
"I wish he still were with us here."

XCI.

Everything tells me you are near;
The hail-stones bound along and melt,
In white array the clouds appear,
The spring and you our fields have felt.
Paris, I know, is hard to quit;
But you have left it; and 'twere silly
To throw away more smiles and wit
Among the forests of Chantilly.
Her moss-paved cell your rose adorns
To tempt you; and your cyclamen
Turns back his tiny twisted horns
As if he heard your voice again.

XCII.

November! thou art come again
With all thy gloom of fogs and rain,
Yet woe betide the wretch who sings
Of sadness borne upon thy wings.
The gloom that overcast my brow,
The whole year's gloom, departs but now;
And all of joy I hear or see,
November! I ascribe to thee!

XCIII.

Retire, and timely, from the world, if ever
Thou hopest tranquil days;
Its gaudy jewels from thy bosom sever,
Despise its pomp and praise.
The purest star that looks into the stream
Its slightest ripple shakes,
And Peace, where'er its fiercer splendours gleam,
Her brooding nest forsakes.
The quiet planets roll with even motion
In the still skies alone;
O'er ocean they dance joyously, but ocean
They find no rest upon.

XCIV.

To our past loves we oft return,
When years that choked our path are past,
And wish again the incense-urn
Its flickering flame once more to cast
On paler brows, until the bourn
Is reacht, where we may rest at last.

XCV.

Smiles soon abate; the boisterous throe
Of anger long burst forth:
Inconstantly the south-wind blows,
But steadily the north.
Thy star, O Venus! often changes
Its radiant seat above;
The chilling pole-star never ranges.
'Tis thus with hate and love.

XCVI.

I will not call her fair,
For *that* all women are,
Shady or sunny, dim of eye or bright:
But tell me, tell me where
Is one of tint so clear,
Unless it may be one who bathes in upper light.
The fair above their kind,
Shallow of heart and mind,
Share with the fragile flower and senseless stone
Their richer tints; we find
No vestige left behind:
She moves the distant breast, and fills the whole alone.

XCVII.

Did I then ask of you why one so wise
Should often look on life with downcast eyes,
And mar sometimes their brightness with a tear?
The vainer and less gentle are more gay,
Over the level wave they glide away,
And little know what hidden rocks are near.

XCVIII.

The maid I love ne'er thought of me
Amid the scenes of gaiety;
But when her heart or mine sank low,
Ah then it was no longer so.
From the slant palm she rais'd her head,
And kist the cheek whence youth had fled.
Angels! some future day for this,
Give her as sweet and pure a kiss.

XCIX.

Neither the suns nor frosts of rolling years
Dry up the springs or change the course of tears.
Sorrow will ever mark her stated days,
Sacred as those Religion claims for praise.

C.

Why, why repine, my pensive friend,
At pleasures slipt away?
Some the stern Fates will never lend,
And all refuse to stay.

I see the rainbow in the sky,
The dew upon the grass,
I see them, and I ask not why
They glimmer or they pass.

With folded arms I linger not
To call them back; 'twere vain;
In this, or in some other spot,
I know they'll shine again.

CI.

Thou whom the wandering comets guide,
O turn awhile to Virtue's side,
Goddess by all adored! and deign
Once more to smile on rising Spain.
No secret pang my bosom wrings

For prostrate lords and captive kings;
I, mighty Power, invoke thy aid
To Valour crost and Faith betray'd.
O leave the marshal'd ranks of war,
Nor blindly urge Bellona's car,
When hearts so generous, arms so brave,
Resist the conqueror, spurn the slave,
And, striking home for equal laws,
Pray Fortune to sustain the cause.
Not such is theirs as wafted o'er
The crescent and the crafty Moor;
No tears for virgin honour flow,
No father calls the avenging foe;
Napoleon leads no faithless host,
Nor tears the heart that trusts him most;
A rescued son, a prince restored,
Against his country draws the sword,
And wily priests in vengeful mood
Surround their fires with dykes of blood:
Turn then, O Fortune, and sustain
The cause of Freedom and of Spain!

CII.

Humblest among the vernal train,
In giddy Flora's gustful reign,
  Uplift, uplift thy timid eyes!
The violet shuns the trying hour,
Soon sheds the rose its fondled flower,
  The gaudy tulip flaunts and dies.

When Autumn mourns his gloomy end,
When rains and howling blasts descend,
  When hill and vale and wood are bare,
Before my path thy light I see,
And tho' no other smiles to me,
  Thou smilest, here and everywhere.

What name more graceful couldst thou chuse
Than Caledonia's pastoral Muse,

Breath'd in the mellow reed of Burns?
Art thou not proud that name to share
With her from whom, so passing fair,
No heart unconquer'd e'er returns?

CIII.

The burden of an ancient rhyme
Is, "By the forelock seize on Time."
Time in some corner heard it said;
Pricking his ears, away he fled;
And, seeing me upon the road,
A hearty curse on me bestow'd.
"What if I do the same by thee?
How wouldst thou like it?" thunder'd he,
And, without answer thereupon,
Seizing *my* forelock . . it was gone.

CIV.

Will mortals never know each other's station
Without the herald? O abomination!
Milton, even Milton, rankt with living men!
Over the highest Alps of mind he marches,
And far below him spring the baseless arches
Of Iris, colouring dimly lake and fen.

CV.

Tell me, perverse young year!
Why is the morn so drear?
Is there no flower to twine?
Away, thou churl, away!
'Tis Rose's natal day,
Reserve thy frown for mine.

CVI.

ON RECEIVING A BOOK TO WRITE IN.

Tost in what corner hast thou lain?
And why art thou come back again?
I should as soon have thought to see

One risen from the dead as thee.
I have survived my glory now
Three years ; but just the same art thou ;
I am not quite ; and three years hence
I may have lept that ugly fence,
Which men attempt to shirk in vain,
And never can leap back again.
But welcome, welcome ! thou art sent
I know on generous thoughts intent ;
And therefore thy pale cheeks I'll kiss
Before I scribble more than this.

CVII.

A SEA-SHELL SPEAKS.

Of late among the rocks I lay,
But just behind the fretful spray,
When suddenly a step drew near,
And a man's voice, distinct and clear,
Convey'd this solace . .
" Come with me,
Thou little outcast of the sea !
Our destiny, poor shell, is one ;
We both may shine, but shine alone :
Both are deprived of all we had
In earlier days to make us glad,
Or ask us why we should be sad :
Which (you may doubt it as you will)
To manly hearts is dearer still."
I felt, ere half these words were o'er,
A few salt drops on me once more.

CVIII.

Often I have heard it said
That her lips are ruby-red.
Little heed I what they say,
I have seen as red as they.
Ere she smiled on other men,
Real rubies were they then.

When she kist me once in play,
Rubies were less bright than they,
And less bright were those which shone
In the palace of the Sun.
Will they be as bright again?
Not if kist by other men.

CIX.

In spring and summer winds may blow,
And rains fall after, hard and fast;
The tender leaves, if beaten low,
Shine but the more for shower and blast.

But when their fated hour arrives,
When reapers long have left the field,
When maidens rifle turn'd-up hives,
And their last juice fresh apples yield,

A leaf perhaps may still remain
Upon some solitary tree,
Spite of the wind and of the rain . .
A thing you heed not if you see . .

At last it falls. Who cares? not one:
And yet no power on earth can ever
Replace the fallen leaf upon
Its spray, so easy to dissever.

If such be love I dare not say,
Friendship is such, too well I know;
I have enjoy'd my summer day;
'Tis past; my leaf now lies below.

CX.

ON RECEIVING A PORTRAIT.

To gaze on you when life's last gleams decline,
And hold your hand, to the last clasp, in mine . .

Of these two wishes, these my only two,
One has been granted, gentle maid, by you:
Were thus the other certain, I should go,
And leave but one man happier here below.

CXI.

Beauty's pure native gems, ye quivering hairs!
Once mingled with my own,
While soft desires, ah me! were all the cares
Two idle hearts had known.

How is it, when I take ye from the shrine
Which holds one treasure yet,
That ye, now all of Nancy that is mine,
Shrink from my fond regret?

Ye leaves that droop not with the plant that bore ye,
Start ye before my breath?
Shrink ye from tender Love who would adore ye,
O ye who fear not Death!

CXII.

SENT TO A LADY WITH FLOWERS.

Take the last flowers your natal day
May ever from my hand receive!
Sweet as the former ones are they,
And sweet alike be those they leave.

Another, in the year to come,
May offer them to smiling eyes;
That smile would wake me from the tomb,
That smile would win me from the skies.

CXIII.

Very true, the linnets sing
Sweetest in the leaves of spring:

You have found in all these leaves
That which changes and deceives,
And, to pine by sun or star,
Left them, false ones as they are.
But there be who walk beside
Autumn's, till they all have died,
And who lend a patient ear
To low notes from branches sere.

CXIV.

ON HAIR FALLING OFF AFTER AN ILLNESS.

Conon was he whose piercing eyes
Saw Berenice's hair surmount the skies,
Saw Venus spring away from Mars
And twirl it round and fix it 'mid the stars.
Then every poet who had seen
The glorious sight sang to the youthful queen,
Until the many tears were dried,
Shed for that hair by that most lovely bride.
Hair far more beauteous be it mine
Not to behold amid the lights divine,
But gracing, as it graced before,
A brow serene which happier men adore.

CXV.

First bring me Raffael, who alone hath seen
In all her purity Heaven's virgin queen,
Alone hath felt true beauty; bring me then
Titian, ennobler of the noblest men;
And next the sweet Correggio, nor chastise
His little Cupids for those wicked eyes.
I want not Rubens's pink puffy bloom,
Nor Rembrandt's glimmer in a dusty room.
With those, and Poussin's nymph-frequented woods,
His templed highths and long-drawn solitudes
I am content, yet fain would look abroad
On one warm sunset of Ausonian Claude.

CXVI.

FAREWELL TO ITALY.

I leave thee, beauteous Italy! no more
From the high terraces, at even-tide,
To look supine into thy depths of sky,
Thy golden moon between the cliff and me,
Or thy dark spires of fretted cypresses
Bordering the channel of the milky-way.
Fiesole and Valdarno must be dreams
Hereafter, and my own lost Affrico
Murmur to me but in the poet's song.
I did believe (what have I not believed?)
Weary with age, but unopprest by pain,
To close in thy soft clime my quiet day
And rest my bones in the Mimosa's shade.
Hope! Hope! few ever cherisht thee so little;
Few are the heads thou hast so rarely raised;
But thou didst promise this, and all was well.
For we are fond of thinking where to lie
When every pulse hath ceast, when the lone heart
Can lift no aspiration . . reasoning
As if the sight were unimpaired by death,
Were unobstructed by the coffin-lid,
And the sun cheered corruption! Over all
The smiles of Nature shed a potent charm,
And light us to our chamber at the grave.

CXVII.

He who sees rising from some open down
A column, stately, beautiful, and pure,
Its rich expansive capital would crown
With glorious statue, which might long endure,
And bring men under it to gaze and sigh
And wish that honour'd creature they had known,
Whose name the deep inscription lets not die.
I raise that statue and inscribe that stone.

CXVIII.

TO ONE WHO SAID SHE SHOULD LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

When sea-born Venus guided o'er
Her warrior to the Punic shore,
Around that radiant head she threw
In deep'ning clouds ambrosial dew:
But when the Tyrian queen drew near,
The light pour'd round him fresh and clear.
Ill-starr'd Elissa! hence arose
Her faithless joys, her stedfast woes,
Sighs, that with life alone expire,
And flames that light the funeral pyre.
O Goddess! if that peerless maid
Thou hast with every grace array'd,
Must, listening to thy gentle voice,
Fix at first view th' eternal choice . .
Suspend the cloud before her eyes
Until some godlike man arise;
One of such wisdom that he knows
How much he wins, how much he owes;
One in whose breast united lie
Calm courage and firm constancy;
Whose genius makes the world his own,
Whose glory rests in her alone.

CXIX.

ON AN ECLIPSE OF THE MOON.

Struggling, and faint, and fainter didst thou wane,
O Moon! and round thee all thy starry train
Came forth to help thee, with half-open eyes,
And trembled every one with still surprise,
That the black Spectre should have dared assail
Their beauteous queen and seize her sacred veil.

CXX.

ON SHAKESPEARE.

In poetry there is but one supreme,
Tho' there are many angels round his throne,
Mighty, and beauteous, while his face is hid.

CXXI.

There is, alas! a chill, a gloom,
About my solitary room
That will not let one flowret bloom
Even for you:
The withering leaves appear to say,
"Shine on, shine on, O lovely May!
But we meanwhile must drop away."
Light! life! adieu.

CXXII.

Ternissa! you are fled!
I say not to the dead,
But to the happy ones who rest below:
For, surely, surely, where
Your voice and graces are,
Nothing of death can any feel or know.
Girls who delight to dwell
Where grows most asphodel,
Gather to their calm breasts each word you speak:
The mild Persephone
Places you on her knee,
And your cool palm smooths down stern Pluto's cheek.

CXXIII.

You love me; but if I confess
That I in turn love you no less,
I know that you will glance aside
With real or affected pride;

And, be it true or be it feign'd,
My bosom would alike be pain'd,
So that I will not tell you now
Whether I love; and as for vow . .
You may demand it ten times over,
And never win from wary lover.
Mind! if we men would be as blest
For ever as when first carest,
We must excite a little fear,
And sometimes almost domineer.

CXXIV.

One morning in the spring I sate
Kicking my heels upon a gate,
The birds were singing all around,
And cowslips sunn'd the sheeny ground,
And next to me above the post
A certain shrub its branches tost,
Seeming to whisper in my ear,
"Have you no song for her so dear?"
Now never in my life could I
Write at command; I know not why.
I tried to write; I tried in vain;
The little birds, to mock my pain,
Sang cheerily; and every note
Seem'd rushing from a clearer throat.
I was half mad to think that they
So easily should win the day.
The slender shrub I thought held down
Its head to whisper "What a clown!"
Stung by its touch and its reproof,
And saying, "Keep your thorns aloof,"
Unconsciously I spoke the name,
And verses in full chorus came.

CXXV.

TO LADY CALDWELL.

Sophy! before the fond adieu
We long but shrink to say,

And while the home prepared for you
Looks dark at your delay,
Before the graces you disclose
By fresh ones are o'ershaded,
And duties rise more grave than those,
To last when those are faded,
It will not weary you, I know,
To hear again the voice
First heard where Arno's waters flow
And Flora's realms rejoice.
Of beauty not a word have I
(As thousands have) to say,
Of vermeil lip or azure eye
Or cheek of blushful May.
The gentle temper blessing all,
The smile at Envy's leer,
Are yours; and yours at Pity's call
The heart-assuaging tear.
Many can fondle and caress . .
No other have I known
Proud of a sister's loveliness,
Unconscious of her own.

CXXVI.

To write as your sweet mother does
Is all you wish to do.
Play, sing, and smile for others, Rose!
Let others write for you.

Or mount again your Dartmoor grey,
And I will walk beside,
Until we reach that quiet bay
Which only hears the tide.

Then wave at me your pencil, then
At distance bid me stand,
Before the cavern'd cliff, again
The creature of your hand.

And bid me then go past the nook,
To sketch me less in size;
There are but few content to look
So little in your eyes.

Delight us with the gifts you have,
And wish for none beyond:
To some be gay, to some be grave,
To one (blest youth!) be fond.

Pleasures there are how close to Pain,
And better unpossest!
Let poetry's too throbbing vein
Lie quiet in your breast.

CXXVII.

From leaves unopen'd yet, those eyes she lifts,
Which never youthful eyes could safely view.
"A book or flower, such are the only gifts
I like to take, nor like them least from you."
A voice so sweet it needs no music's aid
Spake it, and ceast: we, offering both, reply:
These tell the dull old tale that bloom must fade,
This the bright truth that genius can not die.

CXXVIII.

CHRISTMAS HOLLY.

Bethink we what can mean
The holly's changeless green,
Unyielding leaves, and seeds blood-red:
These, while the smoke below
Curls slowly upward, show
Faith how her gentle Master bled.
Those drop not at the touch
Of busy over-much,
They shrink not at the blazing grate;
And the same green remains,

As when autumnal rains
Nurst them with milky warmth of late.
The stedfast bough scarce bends,
But hang it over friends
And suddenly what thoughts there spring!
Harsh voices all grow dumb,
While myriad pleasures come
Beneath Love's ever-widening wing.

CXXIX.

Various the roads of life; in one
All terminate, one lonely way.
We go; and "Is he gone?"
Is all our best friends say.

CXXX.

Never may storm thy peaceful bosom vex,
Thou lovely Exe!
O'er whose pure stream that music yesternight
Pour'd fresh delight,
And left a vision for the eye of Morn
To laugh to scorn,
Showing too well how Love once led the Hours
In Youth's green bowers;
Vision too blest for even Hope to see,
Were Hope with me;
Vision my fate at once forbids to stay
Or pass away.

CXXXI.

FOR THE ALBUM OF THE DUCHESS DE GUICHE.

Children! while childhood lasts, one day
Alone be less your gush of play.
As you ascend that cloven steep
Whence Lerici o'erlooks the deep,
And watch the hawk and plover soar,

And bow-winged curlew quit the shore,
Think not, as graver heads might do,
The same with equal ease could you ;
So light your spirits and your forms,
So fearless is your race of storms.
Mild be the sunbeams, mild the gales,
Along Liguria's pendent vales.
Whether from changeful Magra sped
Or Tanaro's unquiet bed.
Let Apennine and Alpine snows
Be husht into unwaked repose,
While Italy gives back again
More charms and virtues than remain,
Which France with loftier pride shall own
Than all her brightest arms have won.

CXXXII.

No, my own love of other years!
No, it must never be.
Much rests with you that yet endears,
Alas! but what with me?
Could those bright years o'er me revolve
So gay, o'er you so fair,
The pearl of life we would dissolve
And each the cup might share.
You show that truth can ne'er decay,
Whatever fate befals ;
I, that the myrtle and the bay
Shoot fresh on ruin'd walls.

CXXXIII.

LINES TO A DRAGON-FLY.

Life (priest and poet say) is but a dream ;
I wish no happier one than to be laid
Beneath a cool syringa's scented shade,
Or wavy willow, by the running stream,
Brimful of moral, where the dragon-fly,

Wanders as careless and content as I.
Thanks for this fancy, insect king,
Of purple crest and filmy wing,
Who with indifference givest up
The water-lily's golden cup,
To come again and overlook
What I am writing in my book.
Believe me, most who read the line
Will read with hornier eyes than thine;
And yet their souls shall live for ever,
And thine drop dead into the river!
God pardon them, O insect king,
Who fancy so unjust a thing!

CXXXIV.

Absent is she thou lovest? be it so;
Yet there is what should drive away thy woe
And make the night less gloomy than the day.
Absent she may be; yet her love appears
Close by; and through the labyrinth of the ears
Her voice's clue to the prone heart makes way.

CXXXV.

"Do you remember me? or are you proud?"
Lightly advancing thro' her star-trimm'd crowd,
Ianthe said, and lookt into my eyes.
"A *yes*, a *yes*, to both: for Memory
Where you but once have been must ever be,
And at your voice Pride from his throne must rise."

CXXXVI.

No charm can stay, no medicine can assuage,
The sad incurable disease of age;
Only the hand in youth more warmly prest
Makes soft the couch and calms the final rest.

CXXXVII.

Many may yet recall the hours
That saw thy lover's chosen flowers
Nodding and dancing in the shade
Thy dark and wavy tresses made :
On many a brain is pictured yet
Thy languid eye's dim violet :
But who among them all foresaw
How the sad snows which never thaw
Upon that head one day should lie,
And love but glimmer from that eye !

CXXXVIII.

TO A SPANIEL.

No, Daisy ! lift not up thy ear,
It is not she whose steps draw near.
Tuck under thee that leg, for she
Continues yet beyond the sea,
And thou may'st whimper in thy sleep
These many days, and start and weep.

CXXXIX.

True, ah too true ! the generous breast
Lies bare to Love and Pain.
May one alone, the worthier guest,
Be yours, and there remain.

CXL.

ON SEEING A HAIR OF LUCRETIA BORGIA.

Borgia, thou once wert almost too august
And high for adoration ; now thou'rt dust.
All that remains of thee these plaits unfold,
Calm hair, meandering in pellucid gold.

CXLI.

ON MIGNIONETTE.

Stranger, these little flowers are sweet
If you will leave them at your feet,
Enjoying like yourself the breeze,
And kist by butterflies and bees;
But if you snap the fragile stem
The vilest thyme outvalues them.

Nor place nor flower would I select
To make you serious and reflect.
This heaviness was always shed
Upon the drooping rose's head.
Yet now perhaps your mind surveys
Some village maid, in earlier days,
Of charms thus lost, of life thus set,
Ah bruise not then my Mignionette!

CXLII.

In his own image the Creator made,
His own pure sunbeam quicken'd thee, O man!
Thou breathing dial! since thy day began
The present hour was ever markt with shade!

CXLIII.

WRITTEN ON THE RHINE.

Swiftly we sail along thy stream,
War-stricken Rhine! and evening's gleam
Shows us, throughout its course,
The gaping scars (on either side,
On every cliff) of guilty pride
And unavailing force.

Numberless castles here have frown'd,
And cities numberless, spire-crown'd,
Have fixt their rocky throne;

Dungeons too deep and towers too high
Ever for Love to hear the sigh
Or Law avenge the groan.

And, falser and more violent
Than fraudful War, Religion lent
Her scourge to quell the heart;
Striking her palsy into Youth,
And telling Innocence that Truth
Is God's, and they must part.

Hence victim crowns and iron vows,
Binding ten thousand to one spouse,
To keep them all from sin!
Hence, for light dance and merry tale,
The cloister's deep and stifling veil,
That shuts the world within.

Away! away! thou foulest pest
That ever broke man's inner rest,
Pouring the poison'd lie
How to thy dragon grasp is given
The power of Earth, the price of Heaven!
Go! let us live and die

Without thy curse upon our head,
Monster! with human sorrows fed,
Lo! here thy image stands.
In Heidelberg's lone chambers, Rhine
Shows what his ancient Palatine
Received from thy meek hands!

France! claim thy right, thy glory claim,
Surpassing Rome's immortal fame!
For, more than she could do
In the long ages of her toils,
With all her strength and all her spoils,
Thy heroes overthrew.

Crow, crow thy cock! thy eagle soar,
Fiercer and higher than before!
  Thy boasts though few believe,
Here faithful history shall relate
What Gallic hearts could meditate
  And Gallic hands achieve.*

Fresh blows the gale, the scenes delight,
Anear, afar, on plain, on hight;
  But all are far and vast:
Day follows day, and shows not one
The weary heart could rest upon
  To call its own at last.

No curling dell, no cranky nook,
No sylvan mead, no prattling brook,
  No little lake that stands
Afraid to lift its fringed eye
Of purest blue to its own sky,
  Or kiss its own soft sands.

O! would I were again at home
(If any such be mine) to roam
  Amid Lanthony's bowers,
Or, where beneath the alders flow
My Arrow's waters still and slow,
  Doze down the summer hours.

CXLIV.

MALVOLIO.

Thou hast been very tender to the moon,
Malvolio! and on many a daffodil
And many a daisy hast thou yearn'd, until
The nether jaw quiver'd with thy good heart.
But tell me now, Malvolio, tell me true,

* The Castle of Heidelberg, the most beautiful residence in the world, excepting the Alhambra, was demolished by Louis XIV.

Hast thou not sometimes driven from their play
The village children, when they came too near
Thy study, if hit ball rais'd shouts around,
Or if delusive trap shook off thy muse,
Pregnant with wonders for another age?
Hast thou sat still and patient (tho' sore prest
Hearthward to stoop and warm thy blue-nail'd hand)
Lest thou shouldst frighten from a frosty fare
The speckled thrush, raising his bill aloft
To swallow the red berry on the ash
By thy white window, three short paces off?
If *this* thou hast not done, and hast done *that*,
I do exile thee from the moon twelve whole
Calendar months, debarring thee from use
Of rose, bud, blossom, odour, simile,
And furthermore I do hereby pronounce
Divorce between the nightingale and thee.

CXLV.

WITH AN ALBUM.

I know not whether I am proud,
But this I know, I hate the crowd:
Therefore pray let me disengage
My verses from the motley page,
Where others far more sure to please
Pour out their choral song with ease.
And yet perhaps, if some should tire
With too much froth or too much fire,
There is an ear that may incline
Even to words so dull as mine.

CXLVI.

My serious son! I see thee look
First on the picture, then the book.
I catch the wish that thou couldst paint
The yearnings of the ecstatic saint.

Give it not up, my serious son!
Wish it again, and it is done.
Seldom will any fail who tries
With patient hand and stedfast eyes,
And wooes the true with such pure sighs.

CXLVII.

WRITTEN AT MR RAWSON'S, WAS-WATER LAKE.

Loveliest of hills! from crime and care removed,[1]
Long these old firs and quiet roofs protect!
Deepest of waters, long these scenes reflect!
And, at your side, their lord, the well-beloved.

For modest Wisdom, shunning loud acclaim,
Hears Nature's voice call thro' it, and retreats
To her repose upon your mossy seats,
And in his heart finds all he wants of Fame.

CXLVIII.

Give me the eyes that look on mine,
And, when they see them dimly shine,
Are moister than they were.
Give me the eyes that fain would find
Some relicks of a youthful mind
Amid the wrecks of care.
Give me the eyes that catch at last
A few faint glimpses of the past,
And, like the arkite dove,
Bring back a long-lost olive bough,
And can discover even now
A heart that once could love.

CXLIX.

Loved, when my love from all but thee had flown,
Come near me; seat thee on this level stone;

[1 CXLVII. l. 1. The text given is from K. N. reads:
"Loneliest of hills! from crimes and cares removed."]

And, ere thou lookest o'er the churchyard wall,
To catch, as once we did, yon waterfall,
Look a brief moment on the turf between,
And see a tomb thou never yet hast seen.
My spirit will be sooth'd to hear once more
Good-bye as gently spoken as before.

CL.

I leave with unreverted eye the towers
Of Pisa pining o'er her desert stream.
Pleasure (they say) yet lingers in thy bowers,
Florence, thou patriot's sigh, thou poet's dream!

O could I find thee as thou once wert known,
Thoughtful and lofty, liberal and free!
But the pure Spirit from thy wreck has flown,
And only Pleasure's phantom dwells with thee.

CLI.

Summer has doft his latest green,
And Autumn ranged the barley-mows.
So long away then have you been?
And are you coming back to close
The year? it sadly wants repose.

CLII.

Where Malvern's verdant ridges gleam
Beneath the morning ray,
Look eastward: see Sabrina's stream
Roll rapidly away:
Not even such fair scenes detain
Those who are cited to the main.

It may not be: yet youth returns,
Who runs (we hear) as fast,
And in my breast the fire that burns
She promises shall last.

The lord of these domains was one
Who loved me like an only son.*

I see the garden-walks so trim,
  The house-reflecting pond,
I hear again the voice of him
  Who seldom went beyond
The Roman camp's steep-sloping side,
Or the long meadow's level ride.

And why? A little girl there was
  Who fixt his eyes on home,
Whether she roll'd along the grass,
  Or gates and hedges clomb,
Or dared defy *Alonzo's* tale
(Hold but her hand) to turn her pale.

"Where is she now?" "Not far away."
  "As brave too?" "Yes, and braver;"
She dares to hear her hair turns gray,
  And never looks the graver:
Nor will she mind *Old Tell-tale* more
Than those who sang her charms before.

How many idle things were said
  On eyes that were but bright!
Their truer glory was delay'd
  To guide his steps aright
Whose purest hand and loftiest mind
Might lead the leaders of mankind.†

CLIII.

ON THE DECEASE OF MRS ROSENHAGEN.

Ah yes! the hour is come
When thou must hasten home,

* Fleetwood Parkhurst, of Ripple Court, a descendant of the Fleetwoods, the Dormers, and the Fortescues.

† Mr Rosenhagen lost his sight by unremitted labour in the public service. He was private secretary to two prime ministers, Perceval and Vansittart.

Pure soul! to Him who calls.
The God who gave thee breath
Walks by the side of Death,
And nought that step appals.

Health has forsaken thee;
Hope says thou soon shalt be
Where happier spirits dwell,
There where one loving word
Alone is never heard,
That loving word, *farewell.*

CLIV.

How many voices gaily sing,
"O happy morn, O happy spring
Of life!" Meanwhile there comes o'er me
A softer voice from Memory,
And says, "If loves and hopes have flown
With years, think too what griefs are gone!"

CLV.

Who smites the wounded on his bed,
And only waits to strip the dead?
In that dark room I see thee lurk,
O low and lurid soul of Burke!
Begone! Shall ever Southey's head lie low
And unavenged beneath the savage blow?

No, by my soul! tho' greater men
And nearer stick the envenom'd pen
Into that breast which always rose
At all Man's wishes, all Man's woes.
Look from thy couch of sorrow, look around!
A sword of thy own temper guards the ground.

If thou hast ever done amiss,
It was, O Southey! but in this;

That, to redeem the lost estate
Of the poor Muse, a man so great
Abased his laurels where some Georges stood
Knee-deep in sludge and ordure, some in blood.

Was ever Genius but thyself
Friend or befriended of a Guelph?
Who then should hail their natal days?
What fiction weave the cobweb praise?
At last comes she whose natal day be blest,
And one more happy still, and all the rest!

But since thou liest sick at heart
And worn with years, some little part
Of thy hard office let me try,
Tho' inexpert was always I
To toss the litter of Westphalian swine
From under human to above divine.

No soil'd or selfish hand shall bless
That gentle bridal loveliness
Which promises our land increase
Of happy days in hard-earn'd peace.
Grant the unpaid-for prayer, ye heavenly Powers!
For her own sake, and greatly more for ours.

Remember him who saved from scathe
The honest front of ancient Faith;
Then when the Pontine exhalations
Breath'd pestilence thro' distant nations:
Remember that mail'd hand, that heart so true,
And with like power and will his race endue.

CLVI.

What, of house and home bereft,
For my birthday, what is left?
Not the hope that any more
Can be blest like those of yore,

Not the wish; for wishes now
Fall like flowers from aching brow,
When the jovial feast is past,
And when heaven, with clouds o'ercast,
Strikes the colours from the scene,
And no herb on earth is green.
What is left me after all?
What, beside my funeral?
Bid it wait a little while,
Just to let one thoughtful smile
Its accustom'd time abide:
There are left two boons beside . .
Health, and eyes that yet can see
Eyes not coldly turn'd from me.

CLVII.

Under the hollies of thy breezy glade,
Needwood, in youth with idle pace I rode,
Where pebbly rills their varied chirrup made,
Rills which the fawn with tottering knees bestrode.

Twilight was waning, yet I checkt my pace,
Slow as it was, and longer would remain;
Here first, here only, had I seen the face
Of Nature free from change and pure from stain.

Here in the glory of her power she lay,
Here she rejoiced in all the bloom of health;
Soon must I meet her faint and led astray,
Freckled with feverish whims and wasted wealth.

CLVIII.

Where three huge dogs are ramping yonder
Before that villa with its tower,
No braver boys, no father fonder,
Ever prolong'd the moonlight hour.

Often, to watch their sports unseen,
Along the broad stone bench he lies,
The oleander-stems between
And citron-boughs to shade his eyes.

The clouds now whiten far away,
And villas glimmer thick below,
And windows catch the quivering ray,
Obscure one minute's space ago.

Orchards and vine-knolls maple-propt
Rise radiant round: the meads are dim,
As if the milky-way had dropt
And fill'd Valdarno to the brim.

Unseen beneath us, on the right,
The abbey with unfinisht front
Of checker'd marble, black and white,
And on the left the Doccia's font.

Eastward, two ruin'd castles rise
Beyond Maiano's mossy mill,
Winter and Time their enemies,
Without their warder, stately still.

The heaps around them there will grow
Higher, as years sweep by, and higher,
Till every battlement laid low
Is seized and trampled by the briar.

That line so lucid is the weir
Of Rovezzano: but behold
The graceful tower of Giotto there,
And Duomo's cross of freshen'd gold.

We can not tell, so far away,
Whether the city's tongue be mute,
We only hear some lover play
(If sighs be play) the sighing flute.

CLIX.

THE DEAD MARTEN.

My pretty Marte, my winter friend,
In these bright days ought thine to end!
When all thy kindred far away
Enjoy the genial hours of May.
How often hast thou play'd with me,
And lickt my lip to share my tea,
And run away and turn'd again
To hide my glove or crack my pen,
Until I swore, to check thy taunts,
I'd write to uncles and to aunts,
And grandmama, whom dogs pursued
But could not catch her in the wood.
Ah! I repeat the jokes we had,
Yet think me not less fond, less sad.
Julia and Charles and Walter grave
Would throw down every toy they have
To see thy joyous eyes at eve,
And feel thy feet upon the sleeve,
And tempt thy glossy teeth to bite
And almost hurt them, but not quite;
For thou didst look, and then suspend
The ivory barbs, but reprehend [1]
With tender querulous tones, that told
Thou wert too good and we too bold.
Never was malice in thy heart,
My gentlest, dearest little Marte!
Nor grief, nor reason to repine,
As there is now in this of mine.

CLX.

Ye little household gods, that make
My heart leap lighter with your play,
And never let it sink or ache,
Unless you are too far away;

[1 CLIX. l. 21. K. reads:
"The ivory barbs above thy friend
With many querulous," &c.]

Eight years have flown, and never yet
One day has risen up between
The kisses of my earlier pet,
And few the hours he was not seen.

How can I call to you from Rome?
Will *mamma* teach what *babbo* said?
Have ye not heard him talk at home
About the city of the dead?

Marvellous tales will *babbo* tell,
If you don't clasp his throat too tight,
Tales which you, Arnold, will love well,
Tho' Julia's cheek turns pale with fright.

How, swimming o'er the Tiber, Clelia
Headed the rescued virgin train;
And, loftier virtue! how Cornelia
Lived when her two brave sons were slain.

This is my birthday: may ye waltze
Till mamma cracks her best guitar!
Yours are true pleasures; those are false
We wise ones follow from afar.

What shall I bring you? would you like
Urn, image, glass, red, yellow, blue,
Stricken by Time, who soon must strike
As deep the heart that beats for you.

CLXI.

The leaves are falling; so am I;
The few late flowers have moisture in the eye;
So have I too.
Scarcely on any bough is heard
Joyous, or even unjoyous, bird
The whole wood through.
Winter may come: he brings but nigher
His circle (yearly narrowing) to the fire
Where old friends meet:
Let him; now heaven is overcast,

And spring and summer both are past,
And all things sweet.

CLXII.

The place where soon I think to lie,
In its old creviced nook hard-by
Rears many a weed:
If parties bring you there, will you
Drop slily in a grain or two
Of wall-flower seed?

I shall not see it, and (too sure!)
I shall not ever hear that your
Light step was there;
But the rich odour some fine day
Will, what I cannot do, repay
That little care.

CLXIII.

As he who baskt in sunshine loves to go
Where in dim coolness graceful laurels grow;
In that lone narrow path whose silent sand
Hears of no footstep, while some gentle hand
Beckons, or seems to beckon, to the seat
Where ivied wall and trellised woodbine meet;
Thus I, of ear that tingles not to praise,
And feet that weary of the world's highways,
Recline on mouldering tree or jutting stone,
And (tho' at last I feel I am alone)
Think by a gentle hand mine too is prest
In kindly welcome to a calmer rest.

CLXIV.

Love is like Echo in the land of Tell,*[1]
Who answers best the indweller of her bowers,

* There is said to be such an echo on the Lake of Lucerne.

[1 CLXIV. l. 1. H. reads:

"Love's like the echo in the land of Tell,
Which," &c.]

Silent to other voices (idly loud
Or wildly violent) letting them arouse
Eagle or cavern'd brute, but never her.

CLXV.

ON RECEIVING A MONTHLY ROSE.

Pæstum! thy roses long ago,
All roses far above,
Twice in the year were call'd to blow
And braid the locks of Love.

He saw the city sink in dust,
Its rose's roots decay'd,
And cried in sorrow, "Find I must
Another for my braid."

First Cyprus, then the Syrian shore,
To Pharpar's lucid rill,
Did those two large dark eyes explore,
But wanted something still.

Damascus fill'd his heart with joy,
So sweet her roses were!
He cull'd them; but the wayward boy
Thought them ill worth his care.

"I want them every month," he cried,
"I want them every hour:
Perennial rose, and none beside,
Henceforth shall be my flower."

CLXVI.

Sweet was the song that Youth sang once,
And passing sweet was the response;
But there are accents sweeter far
When Love leaps down our evening star,

Holds back the blighting wings of Time,
Melts with his breath the crusty rime,
And looks into our eyes, and says,
"Come, let us talk of former days."

CLXVII.

Fate! I have askt few things of thee,
And fewer have to ask.
Shortly, thou knowest, I shall be
No more: then con thy task.

If one be left on earth so late
Whose love is like the past,
Tell her in whispers, gentle Fate!
Not even love must last.

Tell her I leave the noisy feast
Of life, a little tired,
Amid its pleasures few possest
And many undesired.

Tell her with steady pace to come
And, where my laurels lie,
To throw the freshest on the tomb,
When it has caught her sigh.

Tell her to stand some steps apart
From others on that day,
And check the tear (if tear should start)
Too precious for dull clay.

CLXVIII.

TO A LADY ON COMING OF AGE.

Fear not my frequent verse may raise
To your clear brow the vulgar gaze.

Another I reserve in store
For day yet happier; then no more.
Believe (youth's happy creed!) believe
That never can bright morns deceive;
That brighter must arise for you
Than ever the proud sun rode through.
It has been said, on wedlock-land
Some paths are thorny, more are sand.
I hope the coming spring may show
How little they who say it, know.
Meanwhile with tranquil breast survey
The trophies of the present day.
When twenty years their course have run,
Anxious we wait the following one.
Lo! Fortune in full pomp descends
Surrounded by her host of friends,
And Beauty moves, in passing by,
With loftier port and steadier eye.
Alas, alas! when these are flown,
Shall there be nothing quite your own?
Not Beauty from her stores can give
The mighty charm that makes us live,
Nor shieldless Fortune overcome
The shadows that besiege the tomb.
You, better guarded, may be sure
Your name for ages will endure,
While all the powerful, all the proud,
All that excite the clamorous crowd,
With truncheon or with diadem,
Shall lie one mingled mass with them.
Chide you our praises? You alone
Can doubt of glories fairly won.
Genius, altho' he seldom decks
Where beauty does the softer sex,
Approaches you with accents bland,
Attunes your voice, directs your hand.
And soon will fix upon your brow
A crown as bright as Love does now.

CLXIX.

Beauty! thou arbitress of weal or woe
To others, but how powerless of thy own,
How prone to fall on the smooth path, how prone
To place thy tender foot on the sharp flint
And bleed until the evening fade and die!
I see thee happy now, and I rejoice,
As if thou wert (*almost* as if!) for me:
But thou hast tarried with me long enough,
And now hast taken all thy gifts away.
How various and how changeful is thy mien!
Various and changeful as the neck of doves
In colour: here so meek, so stately there;
Here festive, and there sad; here, tall, erect,
Commanding; there, small, slender, bent to yield.
I have observ'd thee resolute and bold
And stepping forth to conquer, and thy brow
Rattling its laurel o'er the myrtle crown;
Beauty! I now behold thee lower thine eyes
And throw them forward on the ground, while two
Close at thy side interrogate and plead.
Others have done the same, but those were met
Calmly, and smiles were cast indifferently
Back into them; smiles that smote every heart,
But most the heart they fell into that hour.
It pleas'd me to behold it: we all love
To see a little of the cruelty
We could ill bear, and, when we read of, weep.
Beauty! thou now art with that innocent
Who seems of Love's own age, and Love's own power.
Haply ere this there are upon the earth
Some, by all hope abandoned, who ascend
The highths of Himalaya; some who fight
Where Napier's foot makes Hindus run straight on,
And Kyber quails beneath his eagle eye;
While others bear her on untiring breast
To Zembla, and with iron that often breaks
Engrave her name upon eternal ice.

CLXX.

My guest! I have not led you thro'
The old footpath of swamp and sedges;
But . . mind your step . . you're coming to
Shingle and shells with sharpish edges.

Here a squash jelly-fish, and here
An old shark's head with open jaw
We hap may hit on: never fear
Scent rather rank and crooked saw.

Step forward: we shall pass them soon,
And then before you will arise
A fertile scene; a placid moon
Above, and star-besprinkled skies.

And we shall reach at last (where ends
The fields of thistles, sharp and light)
A dozen brave and honest friends,
And there wish one and all good-night.

CLXXI.

O'erfoaming with rage
The foul-mouth'd judge Page
Thus question'd a thief in the dock:
"Didst never hear read
In the church, lump of lead!
Loose chip from the devil's own block!
'Thou shalt not steal?'" "Yea,"
The white chap did say,
"'*Thou* shalt not:' but *thou* was the word.
Had he piped out 'Jem Hewitt!
Be sure you don't do it,'
I'd ha' thought of it twice ere I did it, my lord."

CLXXII.

ON A QUAKER'S TANKARD.

Ye lie, friend Pindar! and friend Thales,
Nothing so good as water? Ale is.

CLXXIII.

INVOCATION TO THE MUSE.

Though Helicon! I seldom dream
Aside thy lovely limpid stream,
Nor glory that to me belong
Or elegance or nerve of song,
Or Hayley's easy-ambling horse,
Or Peter Pindar's comic force,
Or Mason's fine majestic flow,
Or aught that pleases one in Crowe—
Yet thus a *saucy-suppliant* bard!
I court the Muse's kind regard.
"O whether, Muse! thou please to give
My humble verses long to live;"
Or tell me "The decrees of Fate
Have ordered them a shorter date."
I bow; yet O! may every word
Survive, however, George III.

CLXXIV.

EPITHALAMIUM.

Weep Venus, and ye
Adorable Three
Who Venus for ever environ.
Pounds, shillings, and pence
And shrewd sober sense
Have clapt the strait waistcoat on * * *
Off Mainot and Turk
With pistol and dirk,
Nor palace nor pinnace set fire on

The cord's fatal jerk
Has done its last work
And the noose is now slipped upon * * *

CLXXV.

Go on, go on, and love away!
Mine was, another's is, the day.
Go on, go on, thou false one! now
Upon his shoulder rest thy brow,
And look into his eyes until
Thy own, to find them colder, fill.

CLXXVI.

Ten thousand flakes about my windows blow,
Some falling and some rising, but all snow.
Scribblers and statesmen! are ye not just so?

CLXXVII.

OLD STYLE.

Aurelius, Sire of Hungrinesses!
Thee thy old friend Catullus blesses,
And sends thee six fine watercresses.
There are who would not think me quite
(Unless we were old friends) polite
To mention whom you should invite.
Look at them well; and turn it o'er
In your own mind . . I'd have but four . .
Lucullus, Cæsar, and two more.

CLXXVIII.

SUGGESTED BY HORACE.

Never, my boy, so blush and blink,
Or care a straw what people think,
If you by chance are seen to dally
With that sweet little creature Sally.

Lest by degrees you sidle from her,
I'll quote you Ovid, Horace, Homer.
If the two first are loose, there still is
Authority in proud Achilles;
And never, night or day, could be his
Dignity hurt by dear Briseis.
Altho' I take an interest
In having you and Sally blest,
I know those ancles small and round
Are standing on forbidden ground,
So fear no rivalry to you
In gentlemen of thirty-two.

CLXXIX.

An English boy, whose travels lay
In Italy, had slept at night
Sound as a bishop all the way,
Till suddenly . . the strangest sight!

Above the upper of the two
Near ridges of old Apennine,
(Seemingly scarce a good stone-throw)
A lighted globe began to shine.

"O father! father!" cried the lad,
"What wicked boys are hereabout!
How wild! how mischievous! how mad!
Look yonder! let us put it out.

I never saw such a balloon
So near . . that olive now takes fire!
The corn there crackles!"
"'Tis the Moon,"
Patting his head, replied the sire.

CLXXX.

Pleasant it is to wink and sniff the fumes
The little dainty poet blows for us,
Kneeling in his soft cushion at the hearth,

And patted on the head by passing maids.
Who would discourage him? who bid him off?
Invidious or morose! Enough, to say
(Perhaps too much unless 'tis mildly said)
That slender twigs send forth the fiercest flame,
Not without noise, but ashes soon succeed,
While the broad chump leans back against the stones,
Strong with internal fire, sedately breathed,
And heats the chamber round from morn till night.

CLXXXI.

COTTAGE LEFT FOR LONDON.

The covert walk, the mossy apple-trees,
And the long grass that darkens underneath,
I leave for narrow streets and gnats and fleas,
Water unfit to drink and air to breathe.

CLXXXII.

Come, Sleep! but mind ye! if you come without
The little girl that struck me at the rout,
By Jove! I would not give you half-a-crown
For all your poppy-heads and all your down.

CLXXXIII.

Deep forests hide the stoutest oaks;
Hazels make sticks for market-folks;
He who comes soon to his estate
Dies poor; the rich heir is the late.
Sere ivy shaded Shakespeare's brow;
But Matho is a poet now.

CLXXXIV.

God's laws declare
Thou shalt not swear
By aught in heaven above or earth below.

Upon my honour! Melville cries;
He swears, and lies;
Does Melville then break God's commandment? No.

CLXXXV.

FLOWERS SENT IN BAY-LEAVES.

I leave for you to disunite
Frail flowers and lasting bays:
One, let me hope, you'll wear to-night
The other all your days.

CLXXXVI.

"I'm half in love," he who with smiles hath said,
In love will never be.
Whoe'er, "I'm not in love," and shakes his head,
In love too sure is he.

CLXXXVII.

"Fear God!" says Percival: and when you hear
Tones so lugubrious, you perforce must fear:
If in such awful accents he should say,
"Fear lovely Innocence!" you'd run away.

CLXXXVIII.

Two cackling mothers hatch two separate broods
Of patriots; neither shall infest my house.
I shun the noisier, but I loathe far more
Patriots with tags about their carcases
Bedolled with bits of ribbon and rag-lace,
Or dangling, dainty, jewel'd crucifix
The puft heart's pride, and not its purifier.
Limbs, lives, and fortunes, all before the king,
Until he ask the hazard of the same;
Then the two broods unite, one step, one voice,
For their dear country in its sad estate.

CLXXXIX.

Does it become a girl so wise,
So exquisite in harmonies,
To ask me when do I intend
To write a sonnet? What? my friend!
A sonnet? Never. Rhyme o'erflows
Italian, which hath scarcely prose;
And I have larded full three-score
With *sorte*, *morte*, *cuor*, *amor*.
But why should we, altho' we have
Enough for all things, gay or grave,
Say, on your conscience, why should we
Who draw deep seans along the sea,
Cut them in pieces to beset
The shallows with a cabbage-net?
Now if you ever ask again
A thing so troublesome and vain,
By all your charms! before the morn,
To show my anger and my scorn,
First I will write your name a-top,
Then from this very ink shall drop
A score of sonnets; every one
Shall call you star, or moon, or sun,
Till, swallowing such warm-water verse,
Even sonnet-sippers sicken worse.

CXC.

Plants the most beauteous love the water's brink,
Opening their bosoms at young Zephyr's sighs.
Maidens, come hither: see with your own eyes
How many are trod down, how many sink.

CXCI.

Each year bears something from us as it flies,
We only blow it farther with our sighs.

CXCII.

Idle and light are many things you see
In these my closing pages: blame not me.
However rich and plenteous the repast,
Nuts, almonds, biscuits, wafers, come at last.

CXCIII.

In wrath a youth was heard to say,
"From girl so false I turn away.
By all that's sacred ice shall burn
And sun shall freeze ere I return."
But as he went, at least one finger
Within her hand was found to linger;
One foot, that should outstrip the wind,
(But only one) drew loads behind.

CXCIV.

I've never seen a book of late
But there is in it *palmy state*.
To realm or city you apply
The palm, and think it raised thereby.
Yet always does the palmy crown
On every side hang loosely down,
And its lank shade falls chiefly on
Robber or reptile, sand or stone.
Compare it with the Titan groves
Where, east or west, the savage roves,
Its highth and girth before them dwindle
Into the measure of a spindle.
But often you would make it bend
To some young poet, if your friend.
Look at it first, or you may fit
Your poet-friend too well with it.
The head of palm-tree is *so-so*,
And bare or ragged all below.
If it suits anything, I wist

It suits the archæologist.
To him apply the palmy state
Whose fruit is nothing but a *date*.

CXCV.

A MASK ON A RING.

Forster! you who never wore
Any kind of mask before;
Yet, by holy friendship! take
This, and wear it for my sake.

CXCVI.

I would give something, O Apollo!
Thy radiant course o'er earth to follow,
And fill it up with light and song,
But rather would be always young.
Since that perhaps thou canst not give,
By me let those who love me live.

CXCVII.

Alas, how soon the hours are over
Counted us out to play the lover!
And how much narrower is the stage
Allotted us to play the sage!
But when we play the fool, how wide
The theatre expands! beside,
How long the audience sits before us!
How many prompters! what a chorus!

CXCVIII.

Is it not better at an early hour
In its calm cell to rest the weary head,
While birds are singing and while blooms the bower,
Than sit the fire out and go starv'd to bed?

CXCIX.

TO JULIUS HARE, WITH "PERICLES AND ASPASIA."

Julius, of three rare brothers, my fast friends,
The latest known to me! Aspasia comes
With him, high-helmeted and trumpet-tongued,
Who loved her. Well thou knowest all his worth,
Valuing him most for trophies reared to Peace,
For generous friendships, like thy own, for Arts
Ennobled by protection, not debased.
Hence, worthless ones! throne-cushions, puft, inert,
Verminous, who degrade with patronage
Bargain'd for, ere dealt out! The stone that flew
In splinters from the chisel when the hand
Of Phidias wielded it, the chips of stone
Weigh with me more than they do. To thy house
Comes Pericles. Receive the friend of him
Whose horses started from the Parthenon
To traverse seas and neigh upon our strand.
From pleasant Italy my varied page,
Where many men and many ages meet,
Julius! thy friendly hand long since received.
Accept my last of labours and of thanks.
He who held mute the joyous and the wise
With wit and eloquence, whose tomb (afar
From all his friends and all his countrymen)
Saddens the light Palermo, to thy care
Consign'd it; knowing that whate'er is great
Needs not the looming of a darker age,
Nor knightly mail nor scymetar begemm'd.
Stepping o'er all this lumber, where the steel
Is shell'd with rust, and the thin gold worm'd out
From its meandering waves, he took the scroll,
And read aloud what sage and poet spake
In sunnier climes; thou heardest it well pleased;
For Truth from conflict rises more elate
And lifts a brighter torch, beheld by more.
Call'd to befriend me by fraternal love,
Thou pausedst in thy vigorous march amid

The German forests of wide-branching thought,
Deep, intricate, whence voices shook all France,
Whence Blucher's soldiers heard the trumpet-tongue
And knew the footstep of Tyrtæan Arndt.

CC.

TO SOUTHEY.

There are who teach us that the depths of thought
Engulph the poet; that irregular
Is every greater one. Go, Southey! mount
Up to these teachers; ask, submissively,
Who so proportioned as the lord of day?
Yet mortals see his stedfast stately course
And lower their eyes before him. Fools gaze up
Amazed at daring flights. Does Homer soar
As hawks and kites and weaker swallows do?
He knows the swineherd; he plants apple-trees
Amid Alcinous's cypresses;
He covers with his aged black-vein'd hand
The plumy crest that frighten'd and made cling
To its fond-mother the ill-fated child;
He walks along Olympus with the Gods,
Complacently and calmly, as along
The sands where Simöis glides into the sea.
They who step high and swing their arms, soon tire.
The glorious Theban then?
The sage from Thebes,
Who sang his wisdom when the strife of cars
And combatants had paus'd, deserves more praise
Than this untrue one, fitter for the weak,
Who by the lightest breezes are borne up
And with the dust and straws are swept away;
Who fancy they are carried far aloft
When nothing quite distinctly they descry,
Having lost all self-guidance. But strong men
Are strongest with their feet upon the ground.
Light-bodied Fancy, Fancy plover-winged,
Draws some away from culture to dry downs

Where none but insects find their nutriment;
There let us leave them to their sleep and dreams.
Great is that poet, great is he alone,
Who rises o'er the creatures of the earth,
Yet only where his eye may well discern
The various movements of the human heart,
And how each mortal differs from the rest.
Although he struggle hard with Poverty,
He dares assert his just prerogative
To stand above all perishable things,
Proclaiming *this* shall live, and *this* shall die.

CCI.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF CHARLES LAMB.

Once, and once only, have I seen thy face,
Elia! once only has thy tripping tongue
Run o'er my breast, yet never has been left
Impression on it stronger or more sweet.
Cordial old man! what youth was in thy years,
What wisdom in thy levity, what truth
In every utterance of that purest soul! [1]
Few are the spirits of the glorified
I'd spring to earlier at the gate of heaven.

CCII.

TO ANDREW JACKSON.

Happy may be the land [2]
Where mortals with their eyes uplifted stand
While Eloquence her thunder rolls:
Happier, where no deceptive light
Bursts upon Passion's stormy night,
Guiding to rocks and shoals.

[1 CCI. l. 7. K. reads:

"In every utterance of that purest breast!
Of all that ever wore man's form 'tis thee
I first would spring to at the gate of heaven."]

[2 CCII. K. omits l. 1 to l. 16. N. follows I.]

Happiest of all, where Man shall lay
His limbs at their full length, nor overcast
The sky above his head, but the pure ray
Shines brighter on the future than the past.
Look, look into the east afar,
Refulgent western Star!

And where the fane of Pallas stands,
Rear'd to her glory by his hands,
Thou, altho' nowhere else, shalt see
A statesman and a chief like thee.
How rare the sight, how grand!
Behold the golden scales of Justice stand
Well balanced in a mailed hand!
Following the calm Deliverer of Mankind,
In thee again we find
This spectacle renew'd.
Glory altho' there be
To leave thy country free,
Glory had reacht not there her plenitude.

Up, every son of Afric soil,
Ye worn and weary hoist the sail,
For your own glebes and garners toil
With easy plough and lightsome flail:
A father's home ye never knew,
A father's home your sons shall have from you.*
Enjoy your palmy groves, your cloudless day,
Your world that demons tore away.
Look up! look up! the flaming sword
Hath vanisht! and behold your Paradise restored.
Never was word more bold
Than through thy cities ran,
Let gold be weighed for gold,
Let man be weighed for man.
Thou spakest it; and therefore praise
Shall crown thy later as thy earlier days,
And braid more lovely this last wreath shall bind.

* This prophecy was unfulfilled.

Where purest is the heart's atmosphere
Atlantic Ruler! there
Shall men discern at last the loftiest mind.
Rise, and assert thy trust!
Enforcing to be just,
The race to whom alone
Of Europe's sons was never known
(In mart or glade)
The image of the heavenly maid
Astræa; she hath called thee; go
Right onward, and with tranchant prow
The hissing foam of Gallic faith cut thro'.

CCIII.

TO WORDSWORTH.

Those who have laid the harp aside
And turn'd to idler things,
From very restlessness have tried
The loose and dusty strings,
And, catching back some favourite strain,
Run with it o'er the chords again.

But Memory is not a Muse,
O Wordsworth! though 'tis said
They all descend from her, and use
To haunt her fountain-head:
That other men should work for me
In the rich mines of Poesie,

Pleases me better than the toil
Of smoothing under hardened hand,
With attic emery and oil,
The shining point for Wisdom's wand,
Like those thou temperest 'mid the rills
Descending from thy native hills.
Without his governance, in vain
Manhood is strong, and Youth is bold.

If oftentimes the o'er-piled strain
  Clogs in the furnace, and grows cold
Beneath his pinions deep and frore,
And swells and melts and flows no more,
That is because the heat beneath
  Pants in its cavern poorly fed.
Life springs not from the couch of Death,
  Nor Muse nor Grace can raise the dead;
Unturn'd then let the mass remain,
Intractable to sun or rain.

A marsh, where only flat leaves lie,
And showing but the broken sky,
Too surely is the sweetest lay
That wins the ear and wastes the day,
Where youthful Fancy pouts alone
And lets not Wisdom touch her zone.

He who would build his fame up high,
The rule and plummet must apply,
Nor say, "I'll do what I have plann'd,"
Before he try if loam or sand
Be still remaining in the place
Delved for each polisht pillar's base.
With skilful eye and fit device
Thou raisest every edifice,
Whether in sheltered vale it stand
Or overlook the Dardan strand,
Amid the cypresses that mourn
Laodameia's love forlorn.

We both have run o'er half the space
Listed for mortal's earthly race;
We both have crost life's fervid line,
And other stars before us shine:
May they be bright and prosperous
As those that have been stars for us!
Our course by Milton's light was sped,
And Shakespeare shining overhead:

Chatting on deck was Dryden too,
The Bacon of the rhyming crew;
None ever crost our mystic sea
More richly stored with thought than he;
Tho' never tender nor sublime,
He wrestles with and conquers Time.
To learn my lore on Chaucer's knee,
I left much prouder company;
Thee gentle Spenser fondly led,
But me he mostly sent to bed.

I wish them every joy above
That highly blessed spirits prove,[1]
Save one: and that too shall be theirs,
But after many rolling years,
When 'mid their light thy light appears.

CCIV.

TO THE COMTESSE DE MOLANDE, ABOUT TO MARRY THE DUC DE LUXEMBOURG.

Say ye that years roll on and ne'er return?
Say ye the Sun who leaves them all behind,
Their great creator, can not bring one back
With all his force, tho' he draw worlds around?
Witness me, little streams that meet before
My happy dwelling; witness Africo
And Mensola! that ye have seen at once
Twenty roll back, twenty as swift and bright
As are your swiftest and your brightest waves,
When the tall cypress o'er the Doccia
Hurls from his inmost boughs the latent snow.
Go, and go happy, light of my past days,
Consoler of my present! thou whom Fate
Alone could sever from me! One step higher
Must yet be mounted, high as was the last:

[1 CCIII. l. 68. K. reads:
"That the immortal spirits prove."]

Friendship with faltering accent says "Depart,
And take the highest seat below the crown'd."

CCV.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

Since in the terrace-bower we sate
While Arno gleam'd below,
And over sylvan Massa late
Hung Cynthia's slender bow,
Years after years have past away
Less light and gladsome; why
Do those we most implore to stay
Run ever swiftest by!

CCVI.

Unjust are they who argue me unjust
To thee, O France! Did ever man delight
More cordially in him who held the hearts
Of beasts to his, and searcht into them all,
And took their wisdom, giving it profuse
To man, who gave them little in return,
And only kept their furs and teeth and claws.
What comic scenes are graceful, saving thine?
Where is philosophy like thy Montaigne's?
Religion, like thy Fenelon's? Sublime
In valour's self-devotion were thy men,
Thy women far sublimer: but foul stains
At last thou bearest on thy plume; thy steps
Follow false honour, deviating from true.
A broken word bears on it worse disgrace
Than broken sword; erewhile thou knewest this.
Thou huggest thy enslaver: on his tomb
What scrolls! what laurels! Are there any bound
About the braver Corday's? Is one hymn
Chaunted in prayers or praises to the Maid
To whom all maidens upon earth should bend,
Who at the gate of Orleans broke thy chain?

CCVII.

TO LADY CHARLES BEAUCLERK.

No, Teresita, never say
That uncle Landor's worthless lay
Shall find its place among your treasures.
Altho' his heart is not grown old,
Yet are his verses far too cold
For bridal bowers or festive measures.

He knows you lovely, thinks you wise,
And still shall think so if your eyes
Seek not in noiser paths to roam;
But rest upon your forest-green,
And find that life runs best between
A tender love and tranquil home.

CCVIII.

TO MY DAUGHTER.

By that dejected city Arno runs
Where Ugolino claspt his famisht sons;
There wert thou born, my Julia! there thine eyes
Return'd as bright a blue to vernal skies;
And thence, sweet infant wanderer! when the Spring
Advanced, the Hours brought thee on silent wing,
Brought (while anemones were quivering round,
And pointed tulips pierced the purple ground)
Where stands fair Florence: there thy voice first blest
My ears, and sank like balm into my breast.
For many griefs had wounded it, and more
Thy little hands could lighten, were in store.
But why revert to griefs? thy sculptur'd brow
Dispels from mine its darkest cloud even now.
What then the bliss to see again thy face
And all that rumour has announced of grace!
I urge with fevered breast the coming day . .
O could I sleep and wake again in May!

CCIX.

TO ANDREW CROSSE.

Altho' with Earth and Heaven you deal
As equal, and without appeal,
And bring beneath your ancient roof
Records of all they do, and proof,
No right have you, sequester'd Crosse,
To make the Muses weep your loss.
A poet were you long before
Gems from the struggling air you tore,
And bade the far-off flashes play
About your woods, and light your way.
With languor and disease opprest,
And years, that crush the tuneful breast,
Southey, the pure of soul is mute!
Hoarse whistles Wordsworth's watery flute,
Which mourn'd with loud indignant strains
The famisht Black * in Corsic chains:

* Among the noblest of Wordsworth's Sonnets (the finest in any language, excepting a few of Milton's) is that on Toussaint L'Ouverture. He has exposed in other works the unmanly artifices and unprofitable cruelties of the murderer who consummated his crime by famine, when the dampness of a subterranean prison was too slow in its operation. Nothing is so inexplicable as that any honest and intelligent man should imagine the heroic or the sagacious in Buonaparte. He was the only great gambler unaware that the player of *double or quits*, unless he discontinues, must be loser. In Spain he held more by peace than he could seize by war; yet he went to war. Haiti he might have united inseparably to France, on terms the most advantageous and the most honourable, but he was indignant that a black should exercise the functions of a white, that a deliverer should be his representative, and that a delegate should possess the affections of a people, although trustworthy beyond suspicion. What appears to others his greatest crime appears to me among the least, the death of D'Enghien. Whoever was plotting to subvert his government might justly be seized and slain by means as occult. Beside, what are all the Bourbons that ever existed in comparison with Toussaint L'Ouverture? His assassin was conscious of the *mistake;* he committed none so fatal to his reputation, though many more pernicious to his power. If he failed so utterly with such enormous means as never were wielded by any man before, how would he have encountered

Nor longer do the girls for Moore
Jilt Horace as they did before.
He sits contented to have won
The rose-wreath from Anacreon,
And bears to see the orbs grow dim
That shone with blandest light on him.
Others there are whose future day
No slender glories shall display;
But you would think me worse than tame
To find me stringing name on name,
And I would rather call aloud
On Andrew Crosse than stem the crowd.
Now chiefly female voices rise
(And sweet are they) to cheer our skies.
Suppose you warm these chilly days
With samples from your fervid lays.
Come! courage! man! and don't pretend
That every verse cuts off a friend,
And that in simple truth you fain
Would rather not give poets pain.
The lame excuse will never do . .
Philosophers can envy too.

CCX.

TO A LADY.

Sweet are the siren songs on eastern shores,
To songs as sweet are pulled our English oars:
And farther upon ocean venture forth
The lofty sails that leave the wizard north.
Altho' by fits so dense a cloud of smoke
Puffs from his sappy and ill-season'd oak,

the difficulties that were surmounted by Frederick of Prussia and by Hyder Ali? These are the Hannibal and Sertorius of modern times. They were not perhaps much better men than Buonaparte, but politically and militarily they were much wiser; for they calculated how to win what they wanted, and they contrived how to keep what they won.

Yet, as the *Spirit of the Dream* draws near,
Remembered loves make Byron's self sincere.
The puny heart within him swells to view,
The man grows loftier and the poet too.
When War sweeps nations down with iron wings,
Alcæus never sang as Campbell sings;
And, caught by playful wit and graceful lore,
The Muse invoked by Horace bends to Moore.
Theirs, not *my* verses, come I to repeat,
So draw the footstool nearer to your feet.

CCXI.

TO CZARTORYSKI, ATTENDING ON FOOT THE FUNERAL OF THE POET MENINCIVICZ.

In Czartoryski I commend
The patriot's guide, the poet's friend.
King, sprung of kings, yet great and good
As any pure from royal blood;
O'er genius not ashamed to bear
The pall, or shed at home the tear.
Thou, who hast shown us how the great
Are greater in their fallen state,
Another rare example give . .
That kings, uncurst by men, may live,
And Poland by thy light shall see
One nation in wide Europe free.

CCXII.

TO MY DAUGHTER IN ITALY, AT CHRISTMAS.

Where is, ah where! the citron bloom
That threw its fragrance o'er my room?
Where, white magnolia-cup entwined
With pliant myrtle's ruddy rind?
Julia, with you the flowers are gay,
And cluster round the shortest day
Little at Fiesole ye know

Of holly, less of mistleto;
Such as the Druid priest of yore
To grim god-monsters grimly bore.
Run: from her pouting infants call
The musk-rose at our chapel-wall;
Run, bring the violets up, that blow
Along the banks of Africo;
And tell them, every soul, they must
Bend their coy heads and kiss my bust.
Christmas is come: on such a day
Give the best thoughts fair room for play,
And all the Sabbath dance and sing
In honour of your new-born king.

CCXIII.

TO MISS ISABELLA PERCY.

If that old hermit laid to rest
Beneath your chapel-floor,
Could leave the regions of the blest
And visit earth once more:
If human sympathies could warm
His tranquil breast again,
Your innocence that breast could charm,
Perhaps your beauty pain.

CCXIV.

TO CHARLES DICKENS.

Go then to Italy; but mind
To leave the pale low France behind;
Pass through that country, nor ascend
The Rhine, nor over Tyrol wend:
Thus all at once shall rise more grand
The glories of the ancient land.
Dickens! how often when the air
Breath'd genially, I've thought me there,
And rais'd to heaven my thankful eyes

To see three spans of deep blue skies.
In Genoa now I hear a stir,
A shout . . *Here comes the Minister!*
Yes, thou art he, although not sent
By cabinet or parliament:
Yes, thou art he. Since Milton's youth
Bloom'd in the Eden of the South,
Spirit so pure and lofty none
Hath heavenly Genius from his throne
Deputed on the banks of Thames
To speak his voice and urge his claims.
Let every nation know from thee
How less than lovely Italy
Is the whole world beside; let all
Into their grateful breasts recall
How Prospero and Miranda dwelt
In Italy: the griefs that melt
The stoniest heart, each sacred tear
One lacrymatory gathered here;
All Desdemona's, all that fell
In playful Juliet's bridal cell.
Ah! could my steps in life's decline
Accompany or follow thine!
But my own vines are not for me
To prune, or from afar to see.
I miss the tales I used to tell
With cordial Hare and joyous Gell,
And that good old Archbishop whose
Cool library, at evening's close
(Soon as from Ischia swept the gale
And heav'd and left the dark'ning sail)
Its lofty portal opened wide
To me, and very few beside:
Yet large his kindness. Still the poor
Flock round Taranto's palace-door,
And find no other to replace
The noblest of a noble race.
Amid our converse you would see
Each with white cat upon his knee,

And flattering that grand company:
For Persian kings might proudly own
Such glorious cats to share the throne.
Write me few letters: I'm content
With what for all the world is meant;
Write then for all: but, since my breast
Is far more faithful than the rest,
Never shall any other share
With little Nelly nestling there.

CCXV.

TO SOUTHEY, 1833.

Indweller of a peaceful vale,
Ravaged erewhile by white-hair'd Dane;
Rare architect of many a wondrous tale,
Which, till Helvellyn's head lie prostrate, shall remain!

From Arno's side I hear thy Derwent flow,
And see methinks the lake below
Reflect thy graceful progeny, more fair
And radiant than the purest waters are,
Even when gurgling in their joy among
The bright and blessed throng
Whom, on her arm recline,*
The beauteous Proserpine
With tenderest regretful gaze,
Thinking of Enna's yellow field, surveys.

Alas! that snows are shed
Upon thy laurel'd head,
Hurtled by many cares and many wrongs!
Malignity lets none
Approach the Delphic throne;
A hundred lane-fed curs[1] bark down Fame's hundred tongues.

* So Milton: *Par. Lost*, B. iv., v. 333,

"sideling as they sat, *recline*
On the soft downy bank, damaskt with flowers."

[1 CCXV. l. 20. K. reads:
"A hundred kennel curs," &c.]

But this is in the night, when men are slow
To raise their eyes, when high and low,
The scarlet and the colourless, are one:
Soon Sleep unbars his noiseless prison,
And active minds again are risen;
Where are the curs? dream-bound, and whimpering in the sun.

At fife's or lyre's or tabor's sound
The dance of youth, O Southey, runs not round,
But closes at the bottom of the room
Amid the falling dust and deepening gloom,
Where the weary sit them down,
And Beauty too unbraids, and waits a lovelier crown.

We hurry to the river we must cross,
And swifter downward every footstep wends;
Happy, who reach it ere they count the loss
Of half their faculties and half their friends!
When we are come to it, the stream
Is not so dreary as they deem
Who look on it from haunts too dear;
The weak from Pleasure's baths feel most its chilling air!

No firmer breast than thine hath Heaven
To poet, sage, or hero given:
No heart more tender, none more just
To that He largely placed in trust:
Therefore shalt thou, whatever date
Of years be thine, with soul elate
Rise up before the Eternal throne,
And hear, in God's own voice, "Well done."

Not, were that submarine
Gem-lighted city mine,
Wherein my name, engraven by thy hand,
Above the royal gleam of blazonry shall stand;
Not, were all Syracuse
Pour'd forth before my Muse,
With Hiero's cars and steeds, and Pindar's lyre

Brightening the path with more than solar fire,
Could I, as would beseem, requite the praise
Showered upon my low head from thy most lofty lays.

CCXVI.

TO BARRY CORNWALL.

Barry! your spirit long ago
Has haunted me; at last I know
The heart it sprung from: one more sound
Ne'er rested on poetic ground.
But, Barry Cornwall! by what right
Wring you my breast and dim my sight,
And make me wish at every touch
My poor old hand could do as much?
No other in these later times
Has bound me in so potent rhymes.
I have observed the curious dress
And jewelry of brave Queen Bess,
But always found some o'ercharged thing,
Some flaw in even the brightest ring,
Admiring in her men of war,
A rich but too argute guitar.
Our foremost now are more prolix,
And scrape with three-fell fiddlesticks,
And, whether bound for griefs or smiles,
Are slow to turn as crocodiles.
Once, every court and country bevy
Chose the gallant of loins less heavy,
And would have laid upon the shelf
Him who could talk but of himself.
Reason is stout, but even Reason
May walk too long in Rhyme's hot season.
I have heard many folks aver
They have caught horrid colds with her.
Imagination's paper kite,
Unless the string is held in tight,
Whatever fits and starts it takes,
Soon bounces on the ground, and breaks.

You, placed afar from each extreme,
Nor dully drowse nor wildly dream,
But, ever flowing with good-humour,
Are bright as spring and warm as summer.
Mid your Penates not a word
Of scorn or ill-report is heard;
Nor is there any need to pull
A sheaf or truss from cart too full,
Lest it overload the horse, no doubt,
Or clog the road by falling out.
We, who surround a common table,
And imitate the fashionable,
Wear each two eye-glasses: *this* lens
Shows us our faults, *that* other men's.
We do not care how dim may be
This by whose aid our own we see
But, ever anxiously alert
That all may have their whole desert,
We would melt down the stars and sun
In our heart's furnace, to make one
Thro' which the enlighten'd world might spy
A mote upon a brother's eye.

CCXVII.

TO MAJOR-GENERAL W. NAPIER.

Napier! take up anew thy pen,
To mark the deeds of mighty men.
And whose more glorious canst thou trace
Than heroes of thy name and race?
No other house hath ever borne
So many of them to adorn
The annals of our native land
In virtue, wisdom, and command.
But foremost, and to thee most near,
Is he who vanquisht the Ameer.
And when before his feet was laid
By fallen power the thirteenth blade,
With every hilt more rich in gems

Than Europe's kingly diadems,
Then, and then only did he stoop
To take the spoils of victory up,
That he might render each again
To hands which wielded them in vain.
"Is this the race of Clive?" cried they:
"Did Hastings exercise such sway?"
They since have seen him rais'd not more
In pride or splendour than before,
And studious but to leave behind
The blessing of just laws to Scinde.
Therefore do thou, if health permit,
Add one page more to Holy Writ.
Such is the page wherein are shown
The fragments of a bloody throne,
And peace and happiness restor'd
By their old enemy the sword.
Hasten, my friend, the work begun,
For daily dimmer grows our sun,
And age, if farther off from thee,
Creeps on, though imperceptibly.
Some call him slow, some find him fast,
But all he overtakes at last,
Unless they run and will not wait,
But overleap life's flower-twined gate.
We may not leave the lighted town
Again to tread our turfy down,
Thence tracing Avon's misty white,
The latest object seiz'd by Night,
Nor part at Claverton when Jove
Is the sole star we see above;
Yet friends for evermore. If War
Had rear'd me a triumphal car,
Imperfect would have been my pride
Unless he plac'd thee close beside,
And shouts like these the skies might rend,
"See the brave man he chose for friend!"

CCXVIII.

TO MATHEW AND WOLFF.

Who are those men that pass us? men well-girt
For voyaging; of aspect meek, of breath
Ardent, of eyes that only look to heaven.
I must perforce abase before them mine,
Unworthy to behold them; I must check
Praise, which they would not from men's lip receive,
But that men call for it, throughout all lands,
Throughout all ages.
Hail, deliverers
From sin, from every other thraldom! Hail
Theobald! his true servant. Nor do thou
Suspend thy step, urged by God's voice, to press
Past Taurus, past the Caspian, past the groves
Of Samarcand, thrilling with Persian song,
To where Bokhara's noisome prisons hold
Indomitable hearts, to perish there
Unless thou save them: but thine too may rot
Beside them, whether timely or too late
Thou plungest into that deep well of woe.
Wolff! there was one who bore thy glorious name
Before thee; one who rais'd from foul disgrace
The British flag, and won the western world:
Brave man! and happy in his death! but thou
In life art happier nor less brave than he.
I will believe that Christianity
(Merciful God! forgive the manifold
Adulteries with her valets and her grooms,
Rank gardeners and wheezing manciples!)
Is now of service to the earth she curst
With frauds perpetual, intermittent fires,
And streams of blood that intersect the globe:
I will believe it: none shall kill my faith
While men like thee are with us. Kings conspire
Against their God, and raise up images
Arrayed in purple all befringed with gold,
For blindfold men to worship, and ordain

That flocks and herds and corn, nay, common grass,
Nay, what the rivers and the seas throw up,
Be laid before them for their revelry.
The twisted columns are grand ornaments;
Yet all their foliage, all their fruitage, lends
Support but feeble to the dome above.
Ye pass bareheaded under open heaven,
Under the torrid and the frozen sky,
To preach the word of truth, to snatch the soul
From death, the captive from his double chain:
Therefore be glory to you both on high,
On earth (what none so deeply sigh for) peace!

CCXIX.

TO JOHN KENYON.

So, Kenyon, thou lover of frolic and laughter,
We meet in a place where we never were sad.
But who knows what destiny waits us hereafter,
How little or much of the pleasures we had!

The leaves of perhaps our last autumn are falling;
Half-spent is the fire that may soon cease to burn;
How many are absent who heed not our calling!
Alas, and how many who can not return!

Now, ere you are one of them, puff from before you
The sighs and entreaties that sadden Torquay:
A score may cling round you, and one may adore you;
If so, the more reason to hurry away.

CCXX.

TO ROBERT BROWNING.

There is delight in singing, tho' none hear
Beside the singer; and there is delight
In praising, tho' the praiser sit alone
And see the prais'd far off him, far above.
Shakespeare is not our poet, but the world's,

Therefore on him no speech! and brief for thee,
Browning! Since Chaucer was alive and hale,
No man hath walkt along our roads with step
So active, so inquiring eye, or tongue
So varied in discourse. But warmer climes
Give brighter plumage, stronger wing: the breeze
Of Alpine highths thou playest with, borne on
Beyond Sorrento and Amalfi, where
The Siren waits thee, singing song for song.

CCXXI.

TO THE SISTER OF ELIA.

Comfort thee, O thou mourner, yet awhile!
Again shall Elia's smile
Refresh thy heart, where heart can ache no more.
What is it we deplore?

He leaves behind him, freed from griefs and years,
Far worthier things than tears.
The love of friends without a single foe:
Unequalled lot below!

His gentle soul, his genius, these are thine;
For these dost thou repine?
He may have left the lowly walks of men;
Left them he has; what then?

Are not his footsteps followed by the eyes
Of all the good and wise?
Tho' the warm day is over, yet they seek
Upon the lofty peak

Of his pure mind the roseate light that glows
O'er death's perennial snows.
Behold him! from the region of the blest
He speaks: he bids thee rest.

CCXXII.

TO JOSEPH ABLETT.

Lord of the Celtic dells,
Where Clwyd listens as his minstrel tells
Of Arthur, or Pendragon, or perchance
The plumes of flashy France,
Or, in dark region far across the main,
Far as Grenada in the world of Spain,

Warriors untold to Saxon ear,
Until their steel-clad spirits reappear ;
How happy were the hours that held
Thy friend (long absent from his native home)
Amid thy scenes with thee ! how wide a-field
From all past cares and all to come !

What hath Ambition's feverish grasp, what hath
Inconstant Fortune, panting Hope ;
What Genius, that should cope
With the heart-whispers in that path
Winding so idly, where the idler stream
Flings at the white-hair'd poplars gleam for gleam ?

Ablett, of all the days
My sixty summers ever knew,
Pleasant as there have been no few,
Memory not one surveys
Like those we spent together. Wisely spent
Are they alone that leave the soul content.

Together we have visited the men
Whom Pictish pirates vainly would [1] have drown'd ;
Ah, shall we ever clasp the hand again
That gave the British harp its truest sound ?
Live, Derwent's guest ! and thou by Grasmere springs !
Serene creators of immortal things.

[1 CCXX. l. 26. K. reads:
"Whom Scottish critics vainly would," &c.]

And live too thou for happier days
Whom Dryden's force and Spenser's fays
Have heart and soul possest:
Growl in grim London he who will,
Revisit thou Maiano's hill,
And swell with pride his sun-burnt breast.

Old Redi in his easy chair
With varied chant awaits thee there,
And here are voices in the grove
Aside my house, that make me think
Bacchus is coming down to drink
To Ariadne's love.

But whither am I borne away
From thee, to whom began my lay?
Courage! I am not yet quite lost;
I stept aside to greet my friends;
Believe me, soon the greeting ends,
I know but three or four at most.

Deem not that Time hath borne too hard
Upon the fortunes of thy bard,
Leaving me only three or four:
'Tis my old number; dost thou start
At such a tale? in what man's heart
Is there fireside for more?

I never courted friends or Fame;
She pouted at me long, at last she came,
And threw her arms around my neck and said,
"Take what hath been for years delay'd,
And fear not that the leaves will fall
One hour the earlier from thy coronal."

Ablett! thou knowest with what even hand
I waved away the offer'd seat
Among the clambering, clattering, stilted great,
The rulers of our land;

Nor crowds nor kings can lift me up,
Nor sweeten Pleasure's purer cup.

Thou knowest how, and why, are dear to me
My citron groves of Fiesole,
My chirping Affrico,* my beechwood nook,
My Naiads, with feet only in the brook,
Which runs away and giggles in their faces,
Yet there they sit, nor sigh for other places.

'Tis not Pelasgian wall,
By him made sacred whom alone
'Twere not profane to call
The bard divine, nor (thrown
Far under me) Valdarno, nor the crest
Of Vallombrosa in the crimson east.

Here can I sit or roam at will;
Few trouble me, few wish me ill,
Few come across me, few too near;
Here all my wishes make their stand;
Here ask I no one's voice or hand;
Scornful of favour, ignorant of fear.

Yon vine upon the maple bough
Flouts at the hearty wheat below;
Away her venal wines the wise man sends,
While those of lower stem he brings
From inmost treasure vault, and sings
Their worth and age among his chosen friends.

Behold our Earth,† most nigh the sun
Her zone least opens to the genial heat,

* Affrico. A little stream celebrated by Boccaccio, in his Ninfale, &c. To this place his Bella Brigáta retired, to relate the last stories of the Decameron. The Author's villa (formerly Count Gherardesca's, the representative of the unhappy Count Ugolino) stands directly above what was anciently the lake described there.

† It is calculated that the Earth is *two million seven hundred and fifty-four thousand miles* nearer to the sun in the shortest day than in the longest.

But farther off her veins more freely run:
'Tis thus with those who whirl about the great;
The nearest shrink and shiver, we remote
May open-breasted blow the pastoral oat.

CCXXIII.

TO EMMA ISOLA.

Etrurian domes, Pelasgian walls,
Sive fountains, with their nymphs around,
Terraced and citron-scented halls,
Skies smiling upon scented walls;

The giant Alps, averse to France,
Pant with impatient pride to those,
Calling the Briton to advance
Amid eternal rocks and snows.

I dare not bid him stay behind,
I dare not tell him where to see
The fairest form, the purest mind,
Ansomia! that ere sprang from thee.

CCXXIV.

TO A PAINTER.

Conceal not Time's misdeeds, but on my brow
Retrace his mark:
Let the retiring hair be silvery now
That once was dark:
Eyes that reflected images too bright
Let clouds o'ercast,
And from the tablet be abolisht quite
The cheerful past.
Yet Care's deep lines should one from waken'd Mirth
Steal softly o'er,
Perhaps on me the fairest of the Earth,
May glance once more.

CCXXV.

FOR AN EPITAPH AT FIESOLE.

Lo! where the four mimosas blend their shade
In calm repose at last is Landor laid,
For ere he slept he saw them planted here
By her his soul had ever held most dear,
And he had lived enough when he had dried her tear.

CCXXVI.

TO A BRIDE, FEB. 17, 1846.

A still, serene, soft day; enough of sun
To wreathe the cottage smoke like pine-tree snow,
Whiter than those white flowers the bride-maids wore;
Upon the silent boughs the lissom air
Rested; and, only when it went, they moved,
Nor more than under linnet springing off.
Such was the wedding morn: the joyous Year
Lept over March and April up to May.
Regent of rising and of ebbing hearts,
Thyself borne on in cool serenity,
All heaven around and bending over thee,
All earth below and watchful of thy course!
Well hast thou chosen, after long demur
To aspirations from more realms than one.
Peace be with those thou leavest! peace with thee!
Is that enough to wish thee? not enough,
But very much: for Love himself feels pain,
While brighter plumage shoots, to shed last year's;
And one at home (how dear that one!) recalls
Thy name, and thou recallest one at home.
Yet turn not back thine eyes; the hour of tears
Is over; nor believe thou that Romance
Closes against pure Faith her rich domain.
Shall only blossoms flourish there? Arise,
Far-sighted bride! look forward! clearer views
And higher hopes lie under calmer skies.

Fortune in vain call'd out to thee; in vain
Rays from high regions darted; Wit pour'd out
His sparkling treasures; Wisdom laid his crown
Of richer jewels at thy reckless feet.
Well hast thou chosen. I repeat the words,
Adding as true ones, not untold before,
That incense must have fire for its ascent,
Else 'tis inert and can not reach the idol.
Youth is the sole equivalent of youth.
Enjoy it while it lasts; and last it will;
Love can prolong it in despite of Years.

CCXXVII.

TO JOHN FORSTER.

Forster! whose zeal hath seiz'd each written page
That fell from me, and over many lands
Hath clear'd for me a broad and solid way,
Whence one more age, aye, haply more than one,
May be arrived at (all through thee), accept
No false or faint or perishable thanks.
From better men, and greater, friendship turn'd
Thy willing steps to me. From Eliot's cell
Death-dark, from Hampden's sadder battle-field,
From steadfast Cromwell's tribunitian throne,
Loftier than kings' supported knees could mount,
Hast thou departed with me, and hast climbed
Cecropian highths, and ploughed Ægean waves.
Therefore it never grieved me when I saw
That she who guards those regions and those seas
Hath lookt with eyes more gracious upon thee.
There are no few like that conspirator
Who, under prètext of power-worship, fell
At Cæsar's feet, only to hold him down
While others stabb'd him with repeated blows:
And there are more who fling light jibes, immerst
In gutter-filth, against the car that mounts
Weighty with triumph up the Sacred Way.

Protect in every place my stranger guests,
Born in the lucid land of free pure song,
Now first appearing on repulsive shores,
Bleak, and where safely none but natives move,
Red-poll'd, red-handed, siller-grasping men.
Ah! lead them far away, for they are used
To genial climes and gentle speech; but most
Cymodameia: warn the Tritons off
While she ascends, while through the opening plain
Of the green sea (brighten'd by bearing it)
Gushes redundantly her golden hair.

POEMS FROM PERICLES AND ASPASIA AND OTHER PROSE WORKS.

PERICLES TO ASPASIA.

Flower of Ionia's fertile plains,
Where Pleasure leagued with Virtue reigns,
Where the Pierian Maids of old,
Yea, long ere Ilion's tale was told,
Too pure, too sacred for our sight,
Descended with the silent night
To young Arctinus, and Mæander
Delay'd his course for Melesander!
If there be city on the earth
Proud in the children of her birth,
Wealth, science, beauty, story, song,
These to Miletus all belong.
To fix the diadem on his brow
For ever, one was wanting . . thou.

SOCRATES TO ASPASIA.

He who stole fire from heaven,
Long heav'd his bold and patient breast; 'twas riven
By the Caucasian bird and bolts of Jove.
Stolen that fire have I,
And am enchain'd to die
By every jealous Power that frowns above.

I call not upon thee again
To hear my vows and calm my pain,
Who sittest high enthron'd

Where Venus rolls her gladsome star,
Propitious Love! But thou disown'd
By sire and mother, whosoe'er they are,
Unblest in form and name, Despair!
Why dost thou follow that bright demon? why
His purest altar art thou always nigh?

ASPASIA TO SOCRATES.

O thou who sittest with the wise,
And searchest higher lore,
And openest regions to their eyes
Unvisited before!
I'd run to loose thee if I could,
Nor let the vulture taste thy blood.
But, pity! pity! Attic bee!
'Tis happiness forbidden me.

Despair is not for good or wise,
And should not be for love;
We all must bear our destinies
And bend to those above.
Birds flying o'er the stormy seas
Alight upon their proper trees.
Yet wisest men not always know
Where they should stop or whither go.

CORINNA TO TANAGRA.

From Athens.

Tanagra! think not I forget
Thy beautifully storied streets;
Be sure my memory bathes yet
In clear Thermodon, and yet greets
The blithe and liberal shepherd-boy,
Whose sunny bosom swells with joy
When we accept his matted rushes
Upheav'd with sylvan fruit; away he bounds, and blushes.

A gift I promise: one I see
Which thou with transport wilt receive,
The only proper gift for thee,
Of which no mortal shall bereave
In later times thy mouldering walls,
Until the last old turret falls;
A crown, a crown from Athens won,
A crown no God can wear, beside Latona's son.

There may be cities who refuse
To their own child the honours due,
And look ungently on the Muse;
But ever shall those cities rue
The dry, unyielding, niggard breast,
Offering no nourishment, no rest,
To that young head which soon shall rise
Disdainfully, in might and glory, to the skies.

Sweetly where cavern'd Dirce flows
Do white-arm'd maidens chaunt my lay,
Flapping the while with laurel-rose
The honey-gathering tribes away;
And sweetly, sweetly Attic tongues
Lisp your Corinna's early songs;
To her with feet more graceful come
The verses that have dwelt in kindred breasts at home.

O let thy children lean aslant
Against the tender mother's knee,
And gaze into her face, and want
To know what magic there can be
In words that urge some eyes to dance,
While others as in holy trance
Look up to heaven: be such my praise!
Why linger? I must haste, or lose the Delphic bays.

FROM MIMNERMUS.

I wish not Thasos rich in mines,
Nor Naxos girt around with vines,

Nor Crete nor Samos, the abodes
Of those who govern men and gods,
Nor wider Lydia, where the sound
Of tymbrels shakes the thymy ground,
And with white feet and with hoofs cloven
The dedal dance is spun and woven:
Meanwhile each prying younger thing
Is sent for water to the spring,
Under where red Priapus rears
His club amid the junipers.
In this whole world enough for me
Is any spot the Gods decree;
Albeit the pious and the wise
Would tarry where, like mulberries,
In the first hour of ripeness fall
The tender creatures one and all.
To take what falls with even mind
Jove wills, and we must be resign'd.

HEGEMON TO PRAXINOE.

Is there any season, O my soul,
When the sources of bitter tears dry up,
And the uprooted flowers take their places again
Along the torrent bed?

Could I wish to live, it would be for that season,
To repose my limbs and press my temples there.
But should I not speedily start away
In the hope to trace and follow thy steps!

Thou art gone, thou art gone, Praxinöe!
And hast taken far from me thy lovely youth,
Leaving me naught that was desirable in mine.
Alas! alas! what hast thou left me?

The helplessness of childhood, the solitude of age,
The laughter of the happy, the pity of the scorner,
A colourless and broken shadow am I,
Seen glancing in troubled waters.

My thoughts too are scattered; thou hast cast them off;
They beat against thee, they would cling to thee,
But they are viler than the loose dark weeds,
  Without a place to root or rest in.

I would throw them across my lyre; they drop from it;
My lyre will sound only two measures;
That Pity will never, never come,
  Or come to the sleep that awakeneth not unto her.

FROM MYRTIS.

  Artemia, while Arion sighs,
Raising her white and taper finger,
Pretends to loose, yet makes to linger,
  The ivy that o'ershades her eyes.

  "Wait, or you shall not have the kiss,"
Says she; but he, on wing to pleasure,
"Are there not other hours for leisure?
  For love is any hour like this?"

  Artemia! faintly thou respondest,
As falsely deems that fiery youth;
A God there is who knows the truth,
  A God who tells me which is fondest.

TO EROS.

Tell me (if ever, Eros! are reveal'd
Thy secrets to the earth) have they been true
To any love who speak about the first?
What! shall these holier lights, like twinkling stars
In the few hours assign'd them, change their place,
And, when comes ampler splendour, disappear?
Idler I am, and pardon, not reply,
Implore from thee, thus questioned; well I know
Thou strikest, like Olympian Jove, but once.

THE DEATH OF ARTEMIDORA.

"Artemidora! Gods invisible,
While thou art lying faint along the couch,
Have tied the sandal to thy veined feet,
And stand beside thee, ready to convey
Thy weary steps where other rivers flow.
Refreshing shades will waft thy weariness
Away, and voices like thine own come nigh,
Soliciting, nor vainly, thy embrace."
Artemidora sighed, and would have press'd
The hand now pressing hers, but was too weak.
Fate's shears were over her dark hair unseen
While thus Elpenor spake: he look'd into
Eyes that had given light and life erewhile
To those above them, those now dim with tears
And watchfulness. Again he spake of joy
Eternal. At that word, that sad word, *joy*,
Faithful and fond her bosom heav'd once more,
Her head fell back: one sob, one loud deep sob
Swell'd through the darken'd chamber; 'twas not hers:
With her that old boat incorruptible,
Unwearied, undiverted in its course,
Had plash'd the water up the farther strand.

ALETHEIA TO PHRAORTES.

Phraortes! where art thou?
The flames were panting after us, their darts
Had pierced to many hearts
Before the Gods, who heard nor prayer nor vow;

Temples had sunk to earth, and other smoke
O'er riven altars broke
Than curled from myrrh and nard,
When like a God among
Arm'd hosts and unarm'd throng
Thee I discern'd, implored, and caught one brief regard.

Thou passest: from thy side
Sudden two bowmen ride
And hurry me away.
Thou and all hope were gone . .
They loos'd me . . and alone
In a closed tent 'mid gory arms I lay.

How did my tears then burn
When, dreading thy return,
Behold thee reappear!
Nor helm nor sword nor spear . .

In violet gold-hemm'd vest
Thou camest forth; too soon!
Fallen at thy feet, claspt to thy breast,
I struggle, sob, and swoon.

"O send me to my mother! bid her come
And take my last farewell!
One blow! . . enough for both . . one tomb . .
'Tis there *our* happy dwell."

Thou orderest: call'd and gone
At once they are who breathe for thy command.
Thou stoodest nigh me, soothing every moan,
And pressing in both thine my hand.

Then, and then only, when it tore
My hair to hide my face;
And gently did thy own bend o'er
The abject head war-doomed to dire disgrace.

Ionian was thy tongue,
And when thou badest me to raise
That head, nor fear in aught thy gaze,
I dared look up . . but dared not long.

"Wait, maiden, wait! if none are here
Bearing a charm to charm a tear,

There may (who knows?) be found at last
Some solace for the sorrow past."

My mother, ere the sounds had ceas'd,
Burst in, and drew me down:
Her joy o'erpowered us both, her breast
Covered lost friends and ruin'd town.

Sweet thought! but yielding now
To many harsher! By what blow
Art thou dissevered from me? War,
That hath career'd too far,
Closeth his pinions. "Come, Phraortes, come
To thy fond friends at home!"

Thus beckons Love. Away then, wishes wild!
O may thy mother be as blest
As one whose eyes will sink to rest
Blessing thee for her rescued child!

Ungenerous still my heart must be:
Throughout the young and festive train
Which thou revisitest again
May none be happier (this I fear) than she!

TO ARDALIA.

Life passes not as some men say,
If you will only urge his stay,
And treat him kindly all the while.
He flies the dizzy strife of towns,
Cowers before thunder-bearing frowns,
But freshens up again at song and smile.

Ardalia! we will place him here,
And promise that nor sigh nor tear
Shall ever trouble his repose.
What precious zeal will you impress
To ratify his happiness?
That rose thro' which you breathe? Come, bring that rose.

WAR.

War is it, O grave heads! that ye
With stern and stately pomp decree?
Inviting all the Gods from far
To join you in the game of war!
Have ye then lived so many years
To find no purer joy than tears?
And seek ye now the highest good
In strife, in anguish, and in blood?
Your wisdom may be more than ours,
But you have spent your golden hours,
And have methinks but little right
To make the happier fret and fight.
Ah! when will come the calmer day
When these dark clouds shall pass away?
When (should two cities disagree)
The young, the beauteous, and the free,
Rushing with all their force, shall meet
And struggle with embraces sweet,
Till they who may have suffer'd most
Give in, and own the battle lost.

CUPID TEARING A ROSE-BUD.

Ah, Cupid! Cupid! let alone
That bud above the rest:
The Graces wear it in their zone,
Thy mother on her breast.
Does it not grieve thee to destroy
So beautiful a flower?
If thou must do it, cruel boy,
Far distant be the hour!
If the sweet bloom (so tinged with fire
From thy own torch) must die,
Let it, O generous Love! expire
Beneath a lover's sigh.

A FAUN TO ERIOPIS.

Tell me, Eriopis, why
Lies in shade that languid eye?
Hast thou caught the hunter's shout
Far from Dian, and without
Any sister nymph to say
Whither leads the downward way?
Trust me: never be afraid
Of thy Faun, my little maid!
He will never call thee *Dear*,
Press thy finger, pinch thy ear,
To admire it overspread
Swiftly with pellucid red,
Nor shall broad and slender feet
Under fruit-laid table meet.
Doth not he already know
All thy wandering, all thy woe.
Come! to weep is now in vain
I will lead thee back again.
Slight and harmless was the slip
That but soil'd the sadden'd lip.
Now the place is shown to me
Peace and safety shall there be.

CLEONE TO ASPASIA.

We mind not how the sun in the mid-sky
Is hastening on; but when the golden orb
Strikes the extreme of earth, and when the gulfs
Of air and ocean open to receive him,
Dampness and gloom invade us: then we think,
Ah! thus is it with Youth. Too fast his feet
Run on for sight; hour follows hour; fair maid
Succeeds fair maid; bright eyes bestar his couch;
The cheerful horn awakens him; the feast,
The revel, the entangling dance allure,
And voices mellower than the Muse's own
Heave up his buoyant bosom on their wave.
A little while and then . . Ah, Youth! dear Youth!

Listen not to my words . . but stay with me!
When thou art gone, Life may go too; the sigh
That follows is for thee, and not for Life.

THE IAMBICS OF HEPHÆSTION.

Speak not too ill of me, Athenian friends!
Nor ye, Athenian sages, speak too ill!
From others of all tribes am I secure.
I leave your confines: none whom you caress,
Finding me hungry and athirst, shall dip
Into Cephisus the grey bowl to quench
My thirst, or break the horny bread, and scoop
Stiffly around the scanty vase, wherewith
To gather the hard honey at the sides,
And give it me for having heard me sing.
Sages and friends! a better cause remains
For wishing no black sail upon my mast.
'Tis, friends and sages! lest, when other men
Say words a little gentler, ye repent,
Yet be forbidden by stern pride to share
The golden cup of kindness, pushing back
Your seats, and gasping for a draught of scorn.
Alas! shall this too, never lack'd before,
Be, when you most would crave it, out of reach!
Thus on the plank, now Neptune is invoked,
I warn you of your peril! I *must* live,
And ye, O friends! howe'er unwilling, *may*.

TO PERILLA.

Perilla! to thy fates resign'd,
Think not what years are gone:
While Atalanta lookt behind
The golden fruit roll'd on.

Albeit a mother may have lost
The plaything at her breast,
Albeit the one she cherisht most,
It but endears the rest.

Youth, my Perilla, clings on Hope,
And looks into the skies

For brighter day; she fears to cope
With grief, she shrinks at sighs.

Why should the memory of the past
Make you and me complain?
Come, as we could not hold it fast,
We'll play it o'er again.

FROM ALCAEUS.

Wormwood and rue be on his tongue
And ashes on his head,
Who chills the feast and checks the song
With emblems of the dead!

By young and jovial, wise and brave,
Such mummers are derided.
His sacred rites shall Bacchus have,
Unspared and undivided.

Coucht by my friends, I fear no mask
Impending from above,
I only fear the latter flask
That holds me from my love.

ON AGE.

Pleasures! away; they please no more.
Friends! are they what they were before?
Loves! they are very idle things,
The best about them are their wings.
The dance! 'tis what the bear can do;
Music; I hate your music too.

Whene'er these witnesses that Time
Hath snatcht the chaplet from our prime,
Are call'd by Nature, as we go
With eye more wary, step more slow,
And will be heard and noted down,

However we may fret or frown,
Shall we desire to leave the scene
Where all our former joys have been?
No, 'twere ungrateful and unwise!
But when die down our charities
For human weal and human woes,
This is the time our eyes should close.

ODE TO MILETUS.

Maiden there was whom Jove
Illuded into love,
Happy and pure was she;
Glorious from her the shore became,
And Helle lifted up her name
To shine eternal o'er the river-sea.

And many tears are shed
Upon thy bridal-bed,
Star of the swimmer in the lonely night!
Who with unbraided hair
Wipedst a breast so fair,
Bounding with toil, more bounding with delight.

But they whose prow hath past thy straits
And, ranged before Byzantion's gates,
Bring to the God of Sea the victim due.
Even from the altar raise their eyes,
And drop the chalice with surprise,
And at such grandeur have forgotten you.

At last there swells the hymn of praise,
And who inspires those sacred lays?
"The founder of the walls ye see."
What human power could elevate
Those walls, that citadel, that gate?
"Miletus, O my sons! was he."

Hail then, Miletus! hail, beloved town,
Parent of me and mine!
But let not power alone be thy renown,
Nor chiefs of ancient line,

Nor visits of the Gods, unless
They leave their thoughts below,
And teach us that we most should bless
Those to whom most we owe.

Restless is Wealth; the nerves of Power
Sink, as a lute's in rain;
The Gods lend only for an hour
And then call back again

All else than Wisdom; she alone,
In Truth's or Virtue's form,
Descending from the starry throne
Thro' radiance and thro' storm,

Remains as long as godlike men
Afford her audience meet,
Nor Time nor War tread down again
The traces of her feet.

Always hast thou, Miletus, been the friend,
Protector, guardian, father, of the wise;
Therefore shall thy dominion never end
Till Fame, despoil'd of voice and pinion, dies.

With favouring shouts and flowers thrown fast behind,
Arctinos ran his race,
No wanderer he, alone and blind . .
And Melesander was untorn by Thrace.

There have been, but not here,
Rich men who swept aside the royal feast
On child's or bondman's breast,
Bidding the wise and aged disappear.

Revere the aged and the wise,
Aspasia! but thy sandal is not worn
To trample on these things of scorn;
By his own sting the fire-bound scorpion dies.

ERINNA TO LOVE.

Who breathes to thee the holiest prayer,
O love! is ever least thy care.
Alas! I may not ask thee why 'tis so . .
Because a fiery scroll I see
Hung at the throne of Destiny,
Reason with Love and register with Woe.

Few question thee, for thou art strong,
And, laughing loud at right and wrong,
Seizest, and dashest down, the rich, the poor;
Thy sceptre's iron studs alike
The meaner and the prouder strike,
And wise and simple fear thee and adore.

SAPPHO TO HESPERUS.

I have beheld thee in the morning hour
A solitary star, with thankless eyes,
Ungrateful as I am! who bade thee rise
When sleep all night had wandered from my bower.

Can it be true that thou art he
Who shinest now above the sea
Amid a thousand, but more bright?
Ah yes, the very same art thou
That heard me then, and hearest now . .
Thou seemest, star of love! to throb with light.

TO HESPERUS.

Hesperus, hail! thy winking light
Best befriends the lover,

Whom the sadder Moon for spite
Gladly would discover.

Thou art fairer far than she,
Fairer far and chaster:
She may guess who smiled on me,
I know who embraced her.

Pan of Arcady . . 'twas Pan,
In the tamarisk bushes . .
Bid her tell thee, if she can,
Where were then her blushes.

And, were I inclined to tattle,
I could name a second,
Whom asleep with sleeping cattle
To her cave she beckon'd.

Hesperus, hail! thy friendly ray
Watches o'er the lover,
Lest the nodding leaves betray,
Lest the Moon discover.

Phryne heard my kisses given
Acte's rival bosom . .
'*Twas the buds*, I swore my heaven,
Bursting into blossom.

What she heard, and half espied
By the gleam, she doubted,
And with arms uplifted, cried
How they must have sprouted!

Hesperus, hail again! thy light
Best befriends the lover,
Whom the sadder Moon for spite
Gladly would discover.

TO PYRRHA.

Pyrrha! your smiles are gleams of sun
That after one another run
Incessantly, and think it fun.

Pyrrha! your tears are short sweet rain
That glimmering on the flower-lit plain
Zephyrs kiss back to heaven again.

Pyrrha! both anguish me: do please
To shed but (if you wish me ease)
Twenty of those, and two of these.

TO MY CHILD CARLINO.

Carlino! What art thou about, my boy?
Often I ask that question, though in vain,
For we are far apart: ah! therefore 'tis
I often ask it; not in such a tone
As wiser fathers do, who know too well.
Were we not children, you and I together?
Stole we not glances from each other's eyes?
Swore we not secrecy in such misdeeds?
Well could we trust each other. Tell me then
What thou art doing. Carving out thy name,
Or haply mine, upon my favourite seat,
With the new knife I sent thee over sea?
Or hast thou broken it, and hid the hilt
Among the myrtles, starred with flowers, behind?
Or under that high throne whence fifty lilies
(With sworded tuberoses dense around)
Lift up their heads at once, not without fear
That they were looking at thee all the while.

Does Cincirollo follow thee about?
Inverting one swart foot suspensively,
And wagging his dread jaw at every chirp

Of bird above him on the olive-branch ?
Frighten him then away ! 'twas he who slew
Our pigeons, our white pigeons, peacock tailed,
That fear'd not you and me . . . alas, nor him !
I flattened his stripped sides along my knee,
And reasoned with him on his bloody mind,
Till he looked blandly, and half closed his eyes
To ponder on my lecture in the shade.
I doubt his memory much, his heart a little,
And in some minor matters (may I say it ?)
Could wish him rather sager. But from thee
God hold back wisdom yet for many years
Whether in early season or in late
It always comes high priced. For thy pure breast
I have no lesson ; it for me has many.
Come throw it open then ! What sports, what cares
(Since there are none too young for these) engage
Thy busy thoughts ? Are you again at work,
Walter and you, with those sly labourers,
Geppo, Giovanni, Cecco, and Poeta,
To build more solidly your broken dam
Among the poplars, whence the nightingale
Inquisitively watch'd you all day long ?
I was not of your council in the scheme,
Or might have saved you silver without end,
And sighs too without number. Art thou gone
Below the mulberry, where that cool pool
Urged to devise a warmer, and more fit
For mighty swimmers, swimming three abreast ?
Or art thou panting in this summer noon
Upon the lowest step before the hall,
Drawing a slice of water-melon, long
As Cupid's bow, athwart thy wetted lips
(Like one who plays Pan's pipe) and letting drop
The sable seeds from all their separate cells,
And leaving bays profound and rocks abrupt
Redder than coral round Calypso's cave.

INVOCATION TO SLEEP.

Sleep! who contractest the waste realms of Night,
None like the wretched can extol thy powers:
We think of thee when thou art far away,
We hold thee dearer than the light of day,
And most when Love forsakes us wish thee ours:
Oh hither bend thy flight!

Silent and welcome as the blessed shade
Alcestis to the dark Thessalian hall,
When Hercules and Death and Hell obey'd
Her husband's desolate despondent call.

What fiend would persecute thee, gentle Sleep,
Or beckon thee aside from man's distress?
Needless it were to warn thee of the stings
That pierce my pillow, now those waxen wings
Which bore me to the sun of happiness,
Have dropp'd into the deep.

Afar behind is gusty March!
Again beneath a wider arch
The birds, that fear'd grim winter, fly:
O'er every pathway trip along
Light feet, more light with frolic song,
And eyes glance back, they know not why.

Say, who is that of leaf so rank,
Pushing the violet down the bank
With hearted spearhead glossy-green?
And why that changeface mural box
Points at the myrtle, whom he mocks,
Regardless what her cheer hath been?

The fennel waves her tender plume;
Mezereons cloth'd with thick perfume,
And almonds, urge the lagging leaf:

Ha! and so long then have I stood
And not observ'd thee, modest bud,
Wherefrom will rise their lawful chief!

Oh never say it, if perchance
Thou crown the cup or join the dance,
Neither in anger nor in sport;
For Pleasure then would pass me by,
The Graces look ungraciously,
Love frown, and drive me from his court.

POET AND LADY.

Poet. Thus do you sit and break the flow'rs
That might have lived a few short hours,
And lived for you! Love, who o'erpowers
My youth and me,
Shows me the petals idly shed,
Shows me my hopes as early dead,
In vain, in vain admonishèd
By all I see.
Lady. And thus you while the noon away,
Watching me strip my flowers of gay
Apparel, just put on for May,
And soon laid by!
Cannot you teach me one or two
Fine phrases? If you can, pray do,
Since *you* are grown too wise to woo,
To listen I.
Poet. Lady, I come not here to teach,
But learn, the moods of gentle speech;
Alas! too far beyond my reach
Are happier strains.
Many frail leaves shall yet lie pull'd,
Many frail hopes in death-bed lull'd,
Or ere this outcast heart be school'd
By all its pains.

FROM
THE LAST FRUIT OFF AN OLD TREE.

I strove with none; for none was worth my strife,
Nature I loved, and next to Nature, Art;
I warmed both hands before the fire of life,
It sinks and I am ready to depart.

I.

ON CATULLUS.

Tell me not what too well I know
About the bard of Sirmio . .
Yes, in Thalia's son
Such stains there are . . as when a Grace
Sprinkles another's laughing face
With nectar, and runs on.

II.

There falls with every wedding chime
A feather from the wing of Time.
You pick it up, and say "How fair
To look upon its colours are!"
Another drops day after day
Unheeded; not one word you say.
When bright and dusky are blown past,
Upon the hearse there nods the last.

III.

I entreat you, Alfred Tennyson,
Come and share my haunch of venison.
I have too a bin of claret,
Good, but better when you share it.
Tho' 'tis only a small bin,
There 's a stock of it within.
And as sure as I 'm a rhymer,
Half a butt of Rudesheimer.
Come; among the sons of men is one
Welcomer than Alfred Tennyson?

IV.

Fair Love! and fairer Hope! we play'd together,
When we were little ones, for many a day,
Sometimes in fine, sometimes in gloomier weather:
Is it not hard to part so soon in May?

V.

Love flies with bow unstrung when Time appears,
And trembles at the assault of heavy years;
A few bright feathers bear him on his flight
Quite beyond call, but not forgotten quite.

VI.

Thou needst not pitch upon my hat,
Thou wither'd leaf! to show how near
Is now the winter of my year;
Alas! I want no hint of that.

Prythee, ah prythee get along!
Whisper as gently in the ear,
I once could whisper in, to fear
No change, but live for dance and song.

VII.

Stop, stop, friend Cogan! would you throw
That tooth away? You little know
Its future: that which now you see
A sinner's, an old saint's may be,
And popes may bless it in a ring
To charm the conscience of some king.

VIII.

YOUNG.

Thou dreariest droll of puffy short-breath'd writers!
All thy *night-thoughts* and day-thoughts hung on mitres.

IX.

Here lies our honest friend Sam Parr,
A better man than most men are.
So learned, he could well dispense
Sometimes with merely common sense:
So voluble, so eloquent,
You little heeded what he meant:
So generous, he could spare a word
To throw at Warburton or Hurd:
So loving, every village-maid
Sought his caresses, tho' afraid.

X.

Blythe bell, that calls to bridal halls,
Tolls deep a darker day;
The very shower that feeds the flower
Weeps also its decay.

XI.

TO AN OLD MULBERRY TREE.

Old mulberry! with all thy moss around,
Thy arms are shatter'd, but thy heart is sound:

So then remember one for whom of yore
Thy tenderest boughs the crimson berry bore;
Remember one who, trusting in thy strength,
Lay on the low and level branch full length.
No strength has he, alas! to climb it now,
Nor strength to bear him, if he had, hast thou.

XII.

In port, beyond the swell of winds and tides,
My little skiff the *Independence* rides.
Scanty, tho' strong and hearty is her crew,
So, come aboard; she can find room for *you*.

XIII.

THE DUKE OF YORK'S STATUE.

Enduring is the bust of bronze,
And thine, O flower of George's sons,
Stands high above all laws and duns.

As honest men as ever cart
Convey'd to Tyburn took thy part
And raised thee up to where thou art.

XIV.

Ireland never was contented . .
Say you so? you are demented.
Ireland was contented when
All could use the sword and pen,
And when Tara rose so high
That her turrets split the sky,
And about her courts were seen
Liveried Angels robed in green,
Wearing, by St Patrick's bounty,
Emeralds big as half a county.

XV.

There is a time when the romance of life
Should be shut up, and closed with double clasp:
Better that this be done before the dust
That none can blow away falls into it.

XVI.

In summer when the sun's mad horses pass
  Thro' more than half the heavens, we sink to rest
In Italy, nor tread the crackling grass,
  But wait until they plunge into the west:
And could not you, Mazzini! wait awhile?
  The grass is wither'd, but shall spring again;
The Gods, who frown on Italy, will smile
  As in old times, and men once more be men.

XVII.

God scatters beauty as he scatters flowers
O'er the wide earth, and tells us all are ours.
A hundred lights in every temple burn,
And at each shrine I bend my knee in turn.

XVIII.

THE DEATH OF MADAME ROLAND.

Genius and Virtue! dismal was the dearth
  Ye saw throughout all France when ye lookt down.
In the wide waste of blood-besprinkled earth,
  There was but one great soul, and that had flown.

XIX.

Death stands above me, whispering low
  I know not what into my ear:
Of his strange language all I know
  Is, there is not a word of fear.

XX.

ROSE AYLMER'S HAIR, GIVEN BY HER SISTER.

Beautiful spoils! borne off from vanquisht death!
Upon my heart's high altar shall ye lie,
Moved but by only one adorer's breath,
Retaining youth, rewarding constancy.

XXI.

THE ONE GRAVE.

Though other friends have died in other days,
One grave there is where memory sinks and stays.

XXII.

Come forth, old lion, from thy den,
Come, be the gaze of idle men,
Old lion, shake thy mane and growl,
Or they will take thee for an owl.

XXIII.

Strike with Thor's hammer, strike again
The skulking heads of half-form'd men,
And every northern God shall smile
Upon thy well-aim'd blow, Carlyle!

XXIV.

ON SOUTHEY'S BIRTHDAY, NOV. 4.

No Angel borne on whiter wing
Hath visited the sons of men,
Teaching the song they ought to sing
And guiding right the unsteady pen.
Recorded not on earth alone,
O Southey! is thy natal day,
But there where stands the choral throne
Show us thy light and point the way.

XXV.

O wretched despicable slaves,
Accomplices and dupes of knaves!
The cut-throat uncle laid ye low,
The cut-purse nephew gags ye now.
Behold at last due vengeance come
For the brave men ye slew at Rome.

XXVI.

There are some tears that only brave men shed,
The rest are common to the human race.
The cause of Hungary when Kossuth pled
Such tears as his roll'd down the sternest face.

Girls wonder'd, by the side of youths who loved,
Why they had never wept until that hour;
Tender they knew those hearts, but never moved
As then. Love own'd there was one greater power.

XXVII.

The fault is not mine if I love you too much,
I loved you too little too long,
Such ever your graces, your tenderness such,
And the music the heart gave the tongue.

A time is now coming when Love must be gone,
Tho' he never abandon'd me yet.
Acknowledge our friendship, our passion disown,
Our follies (ah can you?) forget.

XXVIII.

TO A CHILD.

Pout not, my little Rose, but take
With dimpled fingers, cool and soft,
This posy, when thou art awake . .
Mama has worn my posies oft:

This is the first I offer thee,
Sweet baby! many more shall rise
From trembling hand, from bended knee,
Mid hopes and fears, mid doubts and sighs.

Before that hour my eyes will close;
But grant me, Heaven, this one desire . .
In mercy! may my little Rose
Never be grafted on a briar.

XXIX.

Rest of my heart! no verse can tell
My blissful pride, beloved by you;
Yet could I love you half so well
Unless you once had grieved me too?

XXX.

The Wine is murmuring in the gloom,
Because he feels that Spring is come
To gladden everything outside . .
To wing the dove to meet his bride,
And not disdainfully to pass
Even the snail along the grass;
Because he feels that on the slope
Of his own hill the vine-flowers ope;
Because he feels that never more
Will earth or heaven *his* past restore.
He beats against the ribs of iron
Which him and all his strength environ;
He murmurs, swells, and beats again,
But murmurs, swells, and beats in vain.
"*Why think about it?*" Need I say,
Remembering one sweet hour last May?
We think and feel ('twas *your* remark)
Then most when all around is dark.

XXXI.

NIL ADMIRARI, ETC.

Horace and Creech!
Thus do ye teach?
What idle speech!

Pope! and could you
Sanction it too?
'Twill never do.

One idle pen
Writes it, and ten
Write it again.

Sages require
Much to admire,
Nought to desire.

God! grant thou me
Nature to see
Admiringly.

Lo! how the wise
Read in her eyes
Thy mysteries!

XXXII.

JUNE '51.

Versailles! Versailles! thou shalt not keep
Her whom this heart yet holds most dear:
In her own country she shall sleep;
Her epitaph be graven here.

XXXIII.

TO THE COUNTESS DE MOLANDÈ.

I wonder not that Youth remains
With you, wherever else she flies:
Where could she find such fair domains,
Where bask beneath such sunny eyes?

XXXIV.

YOUTH.

The days of our youth are not over while sadness
Chills never, and seldom o'ershadows, the heart;
While Friendship is crowning the banquet of Gladness
And bids us be seated and offers us part;
While the swift-spoken *when?* and the slowly-breath'd *hush!*
Make us half-love the maiden and half-hate the lover,
And feel too what is or what should be a blush . .
Believe me, the days of our youth are not over.

VARIOUS.

XXXV.

It was a dream (ah! what is not a dream?)
In which I wander'd thro' a boundless space
Peopled by those that peopled earth erewhile.
But who conducted me? That gentle Power,
Gentle as Death, Death's brother. On his brow
Some have seen poppies; and perhaps among
The many flowers about his wavy curls
Poppies there might be; roses I am sure
I saw, and dimmer amaranths between.
Lightly I thought I lept across a grave
Smelling of cool fresh turf, and sweet it smelt.
I would, but must not linger; I must on,
To tell my dream before forgetfulness
Sweeps it away, or breaks or changes it.
I was among the Shades (if Shades they were)
And lookt around me for some friendly hand
To guide me on my way, and tell me all
That compast me around. I wisht to find
One no less firm or ready than the guide
Of Alighieri, trustier far than he,
Higher in intellect, more conversant
With earth and heaven and whatso lies between.
He stood before me . . Southey.
"Thou art he,"
Said I, "whom I was wishing."
"That I know,"
Replied the genial voice and radiant eye.
"We may be question'd, question we may not;
For that might cause to bubble forth again
Some bitter spring which crost the pleasantest
And shadiest of our paths."
"I do not ask,"
Said I, "about your happiness; I see
The same serenity as when we walkt

Along the downs of Clifton. Fifty years
Have roll'd behind us since that summer-tide,
Nor thirty fewer since along the lake
Of Lario, to Bellaggio villa-crown'd,
Thro' the crisp waves I urged my sideling bark,
Amid sweet salutation off the shore
From lordly Milan's proudly courteous dames."
"Landor! I well remember it," said he,
"I had just lost my first-born only boy,
And then the heart is tender; lightest things
Sink into it, and dwell there evermore."
The words were not yet spoken when the air
Blew balmier; and around the parent's neck
An Angel threw his arms: it was that son.
"Father! I felt you wisht me," said the boy,
"Behold me here!"
Gentle the sire's embrace,
Gentle his tone. "See here your father's friend!"
He gazed into my face, then meekly said
"He whom my father loves hath his reward
On earth; a richer one awaits him here."

XXXVI.

LOSS OF MEMORY.

Memory! thou hidest from me far,
Hidest behind some twinkling star
Which peers o'er Pindus, or whose beam
Crosses that broad and rapid stream
Where Zeus in wily whiteness shone
And Leda left her virgin zone.
Often I catch thy glimpses still
By that clear river, that lone hill,
But seldom dost thou softly glide
To take thy station at my side,
When later friends and forms are near;
From these thy traces disappear,
And scarce a name can I recall
Of those I value most of all.

At times thou hurriest me away,
And, pointing out an earlier day,
Biddest me listen to a song
I ought to have forgotten long:
Then, looking up, I see above
The plumage of departing Love,
And when I cry, *Art thou too gone?*
He laughs at me and passes on.
Some images (alas how few!)
Still sparkle in the evening dew
Along my path: and must they quite
Vanish before a deeper night?
Keep one, O Memory! yet awhile,
And let me think I see it smile.

XXXVII.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

Gale of the night our fathers call'd thee, bird!
Surely not rude were they who call'd thee so,
Whether mid spring-tide mirth thy song they heard
Or whether its soft gurgle melted woe.

They knew not, heeded not, that every clime
Hath been attemper'd by thy minstrelsy;
They knew not, heeded not, from earliest time
How every poet's nest was warm'd by thee.

In Paradise's unpolluted bowers
Did Milton listen to thy freshest strain;
In his own night didst thou assuage the hours
When Crime and Tyranny were crown'd again.

Melodious Shelley caught thy softest song,
And they who heard his music heard not thine
Gentle and joyous, delicate and strong,
From the far tomb his voice shall silence mine.

XXXVIII.

ROLAND.

When she whose glory casts in shade
France and her best and bravest, was convey'd
Thither where all worth praise had bled,
An aged man in the same car was led
To the same end. The only way,
Roland! to soothe his fear didst thou essay.
"O sir! indeed you must not see
The blood that is about to flow from me.
Mount first these steps. A mother torn
From her one child worse pangs each day hath borne."
He trembled . . but obey'd the word . .
Then sprang she up and met the reeking sword.

XXXIX.

CORDAY.

Hearts must not sink at seeing Law lie dead;
No, Corday, no;
Else Justice had not crown'd in heaven thy head
Profaned below.

Three women France hath borne, each greater far
Than all her men,
And greater many were than any are
At sword or pen.

Corneille, the first among Gaul's rhymer race
Whose soul was free,
Descends from his high station, proud to trace
His line in thee.

XL.

JANE OF ARC.

O Maid of *Arc!* why dare I not to say
Of *Orleans?* There thro' flames thy glory shone.

Accursed, thrice accursed, be the day
When English tongues could mock thy parting groan.

With Saints and Angels art thou seated now,
And with true-hearted patriots, host more rare!
To thine is bent in love a Milton's brow,
With many a Demon under . . and Voltaire.

XLI.

ON THE STATUE OF EBENEZER ELLIOTT BY NEVILLE BURNARD, ORDERED BY THE WORKING MEN OF SHEFFIELD.

Glory to those who give it! who erect
The bronze and marble, not where frothy tongue
Or bloody hand points out, no, but where God
Ordains the humble to walk forth before
The humble, and mount higher than the high.
Wisely, O Sheffield, wisely hast thou done
To place thy Elliott on the plinth of fame,
Wisely hast chosen for that solemn deed
One like himself, born where no mother's love
Wrapt purple round him, nor rang golden bells,
Pendent from Libyan coral, in his ear,
To catch a smile or calm a petulance,
Nor tickled downy scalp with Belgic lace;
But whom strong Genius took from Poverty
And said, *Rise, mother, and behold thy child!*
She rose, and Pride rose with her, but was mute.
Three Elliotts there have been, three glorious men
Each in his generation. One was doom'd
By Despotism and Prelaty to pine
In the damp dungeon, and to die for Law,
Rackt by slow tortures ere he reacht the grave.*
A second hurl'd his thunderbolt and flame
When Gaul and Spaniard moor'd their pinnaces,
Screaming defiance at Gibraltar's frown,

* See Forster's "Life of Eliot."

Until one moment more, and other screams
And other writhings rose above the wave,
From sails afire and hissing where they fell,
And men half burnt along the buoyant mast.
A third came calmly on, and askt the rich
To give laborious hunger daily bread,
As they in childhood had been taught to pray
By God's own Son, and sometimes have prayed since.
God heard; but they heard not: God sent down bread;
They took it, kept it all, and cried for more,
Hollowing both hands to catch and clutch the crumbs.
I may not live to hear another voice,
Elliott, of power to penetrate, as thine,
Dense multitudes; another none may see
Leading the Muses from unthrifty shades
To fields where corn gladdens the heart of Man,
And where the trumpet with defiant blast
Blows in the face of War, and yields to Peace.
Therefore take thou these leaves . . fresh, firm, tho' scant
To crown the City that crowns thee her son.
She must decay; Toledo hath decayed;
Ebro hath half-forgotten what bright arms
Flasht on his waters, what high dames adorn'd
The baldric, what torn flags o'erhung the aisle,
What parting gift the ransom'd knight exchanged.
But louder than the anvil rings the lyre;
And thine hath raised another city's wall
In solid strength to a proud eminence,
Which neither conqueror, crushing braver men,
Nor time, o'ercoming conqueror, can destroy.
So now, ennobled by thy birth, to thee
She lifts, with pious love, the thoughtful stone.
Genius is tired in search of Gratitude;
Here they have met; may neither say farewell!

XLII.

ODE TO SICILY.

I.

No mortal hand hath struck the heroick string
Since Milton's lay in death across his breast.

But shall the lyre then rest
Along tired Cupid's wing
With vilest dust upon it? This of late
Hath been its fate.

II.

But thou, O Sicily! art born again.
Far over chariots and Olympic steeds
I see the heads and the stout arms of men,
And will record (God give me power!) their deeds.

III.

Hail to thee first, Palermo! hail to thee
Who callest with loud voice, "*Arise! be free;*
Weak is the hand and rusty is the chain."
Thou callest; nor in vain.

IV.

Not only from the mountain rushes forth
The knighthood of the North,
In whom my soul elate
Owns now a race cognate,
But even the couch of Sloth 'mid painted walls
Swells up, and men start forth from it, where calls
The voice of Honour, long, too long, unheard.

V.

Not that the wretch was fear'd
Who fear'd the meanest as he fear'd the best,
(A reed could break his rest)
But that around all kings
For ever springs
A wasting vapour that absorbs the fire
Of all that would rise higher.

VI.

Even free nations will not let there be
More nations free.

Witness (O shame!) our own
Of late years viler none.
The second Charles found many and made more
Base as himself: his reign is not yet o'er.

VII.

To gratify a brood
Swamp-fed amid the Suabian wood,
The sons of Lusitania were cajoled
And bound and sold,
And sent in chains where we unchain the slave
We die with thirst to save.

VIII.

Ye too, Sicilians, ye too gave we up
To drain the bitter cup
Ye now dash from ye in the despot's face . .
O glorious race,

IX.

Which Hiero, Gelon, Pindar, sat among
And prais'd for weaker deeds in deathless song;
One is yet left to laud ye. Years have mar'd
My voice, my prelude for some better bard,
When such shall rise, and such your deeds create.

X.

In the lone woods, and late,
Murmurs swell loud and louder, till at last
So strong the blast
That the whole forest, earth, and sea, and sky,
To the loud surge reply.

XI.

Show, in the circle of six hundred years,
Show me a Bourbon on whose brow appears
No brand of traitor. Prune the tree . .
From the same stock for ever will there be

The same foul canker, the same bitter fruit.
Strike, Sicily, uproot
The cursed upas. Never trust
That race again; down with it, dust to dust.

XLIII.

GONFALONIERI.

I.

The purest breast that breathes Ausonian air,
Utter'd these words. Hear them, all lands! repeat
All ages! on thy heart the record bear
Till the last tyrant gasp beneath thy feet,
Thou who hast seen in quiet death lie down
The skulking recreant of the changeling crown.

II.

"I am an old man now; and yet my soul
By fifteen years is younger than its frame:
Fifteen I lived (if life it was) in one
Dark dungeon, ten feet square: alone I dwelt
Six; then another enter'd: by his voice
I knew it was a man: I could not see
Feature or figure in that dismal place.
One year we talkt together of the past,
Of joys for ever gone . . ay, worse than gone,
Remember'd, prest into our hearts, that swell'd
And sorely soften'd under them: the next,
We exchanged what thoughts we found: the third, no thought
Was left us; memory alone remain'd.
The fourth, we askt each other, if indeed
The world had life within it, life and joy
As when we left it.
Now the fifth had come,
And we sat silent: all our store was spent.
When the sixth enter'd, he had disappear'd,
Either for death or doom less merciful:

And I repined not! all things were less sad
Than that dim vision, that unshapen form.
A year or two years after (indistinct
Was time, as light was, in that cell) the door
Crept open, and these sounds came slowly through:
His Majesty the Emperor and King
Informs you that twelve months ago your wife
Quitted the living . .
I did hear the words,
All, ere I fell, then heard not bolt nor bar."

III.

And shall those live who help with armed hand
The weak oppressor? Shall those live who clear
The path before him with their golden wand?
Tremble, vile slaves! your final hour draws near!
Purveyors of a panther's feast are ye,
Degenerate children of brave Maccabee!

IV.

And dare ye claim to sit where Hampden sate,
Where Pym and Eliot warn'd the men of blood;
Where on the wall Charles read his written fate,
And Cromwell sign'd what Milton saw was good?
Away, ye panders of assassin lust,
Nor ever hope to lick that holy dust.

XLIV.

TO FRANCIS HARE,

BURIED AT PALERMO, ON THE INSURRECTION OF SICILY AND NAPLES.

Hare! thou art sleeping where the sun strikes hot
On the gold letters that inscribe thy tomb,
And what there passeth round thee knowest not,
Nor pierce those eyes (so joyous once) the gloom;

Else would the brightest vision of thy youth
Rise up before thee, not by Fancy led,

But moving stately at the side of Truth,
Nor higher than the living stand the dead.

XLV.

TO SAINT CHARLES BORROMEO,

ON THE MASSACRE AT MILAN.

I.

Saint, beyond all in glory who surround
The throne above!
Thy placid brow no thorn blood-dropping crown'd,
No grief came o'er thy love,

II.

Save what they suffer'd whom the Plague's dull fire
Wasted away,
Or those whom Heaven at last let worse Desire
Sweep with soft swoop away.

III.

If thou art standing high above the place
Where Verban gleams,
Where Art and Nature give thee form and space
As best beseems,

IV.

Look down on thy fair country, and most fair
The sister isles!
Whence gratitude eternal mounts with prayer,
Where spring eternal smiles;

V.

Watch over that brave youth who bears thy name,
And bears it well,
Unmindful never of the sacred flame
With which his temples swell.

VI.

When praise from thousands breathes beneath thy shrine,
And incense steeps
Thy calm brow bending over them, for thine
Is bent on him who weeps;

VII.

And, O most holy one! what tears are shed
Thro' all thy town!
Thou wilt with pity on the brave and dead,
God will with wrath, look down.

XLVI.

Sleep, tho' to Age so needful, shuns my eyes,
And visions, brighter than Sleep brings, arise.
I hear the Norman arms before me ring,
I see them flash upon a prostrate king.
They conquer'd Britain as they conquer'd France . .
Far over Sicily was hurl'd the lance . .
The barking heads by Scylla all croucht low,
And fierce Charybdis wail'd beneath the blow.
Now Sparta-sprung Taranto hail'd again
More daring Spartans on this fertile plain;
Now Croton saw fresh Milos rise around;
And Sybaris, with recent roses crown'd,
Yielded to Valour her consenting charms
And felt the flush that Beauty feels from arms.

XLVII.

DANTE.

Ere blasts from northern lands
Had cover'd Italy with barren sands,
Rome's Genius, smitten sore,
Wail'd on the Danube, and was heard no more.
Twelve centuries had past
And crusht Etruria rais'd her head at last.

A mightier Power she saw,
Poet and prophet, give three worlds the law.
When Dante's strength arose
Fraud met aghast the boldest of her foes;
Religion, sick to death,
Lookt doubtful up, and drew in pain her breath.
Both to one grave are gone;
Altars still smoke, still is the God unknown.
Haste, whoso from above
Comest with purer fire and larger love,
Quenchest the Stygian torch,
And leadest from the *Garden* and the *Porch*,
Where gales breathe fresh and free,
And where a Grace is call'd a Charity,
To Him, the God of peace,
Who bids all discord in his household cease . .
Bids it, and bids again,
But to the purple-vested speaks in vain.
Crying, "Can this be borne?"
The consecrated wine-skins creak with scorn;
While, leaving tumult there,
To quiet idols young and old repair,
In places where is light
To lighten day . . and dark to darken night.

XLVIII.

I.

I told ye, since the prophet Milton's day
Heroic song hath never swept the earth
To soar in flaming chariot up to Heaven.
Taunt, little children! taunt ye while ye may.
Natural your wonder, natural is your mirth,
Natural your weakness. Ye are all forgiven.

II.

One man above all other men is great,
Even on this globe, where dust obscures the sign.
God closed his eyes to pour into his heart

His own pure wisdom. In chill house he sate,
Fed only on those fruits the hand divine
Disdain'd not, thro' his angels, to impart.

III.

He was despised of those he would have spilt
His blood to ransom. How much happier we,
Altho' so small and feeble! We are taught
There may be national, not royal guilt,
And, if there has been, then there ought to be,
But 'tis the illusion of a mind distraught.

IV.

This with a tiny hand of ductile lead
Shows me the way; this takes me down his slate,
Draws me a line and teaches me to write;
Another pats me kindly on the head,
But finds one letter here and there too great,
One passable, one pretty well, one quite.

V.

No wonder I am proud. At such award
The Muse most virginal would raise her chin
Forth from her collar-bone. What inward fire
Must swell the bosom of that favour'd bard
And wake to vigorous life the germ within,
On whom such judges look with such regard!

XLIX.

I.

Few poets beckon to the calmly good,
Few lay a hallowing hand upon the head
Which lowers its barbarous for our Delphick crown:
But loose strings rattle on unseason'd wood
And weak words whiffle round where Virtue's meed
Shrines in a smile or shrivels in a frown.

II.

He shall not give it, shall not touch it, he
Who crawls into the gold-mine, bending low

And bringing from its dripples with much mire
One shining atom. Could it ever be,
O God of light and song? The breast must glow
Not with thine only, but with Virtue's fire.

L.

ON THE SLAUGHTER OF THE BROTHERS BANDIERI, BETRAYED TO THE KING OF NAPLES.

Borne on white horses, which the God of Thrace
Rein'd not for wanton Glory in the race
Of Elis, when from far
Ran forth the regal car,
Even from Syracuse, across the sea,
To roll its thunder thro' that fruitless lea;
No; but on steeds whose foam
Flew o'er the helm of Rome,
Came Castor and his brother; at which sight
A shout of victory drown'd the din of fight.
O Rome! O Italy!
Doom'd are ye, doom'd to see
Nor guides divine nor high-aspiring men,
Nor proudly tread the battle-field again?
Lo! who are they who land
Upon that southern strand?
Ingenuous are their faces, firm their gait . .
Ah! but what darkness follows them? . . 'tis Fate!
They turn their heads . . and blood
Alone shows where they stood!
Sons of Bandiera! heroes! by your name
Evoked shall inextinguishable flame
Rise, and o'er-run yon coast,
And animate the host
As did those Twins . . the murderers to pursue
Till the same sands their viler blood imbue.

LI.

TO YOUTH.

Where art thou gone, light-ankled Youth?
With wing at either shoulder,
And smile that never left thy mouth
Until the Hours grew colder:

Then somewhat seem'd to whisper near
That thou and I must part;
I doubted it; I felt no fear,
No weight upon the heart:

If aught befell it, Love was by
And roll'd it off again;
So, if there ever was a sigh,
'Twas not a sigh of pain.

I may not call thee back; but thou
Returnest when the hand
Of gentle Sleep waves o'er my brow
His poppy-crested wand;

Then smiling eyes bend over mine,
Then lips once prest invite;
But sleep hath given a silent sign,
And both, alas! take flight.

LII.

TO AGE.

Welcome, old friend! These many years
Have we lived door by door:
The Fates have laid aside their shears
Perhaps for some few more.

I was indocil at an age
When better boys were taught,
But thou at length hast made me sage,
If I am sage in aught.

Little I know from other men,
Too little they from me,
But thou hast pointed well the pen
That writes these lines to thee.

Thanks for expelling Fear and Hope,
One vile, the other vain;
One's scourge, the other's telescope,
I shall not see again:

Rather what lies before my feet
My notice shall engage . .
He who hath braved Youth's dizzy heat
Dreads not the frost of Age.

LIII.

TYRANNICIDE.

Danger is not in action, but in sloth;
By sloth alone we lose
Our strength, our substance, and, far more than both,
The guerdon of the Muse.
Men kill without compunction hawk and kite;
To save the folded flock
They chase the wily plunderer of the night
O'er thicket, marsh, and rock.
Sacred no longer is Our Lord the wolf
Nor crown'd is crocodile:
And shall ye worship on the Baltick Gulph
The refuse of the Nile?
Among the myriad men of murder'd sires
Is there not one still left
Whom wrongs and vengeance urge, whom virtue fires?
One conscious how bereft
Of all is he . . of country, kindred, home . .
He, doom'd to drag along
The dray of serfdom, or thro' lands to roam
That mock an unknown tongue?
A better faith was theirs than pulpits preach
Who struck the tyrant down,

Who taught the brave how patriot brands can reach
And crush the proudest crown.
No law for him who stands above the law,
Trampling on truth and trust;
But hangman's hook or courtier's "privy paw"
Shall drag him thro' the dust.
Most dear of all the Virtues to her Sire
Is Justice; and most dear
To Justice is Tyrannicide; the fire
That guides her flashes near.
See o'er the desert God's red pillar tower!
Follow, ye Nations! raise
The hymn to God! To God alone be power
And majesty and praise! *

LIV.

ON THE APPROACH OF A SISTER'S DEATH.

Spirit who risest to eternal day,
O hear me in thy flight!
Detain thee longer on that opening way
I would not if I might.

Methinks a thousand come between us two
Whom thou wouldst rather hear:
Fraternal love thou smilest on; but who
Are they that press more near?

The sorrowful and innocent and wrong'd,
Yes, these are more thy own,
For these wilt thou be pleading seraph-tongued
(How soon!) before the Throne.

LV.

ON SWIFT JOINING AVON NEAR RUGBY.

Silent and modest Brook! who dippest here
Thy foot in Avon as if childish fear
Withheld thee for a moment, wend along;

* Sciebat homo sapiens, jus semper hoc fuisse ut quæ tyranni eripuissent, ea *tyrannis interfectis*, ii, quibus erepta essent, recuperarent. Ille vir fuit, nos quidem contemnendi. CICERO, PHILIP. 2.

Go, follow'd by my song,
Sung in such easy numbers as they use
Who turn in fondness to the Tuscan Muse
And such as often have flow'd down on me
From my own Fiesole.
I watch thy placid smile, nor need to say
That Tasso wove one looser lay,
And Milton took it up to dry the tear
Dropping on Lycidas's bier.
In youth how often at thy side I wander'd!
What golden hours, hours numberless, were squander'd
Among thy sedges, while sometimes
I meditated native rhymes,
And sometimes stumbled upon Latian feet;
Then, where soft mole-built seat
Invited me, I noted down
What must full surely win the crown,
But first impatiently vain efforts made
On broken pencil with a broken blade.
Anon, of lighter heart, I threw
My hat where circling plover flew,
And once I shouted till, instead of plover,
There sprang up half a damsel, half a lover.
I would not twice be barbarous; on I went . .
And two heads sank amid the pillowing bent.
Pardon me, gentle Stream, if rhyme
Holds up these records in the face of Time:
Among the falling leaves some birds yet sing,
And Autumn hath his butterflies like Spring.
Thou canst not turn thee back, thou canst not see
Reflected what hath ceast to be:
Haply thou little knowest why
I check this levity, and sigh.
Thou never knewest her whose radiant morn
Lighted my path to Love; she bore thy name,
She whom no Grace was tardy to adorn,
Whom one low voice pleas'd more than louder fame:
She now is past my praises; from her urn
To thine, with reverence due, I turn.

O silver-braided Swift! no victim ever
Was sacrificed to thee,
Nor hast thou carried to that sacred River
Vases of myrrh, nor hast thou run to see
A band of Mænads toss their timbrels high
Mid *io-evohes* to their Deity.
But holy ashes have bestrewn thy stream
Under the mingled gleam
Of swords and torches, and the chaunt of Rome,
When Wiclif's lowly tomb
Thro' its thick briars was burst
By frantic priests accurst;
For he had enter'd and laid bare the lies
That pave the labyrinth of their mysteries.
We part . . but one more look!
Silent and modest Brook!

LVI.

A voice in sleep hung over me, and said
"Seest thou him yonder?" At that voice I raised
My eyes: it was an Angel's: but he veil'd
His face from me with both his hands, then held
One finger forth, and sternly said again,
"Seest thou him yonder?"
On a grassy slope
Slippery with flowers, above a precipice,
A slumbering man I saw: methought I knew
A visage not unlike it; whence the more
It troubled and perplext me.
"Can it be
My own?" said I.
Scarce had the word escaped
When there arose two other forms, each fair,
And each spake fondest words, and blamed me not,
But blest me, for the tears they shed with me
Upon that only world where tears are shed,
That world which they (why without me?) had left.
Another now came forth, with eye askance:
That she was of the earth too well I knew,

And that she hated those for loving me
(Had she not told me) I had soon divined.
Of earth was yet another; but more like
The heavenly twain in gentleness and love:
She from afar brought pity; and her eyes
Fill'd with the tears she fear'd must swell from mine:
Humanest thoughts with strongest impulses
Heav'd her fair bosom; and her hand was raised
To shelter me from that sad blight which fell
Damp on my heart; it could not; but a blast,
Sweeping the southern sky, blew from beyond
And threw me on the ice-bergs of the north.

LVII.

SHAKESPEARE AND MILTON.

The tongue of England, that which myriads
Have spoken and will speak, were paralyzed
Hereafter, but two mighty men stand forth
Above the flight of ages, two alone;
One crying out,

All nations spoke thro' me.

The other:

True; and thro' this trumpet burst
God's word; the fall of Angels, and the doom
First of immortal, then of mortal, Man,
Glory! be glory! not to me, to God.

LVIII.

TO MIDSUMMER DAY.

Crown of the Year, how bright thou shinest!
How little, in thy pride, divinest
Inevitable fall! albeit
We who stand round about fore-see it.
Shine on; shine bravely. There are near
Other bright children of the Year,
Almost as high, and much like thee
In features and in festive glee:

Some happy to call forth the mower,
And hear his sharpen'd scythe sweep o'er
Rank after rank: then others wait
Before the grange's open gate,
And watch the nodding wane, or watch
The fretted domes beneath the thatch,
Till young and old at once take wing
And promise to return in spring.
Yet I am sorry, I must own,
Crown of the Year! when thou art gone.

LIX.

TO SHELLEY.

Shelley! whose song so sweet was sweetest here,
We knew each other little; now I walk
Along the same green path, along the shore
Of Lerici, along the sandy plain
Trending from Lucca to the Pisan pines
Under whose shadow scatter'd camels lie,
The old and young, and rarer deer uplift
Their knotty branches o'er high-feather'd fern.
Regions of happiness! I greet ye well;
Your solitudes, and not your cities, stay'd
My steps among you; for with you alone
Converst I, and with those ye bore of old.
He who beholds the skies of Italy
Sees ancient Rome reflected, sees beyond,
Into more glorious Hellas, nurse of Gods
And godlike men: dwarfs people other lands.
Frown not, maternal England! thy weak child
Kneels at thy feet and owns in shame a lie.

LX.

WRITTEN AT HURSTMONCEAUX.

ON READING A POEM OF WORDSWORTH'S.

Derwent! Winander! sweetest of all sounds
The British tongue e'er utter'd! lakes that Heaven

Reposes on, and finds his image there
In all its purity, in all its peace!
How are your ripples playing round my heart
From such a distance? while I gaze upon
The plain where William and where Cæsar led
From the same Gaulish strand each conquering host,
And one the Briton, one the Saxon name,
Struck out with iron heel. Well may they play,
Those ripples, round my heart, buoyed up, entranced.
Derwent! Winander! your twin poets come
Star-crown'd along with you, nor stand apart.
Wordsworth comes hither, hither Southey comes,
His friend and mine, and every man's who lives,
Or who shall live when days far off have risen.
Here are they with me yet again, here dwell
Among the sages of Antiquity,
Under his hospitable roof whose life
Surpasses theirs in strong activity,
Whose Genius walks more humbly, stooping down
From the same highth to cheer the weak of soul
And guide the erring from the tortuous way.
Hail ye departed! hail thou later friend,
Julius! * but never by my voice invoked
With such an invocation . . hail, and live!

LXI.

Again, perhaps and only once again,
I turn my steps to London. Few the scenes
And few the friends that there delighted me
Will now delight me: some indeed remain,
Tho' changed in features . . friend and scene . . both changed!
I shall not watch my lilac burst her bud
In that wide garden, that pure fount of air,
Where, risen ere the morns are warm and bright,
And stepping forth in very scant attire,
Timidly, as became her in such garb,

* Archdeacon Hare.

She hasten'd prompt to call up slumbering Spring.
White and dim-purple breathed my favourite pair
Under thy terrace, hospitable heart,*
Whom twenty summers more and more endear'd;
Part on the Arno, part where every clime
Sent its most graceful sons to kiss thy hand,
To make the humble proud, the proud submiss,
Wiser the wisest, and the brave more brave.
Never, ah never now, shall we alight
Where the man-queen † was born, or, higher up
The nobler region of a nobler soul, ‡
Where breathed his last the more than kingly man.
Thou sleepest, not forgotten, nor unmourn'd,
Beneath the chesnut shade by Saint Germain;
Meanwhile I wait the hour of my repose,
Not under Italy's serener sky,
Where Fiesole beheld me from above
Devising how my head most pleasantly
Might rest ere long, and how with such intent
I smooth'd a platform for my villagers,
(Tho' stood against me stubborn stony knoll
With cross-grain'd olives long confederate)
And brought together slender cypresses
And bridal myrtles, peering up between,
And bade the modest violet bear her part.
Dance, youths and maidens! tho' around my grave
Ye dance not, as I wisht: bloom, myrtles! bend
Protecting arms about them, cypresses!
I must not come among you; fare ye well!

EPISTLES.

LXII.

TO THE AUTHOR OF "FESTUS."

ON THE CLASSICK AND ROMANTICK.

Philip! I know thee not, thy song I know:
It fell upon my ear among the last

* Lady Blessington. † Elizabeth. ‡ The Protector.

Destined to fall upon it; but while strength
Is left me, I will rise to hail the morn
Of the stout-hearted who begin a work
Wherein I did but idle at odd hours.
The Faeries never tempted me away
From higher fountains and severer shades;
Their rings allured me not from deeper track
Left by Olympick wheel on ampler plain;
Yet could I see them and can see them now
With pleasurable warmth, and hold in bonds
Of brotherhood men whom their gamesome wreath
In youth's fresh slumber caught, and still detains.
I wear no cestus; my right hand is free
To point the road few seem inclined to take.
Admonish thou, with me, the starting youth,
Ready to seize all nature at one grasp,
To mingle earth, sea, sky, woods, cataracts,
And make all nations think and speak alike.
Some see but sunshine, others see but gloom,
Others confound them strangely, furiously;
Most have an eye for colour, few for form.
Imperfect is the glory to *create*,
Unless on our creation we can look
And see that all is good; we then may rest.
In every poem train the leading shoot;
Break off the suckers. Thought erases thought,
As numerous sheep erase each other's print
When spungy moss they press or sterile sand.
Blades thickly sown want nutriment and droop,
Although the seed be sound, and rich the soil;
Thus healthy-born ideas, bedded close,
By dreaming fondness perish overlain.
A rose or sprig of myrtle in the hair
Pleases me better than a far-sought gem.
I chide the flounce that checks the nimble feet,
Abhor the cruel piercer of the ear,
And would strike down the chain that cuts in two
The beauteous column of the marble neck.
Barbarous and false are all such ornaments,

Yet such hath poesy in whim put on.
Classical hath been deem'd each Roman name
Writ on the roll-call of each pedagogue
In the same hand, in the same tone pronounced;
Yet might five scanty pages well contain
All that the Muses in fresh youth would own
Between the grave at Tomos, wet with tears
Rolling amain down Getick beard unshorn,
And that grand priest whose purple shone afar
From his own Venice o'er the Adrian sea.
We talk of schools . . unscholarly; if schools
Part the romantick from the classical.
The classical like the heroick age
Is past; but Poetry may reassume
That glorious name with Tartar and with Turk,
With Goth or Arab, Sheik or Paladin,
And not with Roman and with Greek alone.
The name is graven on the workmanship.
The trumpet-blast of *Marmion* never shook
The God-built walls of Ilion; yet what shout
Of the Achaians swells the hearts so high?
Nor fainter is the artillery-roar that booms
From *Hohenlinden* to the *Baltick* strand.
Shakespeare with majesty benign call'd up
The obedient classicks from their marble seat,
And led them thro' dim glen and sheeny glade,
And over precipices, over seas
Unknown by mariner, to palaces
High-archt, to festival, to dance, to joust,
And gave them golden spur and vizor barred,
And steeds that Pheidias had turn'd pale to see.
The mighty man who open'd Paradise,
Harmonious far above Homerick song,
Or any song that human ears shall hear,
Sometimes was classical and sometimes not:
Rome chain'd him down; the younger Italy
Dissolved (not fatally) his Samson strength.
I leave behind me those who stood around
The throne of Shakespeare, sturdy, but unclean,

To hurry past the opprobrious courts and lanes
Of the loose pipers at the Belial feast,
Past mimeobscene and grinder of lampoon . .
Away the petty wheel, the callous hand!
Goldsmith was classical, and Gray almost;
So was poor Collins, heart-bound to Romance:
Shelley and Keats, those southern stars, shone higher.
Cowper had more variety, more strength,
Gentlest of bards! still pitied, still beloved!
Shrewder in epigram than polity
Was Canning; Frere more graceful; Smith more grand;*
A genuine poet was the last alone.
Romantick, classical, the female hand
That chain'd the cruel Ivan down for ever,
And follow'd up, rapt in his fiery car,
The boy of Casabianca to the skies.
Other fair forms breathe round us, which exert
With Paphian softness Amazonian power,
And sweep in bright array the Attick field.
To *men* turn now, who stand or lately stood
With more than Royalty's gilt bays adorn'd.
Wordsworth, in sonnet, is a classick too,
And on that grass-plot sits at Milton's side;
In the long walk he soon is out of breath
And wheezes heavier than his friends could wish.
Follow his pedlar up the devious rill,
And, if you faint not, you are well repaid.
Large lumps of precious metal lie engulpht
In gravely beds, whence you must delve them out
And thirst sometimes and hunger; shudder not
To wield the pickaxe and to shake the sieve,
Well shall the labour be (though hard) repaid.
Too weak for ode and epick, and his gait
Somewhat too rural for the tragick pall,
Which never was cut out of duffel grey,
He fell entangled, "on the grunsel-edge
Flat on his face, and shamed his worshippers."

* Bobus Smith.

Classick in every feature was my friend
The genial Southey: none who ruled around
Held in such order such a wide domain . .
But often too indulgent, too profuse.
The ancients see us under them, and grieve
That we are parted by a rank morass,
Wishing its flowers more delicate and fewer.
Abstemious were the Greeks; they never strove
To look so fierce: their Muses were sedate,
Never obstreperous: you heard no breath
Outside the flute; each sound ran clear within.
The Fauns might dance, might clap their hands, might shout,
Might revel and run riotous; the Nymphs
Furtively glanced, and fear'd, or seem'd to fear;
Descended on the lightest of light wings,
The graceful son of Maia mused apart,
Graceful, but strong; he listen'd; he drew nigh;
And now with his own lyre and now with voice
Temper'd the strain; Apollo calmly smiled.

LXIII.

TO A FRIEND'S REMONSTRANCE.

Preacher of discontent! Then large indeed
Would be my audience, copious my display
Of common-places. Better curb and quell
Not by the bridle but the provender.
Sportsmen! manorial lords! of you am I.
Let us, since game grows scarcer every day,
Watch our preserves near home: we need but beat
About the cottage-garden and slim croft
For plenteous sport. Catch up the ragged child,
Kiss it, however frighten'd: take the hand
Of the young girl from out the artizan's
Who leads her to the factory, soon to wear
The tissue she has woven dyed in shame:
Help the halt eld to rule the swerving ass,
And upright set his crutch outside the porch,

To reach, nor stoop to reach, at his return.
'Tis somewhat to hear blessings, to confer
Is somewhat more. Wealth is content to shine
By his own light, nor asks he Virtue's aid;
But Virtue comes sometimes, and comes unaskt,
Nay, comes the first to conference.
There is one,
One man there is, high in nobility
Of birth and fortune, who erects his house
Among the heathen, where dun smoke ascends
All day around, and drearier fire all night.
Far from that house are heard the church's bells,
And thro' deep cinders lies the road, yet there
Walks the rich man, walks in humility,
Because the poor he walks with, and with God.
No mitred purple-buskin'd baron he,
Self-privileged to strip the calendar
Of Sabbath days, to rob the cattle's rest,
And mount, mid prance and neighing, his proud throne.
Of what is thinking now thy studious head,
O artist! in the glorious dome of Art,
That thou shouldst turn thine eyes from Titian's ray,
Or Raffael's halo round the Virgin's head
And Child's, foreshowing Paradise regain'd?
Of Ellesmere thou wert thinking; so was I.

LXIV.

TO THE REVEREND CUTHBERT SOUTHEY.

Cuthbert! whose father first in all our land
Sate in calm judgment on poetic peer,
Whom hatred never, friendship seldom, warpt . .
Again I read his page and hear his voice;
I heard it ere I knew it, ere I saw
Who utter'd it, each then to each unknown.
Twelve years had past when upon Avon's cliff,
Hard-by his birth-place, first our hands were join'd;
After three more he visited my home.

Along Lantony's ruin'd aisles we walkt
And woods then pathless, over verdant hill
And ruddy mountain, and aside the stream
Of sparkling Hondy. Just at close of day
There by the comet's light we saw the fox
Rush from the alders, nor relax in speed
Until he trod the pathway of his sires
Under the hoary crag of Comioy.
Then both were happy.
War had paused: the Loire
Invited me; again burst forth fierce War.
I minded not his fury: there I staid,
Sole of my countrymen, and foes abstain'd
(Tho' sore and bleeding) from my house alone.
But female fear impell'd me past the Alps,
Where, loveliest of all lakes, the Lario sleeps
Under the walls of Como.
There he came
Again to see me; there again our walks
We recommenced . . less pleasant than before.
Grief had swept over him; days darken'd round:
Bellagio, Valintelvi, smiled in vain,
And Monterosa from Helvetia far
Advanced to meet us, mild in majesty
Above the glittering crests of giant sons
Station'd around . . in vain too! all in vain!
Perhaps the hour may come when others, taught
By him to read, may read my page aright
And find what lies within it; time enough
Is there before us in the world of thought.
The favour I may need I scorn to ask.
What sovran is there able to reprieve,
How then to grant, the life of the condemn'd
By Justice, where the Muses take their seat?
Never was I impatient to receive
What any man could give me: when a friend
Gave me my due, I took it, and no more . .
Serenely glad because that friend was pleas'd.
I seek not many, many seek not me,

If there are few now seated at my board,
I pull no children's hair because they munch
Gilt gingerbread, the figured and the sweet,
Or wallow in the innocence of whey;
Give *me* wild-boar, the buck's broad haunch give *me*,
And wine that time has mellow'd, even as time
Mellows the warrior hermit in his cell.

FROM DRY STICKS.

I.

ON LAW.

WHAT thousands, Law, thy handywork deplore!
Thou hangest many, but thou starvest more.

II.

MACAULAY'S PEERAGE.

Macaulay is become a peer;
A coronet he well may wear;
But is there no one to malign?
None: then his merit wants the sign.

III.

PLAYS.

How soon, alas, the hours are over,
Counted us out to play the lover!
And how much narrower is the stage,
Allotted us to play the sage!
But when we play the fool, how wide
The theatre expands; beside,
How long the audience sits before us!
How many prompters! what a chorus!

IV.

TO A CYCLAMEN.

I come to visit thee again,
My little flowerless cyclamen;

To touch the hand, almost to press,
That cheer'd thee in thy loneliness.
What could thy careful guardian find
Of thee in form, of me in mind,
What is there in us rich or rare,
To make us claim a moment's care?
Unworthy to be so carest,
We are but withering leaves at best.

V.

TO THE CYCLAMEN.

Thou Cyclamen of crumpled horn
Toss not thy head aside;
Repose it where the Loves were born,
In that warm dell abide.
Whatever flowers, on mountain, field,
Or garden, may arise,
Thine only that pure odour yield
Which never can suffice.
Emblem of her I've loved so long,
Go, carry her this little song.

VI.

HEART'S-EASE.

There is a flower I wish to wear,
But not until first worn by you . .
Heart's-ease . . of all earth's flowers most rare;
Bring it; and bring enough for two.

VII.

HOW TO READ ME.

To turn my volumes o'er nor find
(Sweet unsuspicious friend!)
Some vestige of an erring mind
To chide or discommend,

Believe that all were loved like you
With love from blame exempt,
Believe that all my griefs were true
And all my joys but dreamt.

VIII.

APOLOGY FOR GEBIR.

Sixty the years since Fidler bore
My grouse-bag up the Bala moor;
Above the lake, along the lea
Where gleams the darkly yellow Dee;
Thro' crags, o'er cliffs, I carried there
My verses with paternal care,
But left them and went home again,
To wing the birds upon the plain.
With heavier luggage half forgot,
For many months they followed not.
When over Tawey's sands they came,
Brighter flew up my winter flame;
And each old cricket sang alert
With joy that they had come unhurt.
Gebir! men shook their heads in doubt
If we were sane: few made us out,
Beside one stranger; in his heart
We after held no niggard part.
The songs of every age he knew,
But only sang the pure and true.
Poet he was, yet was his smile
Without a tinge of gall or guile.
Such lived, 'tis said, in ages past;
Who knows if Southey was the last?
Dapper, who may perhaps have seen
My name in some late magazine,
Among a dozen or a score
Which interest wise people more,
Wonders if I can be the same
To whom poor Southey augured fame;

Erring as usual in his choice
Of one who mocks the public voice,
And fancies two or three are worth
Far more than all the rest on earth.
Dapper, in tones benign and clear,
Tells those who treasure all they hear,
"Landor would have done better far,
Had he observed the northern star;
Or Bloomfield might have shown the way
To one who always goes astray;
He might have tried his pen upon
The living, not the dead and gone.
Are turban'd youths and muffled belles
Extinct along the Dardanelles?
Is there no scimitar, no axe?
Daggers and bow-strings, mutes and sacks?
Are they all swept away for ever
From that sky-blue resplendent river?
Do heroes of old time surpass
Cardigan, Somerset, Dundas?
Do the Sigæan mounds inclose
More corses than Death swept from those?"
No, no: but let me ask in turn,
Whether, whene'er Corinthian urn,
With ivied Faun upon the rim
Invites, I may not gaze on him?
I love all beauty: I can go
At times from Gainsboro' to Watteau;
Even after Milton's thorough-bass
I bear the rhymes of Hudibras,
And find more solid wisdom there
Than pads professor's easy chair:
But never sit I quiet long
Where broidered cassock floats round Young;
Whose pungent essences perfume
And quirk and quibble trim the tomb;
Who thinks the holy bread too plain,
And in the chalice pours champagne.
I love old places and their climes,

Nor quit the syrinx for the chimes.
Manners have changed; but hearts are yet
The same, and will be while they beat.
Ye blame not those who wander o'er
Our earth's remotest wildest shore,
Nor scoff at seeking what is hid
Within one-chambered pyramid;
Let me then, with my coat untorn
By your acacia's crooked thorn,
Follow from Gades to the coast
Of Egypt men thro' ages lost.
Firm was my step on rocky steeps;
Others slipt down loose sandhill heaps.
I knew where hidden fountains lay;
Hoarse was their thirsty camels' bray;
And presently fresh droves had past
The beasts expiring on the waste.

IX.

DEATH OF THE DAY.

My pictures blacken in their frames
As night comes on,
And youthful maids and wrinkled dames
Are now all one.

Death of the day! a sterner Death
Did worse before;
The fairest form, the sweetest breath,
Away he bore.

X.

ON SOUTHEY'S DEATH.

Friends! hear the words my wandering thoughts would say,
And cast them into shape some other day.
Southey, my friend of forty years, is gone,
And, shattered by the fall, I stand alone.

XI.

GORE-HOUSE LEFT FOR PARIS.

Under the lilacs we shall meet no more,
Nor Alfred's welcome hail me at the door,
Nor the brave guardian of the hall contend
In harsher voice to greet his trusty friend,
Nor on the banks of Arno or of Seine
Sure is my hope to bend my steps again;
But be it surer, Margarite, that Power
May still remember many a festive hour,
More festive when we saw the captive free,
And clasp afresh the hand held forth by thee.

XII.

THE THREE ROSES.

When the buds began to burst,
Long ago, with Rose the First
I was walking; joyous then
Far above all other men,
Till before us up there stood
Britonferry's oaken wood,
Whispering, "*Happy as thou art,*
Happiness and thou must part."
Many summers have gone by
Since a Second Rose and I
(Rose from that same stem) have told
This and other tales of old.
She upon her wedding-day
Carried home my tenderest lay;
From her lap I now have heard
Gleeful, chirping, Rose the Third.
Not for *her* this hand of mine
Rhyme with nuptial wreath shall twine;
Cold and torpid it must lie,
Mute the tongue, and closed the eye.

XIII.

THE LAST GIFT.

The shadows deepen round me; take
I will not say my last adieu,
But, this faint verse; and for my sake
Keep the last line I trace for you.

The years that lightly touch your head,
Nor steal away nor change one hair,
Press upon mine with heavy tread
And leave but barren laurels there.

Another year I may not see,
I may not all I hope in this,
Receive then on your brow from me
And give Rosina's lips the kiss.

XIV.

LA PENSIEROSA.

It is not envy, it is fear
Impels me, while I write, to say
When Poesy invites, forbear
Sometimes to walk her tempting way;
Readier is she to swell the tear
Than its sharp tinglings to allay.

To our first loves we oft return
When years, that smooth our path, are past,
And wish again the incense-urn
Its flickering flame once more to cast
On paler brows, until the bourn
Is reacht where we may rest at last.

Are there no stories fit for song
And fit for maiden lips to sing?
To you, O Rose, they all belong,
About your knee they fondly cling,

They love the accents of your tongue,
  They seek the shadow of your wing.

Ah! let the Hours be blythe and free,
  With Hope for ever at their side,
And let the Muses chaunt a glee
  Of pleasures that await the bride,
Of sunny life's untroubled sea,
  Smooth sands and gently-swelling tide.

A time will come when steps are slow
  And apt on ancient scenes to rest,
When life hath lost its former glow
  And, one by one, your shrinking breast
Hath dropt the flowers refreshing so
  That mansion of the truly blest.

Then, nor till then, in spring go forth
  The graves of waiting friends to see:
It would be pleasant to my earth
  To know your step, if that might be:
A bayleaf is above my worth,
  A daisy is enough for me.

XV.

THE FIG-TREES OF GHERARDESCA.

Yè brave old fig-trees! worthy pair!
  Beneath whose shade I often lay
To breathe awhile a cooler air,
  And shield me from the darts of day.

Strangers have visited the spot,
  Led thither by my parting song;
Alas! the strangers found you not,
  And curst the poet's lying tongue.

Vanisht each venerable head,
  Nor bough nor leaf could tell them where

To look for you, alive or dead ;
Unheeded was my distant prayer.*

I might have hoped (if hope had ever
Been mine) that storm or time alone
Your firm alliance would dissever . .
Hath mortal hand your strength o'erthrown ?

Before an axe had bitten thro'
The bleeding bark, some tender thought,
If not for me, at least for you,
On younger bosoms might have wrought.

Age after age your honeyed fruit
From boys unseen thro' foliage fell
On lifted apron ; now is mute
The girlish glee ! Old friends, farewell !

* Et ficus maneant duo,
Semper religiosius
Servandæ, umbriferum caput
Conquassante senecta.

HEROIC IDYLS, WITH ADDITIONAL POEMS.

I.

A FRIEND TO THEOCRITOS IN EGYPT.

Dost thou not often gasp with longdrawn sighs,
Theocritos, recalling Sicily?
Glorious is Nile, but rather give me back
Our little rills which fain would run away
And hide themselves from persecuting suns
In summer, under oleander boughs,
And catch its roses as they flaunt above.
Here are no birds that sing, no sweeter flower
Than tiny fragile weak-eyed resida,
Which faints upon the bosom it would cool.
Altho' the royal lotos sits aloof
On his rich carpet, spread from wave to wave,
I throw myself more gladly where the pine
Protects me, loftier than the palace-roof,
Or where the linden and acacia meet
Across my path, in fragrance to contend.
Bring back the hour, Theocritos, when we
Shall sit together on a thymy knoll,
With few about us, and with none too nigh,
And when the song of shepherds and their glee
We may repeat, perchance and gaily mock,
Until one bolder than the rest springs up
And slaps us on the shoulder for our pains.
Take thou meanwhile these two papyrus-leaves,
Recording, one the loves and one the woes
Of Pan and Pitys, heretofore unsung.
Aside our rivers and within our groves

The pastoral pipe hath dropt its mellow lay,
And shepherds in their contests only try
Who best can puzzle.
Come, Theocritos,
Come, let us lend a shoulder to the wheel
And help to lift it from this depth of sand.

II.

PAN.

Pan led me to a wood the other day,
Then, bending both hoofs under him, where moss
Was softest and where highest was the tuft,
Said he, "Sit thou aside me; there is room
Just for us two; the tinklers are below
To catch the little birds and butterflies,
Nor see us nor would heed us if they saw.
I minded thee in Sicily with one
I dearly love; I heard thee tell my loss
Of Pitys; and he swore that none but thou
Could thus contend with him, or ever should.
Though others had loud lyres and struck them well,
Few could bring any harmony from reeds
By me held high, and higher since thou hast breath'd
Thy gentle breath o'er Pitys and her Pan."

III.

MEMORY.

The mother of the Muses, we are taught,
Is Memory: she has left me; they remain,
And shake my shoulder, urging me to sing
About the summer days, my loves of old.
Alas! alas! is all I can reply.
Memory has left with me that name alone,
Harmonious name, which other bards may sing,
But her bright image in my darkest hour
Comes back, in vain comes back, call'd or uncall'd.

Forgotten are the names of visitors
Ready to press my hand but yesterday;
Forgotten are the names of earlier friends
Whose genial converse and glad countenance
Are fresh as ever to mine ear and eye;
To these, when I have written, and besought
Remembrance of me, the word *Dear* alone
Hangs on the upper verge, and waits in vain.
A blessing wert thou, O oblivion.

IV.

TO THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.

Pleas'd was I when you told me how
In hat that buffeted the brow
And mason's loose habiliment
With masons thro' Ham's gate you went.
Heartily glad was I to see
A prisoner, though a prince, set free.
"Prince!" said I, "you've escaped two worst
Of evils."
"I have known a first,"
Said you, "but that is only one,
Tell me the other."
"'Tis a throne."
I could not add what now I might,
It keeps the worthy out of sight,
Nor lets the sitter sit upright.
Can there be pleasure to keep down
In rusty chains a struggling town?
Can there be any to hear boom
Your cannon o'er the walls of Rome?
Or shows it strength to break a word
As easily as girls a cord
Of flimsy cotton, when the bell
Calls them to dinner? . . to rebel
Against rebellion in your eyes
Is criminal, to crouch is wise.
Louis! your father thought not so;

His sceptre he disdain'd to owe
To falsehood; all his cares he bent
To make the realm he ruled content.
He proved, what many people doubt
As often as they look about,
A wonderful unheard of thing . .
An honest man may be a king.

V.

Lyndhurst came up to me among
A titled and untitled throng,
And after a few words were said
About the living and the dead,
Whom we had known together more
Than half a century before,
He added: "Faith! your choice was best
Amid the woods to build a nest.
But why so seldom wing it down,
To look at us who toil in town?"
"Would you change place with me?" said I.
To this a laugh was a reply.

VI.

ABERTAWY.

It was no dull tho' lonely strand
Where thyme ran o'er the solid sand,
Where snap-dragons with yellow eyes
Lookt down on crowds that could not rise,
Where Spring had fill'd with dew the moss
In winding dells two strides across.
There tiniest thorniest roses grew
To their full size, nor shared the dew:
Acute and jealous, they took care
That none their softer seat should share;
A weary maid was not to stay
Without one for such churls as they.
I tugg'd and lugg'd with all my might

To tear them from their roots outright;
At last I did it . . eight or ten . .
We both were snugly seated then;
But then she saw a half-round bead,
And cried, *Good gracious! how you bleed!*
Gently she wiped it off, and bound
With timorous touch that dreadful wound.
To lift it from its nurse's knee
I fear'd, and quite as much fear'd she,
For might it not increase the pain,
And make the wound burst out again?
She coaxt it to lie quiet there
With a low tune I bent to hear;
How close I bent I quite forget,
I only know I hear it yet.
Where is she now? Call'd far away,
By one she dared not disobey,
To those proud halls, for youth unfit,
Where princes stand and judges sit.
Where Ganges rolls his widest wave
She dropt her blossom in the grave;
Her noble name she never changed,
Nor was her nobler heart estranged.

VII.

Ye who have toil'd uphill to reach the haunt
Of other men who lived in other days,
Whether the ruins of a citadel
Raised on the summit by Pelasgic hands,
Or chamber of the distaff and the song . .
Ye will not tell what treasure there ye found,
But I will.
Ye found there the viper laid
Full-length, flat-headed, on a sunny slab,
Nor loth to hiss at ye while crawling down.
Ye saw the owl flap the loose ivy-leaves
And, hooting, shake the berries on your heads.
Now, was it worth your while to mount so high

Merely to say you did it, and to ask
If those about you ever did the like?
Believe me, O my friends, 'twere better far
To stretch your limbs along the level sand
As they do, where small children scoop the drift,
Thinking it must be gold, where curlews soar
And scales drop glistening from the prey above.

VIII.

"Call me not forth," said one who sate retired,
Whom Love had once, but Envy never, fired.
"I scorn the crowd: no clap of hands he seeks
Who walks among the stateliest of the Greeks."

IX.

A FOREIGN RULER.

He says, *My reign is peace*, so slays
A thousand in the dead of night.
Are you all happy now? he says,
And those he leaves behind cry *quite*.
He swears he will have no contention,
And sets all nations by the ears;
He shouts aloud, *No intervention!*
Invades, and drowns them all in tears.

X.

To my ninth decad I have totter'd on,
And no soft arm bends now my steps to steady;
She, who once led me where she would, is gone,
So when he calls me, Death shall find me ready.

XI.

They are sweet flowers that only blow by night,
And sweet tears are there that avoid the light;
No mortal sees them after day is born,
They, like the dew, drop trembling from their thorn.

XII.

Well I remember how you smiled
To see me write your name upon
The soft sea-sand. . "*O! what a child!*
You think you're writing upon stone!"
I have since written what no tide
Shall ever wash away, what men
Unborn shall read o'er ocean wide
And find Ianthe's name again.

XIII.

'Twas far beyond the midnight hour
And more than half the stars were falling,
And jovial friends, who lost the power
Of sitting, under chairs lay sprawling;

Not Porson so; his stronger pate
Could carry more of wine and Greek
Than Cambridge held; erect he sate;
He nodded, yet could somehow speak.

"'Tis well, O Bacchus! they are gone,
Unworthy to approach thy altar!
The pious man prays best alone,
Nor shall thy servant ever falter."

Then Bacchus too, like Porson, nodded,
Shaking the ivy on his brow,
And graciously replied the godhead,
"I have no votary staunch as thou."

XIV.

Shelley and Keats, on earth unknown
One to the other, now are gone
Where only such pure Spirits meet
And sing before them words as sweet.

XV.

Lately our songsters loiter'd in green lanes,
Content to catch the ballads of the plains;
I fancied I had strength enough to climb
A loftier station at no distant time,
And might securely from intrusion doze
Upon the flowers thro' which Ilissus flows.
In those pale olive grounds all voices cease,
And from afar dust fills the paths of Greece.
My slumber broken and my doublet torn,
I find the laurel also bears a thorn.

XVI.

Never must my bones be laid
Under the mimosa's shade.
He to whom I gave my all
Swept away her guardian wall,
And her green and level plot
Green or level now is not.

XVII.

TO SIR RODERICK MURCHISON.

What see I through the mist of years? a friend,
If the most ignorant of mortal men
In every science, may pronounce his name
Whom every science raises above all.
Murchison! thou art he.
Upon the bank
Of Loire thou camest to me, brought by Hare
The witty and warm-hearted, passing through
That shady garden whose broad tower ascends
From chamber over chamber; there I dwelt,
The flowers my guests, the birds my pensioners,
Books my companions, and but few beside.

After two years the world's devastator
Was driven forth, yet only to return
And stamp again upon a fallen race.
Back to old England flew my countrymen;
Even brave Bentham, whose inventive skill
Baffled at Chesmè and submerged the fleet
Of Ottoman,* urged me to flight with him
Ere the infuriate enemy arrived.
I wrote to Carnot, *I am here at Tours,*
And will remain.
He praised my confidence
In the French honour; it was placed in *his.*
No house but mine was left unoccupied
In the whole city by the routed troops.
Ere winter came 'twas time to cross the Alps;
Como invited me; nor long ere came
Southey, a sorrowing guest, who lately lost
His only boy. We walkt aside the lake,
And mounted to the level downs above,
Where if we thought of Skiddaw, named it not.
I led him to Bellaggio, of earth's gems
The brightest.
We in England have as bright,
Said he, and turned his face toward the west.
I fancied in his eyes there was a tear,
I know there was in mine: we both stood still.
Gone is he now to join the son in bliss,
Innocent each alike, one longest spared
To show that all men have not lived in vain.
Gone too is Hare: afar from us he lies,
In sad Palermo, where the most accurst
Cover his bones with bones of free men slain.
Again I turn to thee, O Murchison!
Why hast thou lookt so deep into the earth
To find her treasures? Gold we thought had done
Its worst before: now fields are left untill'd,
And cheerful songs speed not the tardy woof.

* Potemkin had the credit and the reward. The ships were built by Bentham on his own model, and he directed the attack.

How dare I blame thee? 'twas not thy offence,
And good from evil springs, as day from night!
The covetous and vicious delve the mine
And sieve the dross that industry may work
For nobler uses: soon shall crops arise
More plenteous from it, soon the poor shall dwell
In their own houses, and their children throw
Unstinted fuel on the Christmas blaze
With shouts that shake the holly-branch above.

FROM THE HELLENICS.

Come back, ye wandering Muses, come back home,
Ye seem to have forgotten where it lies:
Come, let us walk upon the silent sands
Of Simois, where deep foot-marks show long strides;
Thence we may mount, perhaps, to higher ground,
Where Aphroditè from Athenè won
The golden apple, and from Herè too,
And happy Ares shouted far below.
Or would ye rather choose the grassy vale
Where flow Anapos thro' anemones,
Hyacinths, and narcissuses, that bend
To show their rival beauty in the stream?
Bring with you each her lyre, and each in turn
Temper a graver with a lighter song.

THRASYMEDES AND EUNOE.

Who will away to Athens with me? who
Loves choral songs and maidens crown'd with flowers,
Unenvious? mount the pinnace; hoist the sail.
I promise ye, as many as are here,
Ye shall not, while ye tarry with me, taste
From unrinsed barrel the diluted wine
Of a low vineyard or a plant ill-pruned,
But such as anciently the Ægean isles
Pour'd in libation at their solemn feasts:
And the same goblets shall ye grasp, embost
With no vile figures of loose languid boors,

But such as Gods have lived with and have led.
The sea smiles bright before us. What white sail
Plays yonder? what pursues it? Like two hawks
Away they fly. Let us away in time
To overtake them. Are they menaces
We hear? And shall the strong repulse the weak,
Enraged at her defender? Hippias!
Art thou the man? 'Twas Hippias. He had found
His sister borne from the Cecropian port
By Thrasymedes. And reluctantly?
Ask, ask the maiden; I have no reply.
"Brother! O brother Hippias! O, if love,
If pity, ever toucht thy breast, forbear!
Strike not the brave, the gentle, the beloved,
My Thrasymedes, with his cloak alone
Protecting his own head and mine from harm."
"Didst thou not once before," cried Hippias,
Regardless of his sister, hoarse with wrath
At Thrasymedes, "didst not thou, dog-eyed,
Dare, as she walkt up to the Parthenon,
On the most holy of all holy days,
In sight of all the city, dare to kiss
Her maiden cheek?"
"Ay, before all the Gods,
Ay, before Pallas, before Artemis,
Ay, before Aphrodite, before Heré,
I dared; and dare again. Arise, my spouse!
Arise! and let my lips quaff purity
From thy fair open brow."
The sword was up,
And yet he kist her twice. Some God withheld
The arm of Hippias; his proud blood seeth'd slower
And smote his breast less angrily; he laid
His hand on the white shoulder, and spake thus:
"Ye must return with me. A second time
Offended, will our sire Pisistratos
Pardon the affront? Thou shouldst have askt thyself
This question ere the sail first flapt the mast."
"Already thou hast taken life from me;

Put up thy sword," said the sad youth, his eyes
Sparkling; but whether love or rage or grief
They sparkled with, the Gods alone could see.
Piræus they re-entered, and their ship
Drove up the little waves against the quay,
Whence was thrown out a rope from one above,
And Hippias caught it. From the virgin's waist
Her lover dropt his arm, and blusht to think
He had retain'd it there in sight of rude
Irreverent men: he led her forth, nor spake.
Hippias walkt silent too, until they reacht
The mansion of Pisistratos her sire.
Serenely in his sternness did the prince
Look on them both awhile: they saw not him,
For both had cast their eyes upon the ground
"Are these the pirates thou hast taken, son?"
Said he. "Worse, father! worse than pirates they,
Who thus abuse thy patience, thus abuse
Thy pardon, thus abuse the holy rites
Twice over."
"Well hast thou performed thy duty,"
Firmly and gravely said Pisistratos.
"Nothing then, rash young man! could turn thy heart
From Eunöe, my daughter?"
"Nothing, sir,
Shall ever turn it. I can die but once
And love but once. O Eunöe! farewell!"
"Nay, she shall see what thou canst bear for her."
"O father! shut me in my chamber, shut me
In my poor mother's tomb, dead or alive,
But never let me see what he can bear;
I know how much that is, when borne for me."
"Not yet: come on. And lag not thou behind,
Pirate of virgin and of princely hearts!
Before the people and before the Goddess
Thou hadst evinced the madness of thy passion,
And now wouldst bear from home and plenteousness
To poverty and exile this my child."
Then shuddered Thrasymedes, and exclaim'd,

"I see my crime; I saw it not before.
The daughter of Pisistratos was born
Neither for exile nor for poverty,
Ah! nor for me!" He would have wept, but one
Might see him, and weep worse. The prince unmoved
Strode on, and said, "To-morrow shall the people,
All who beheld thy trespasses, behold
The justice of Pisistratos, the love
He bears his daughter, and the reverence
In which he holds the highest law of God."
He spake; and on the morrow they were one.

ICARIOS AND ERIGONÈ.

Improvident were once the Attic youths,
As (if we may believe the credulous
And testy) various youths have been elsewhere.
But truly such was their improvidence,
Ere Pallas in compassion was their guide,
They never stowed away the fruits of earth
For winter use; nor knew they how to press
Olive or grape: yet hospitality
Sate at the hearth, and there was mirth and song.
Wealthy and generous in the Attic land,
Icarios! wert thou; and Erigonè,
Thy daughter, gave with hearty glee the milk,
Buzzing in froth beneath unsteady goat,
To many who stopt near her; some for thirst,
And some to see upon its back that hand
So white and small and taper, and await
Until she should arise and show her face.
The father wisht her not to leave his house,
Nor she to leave her father; yet there sued
From all the country round both brave and rich;
Some, nor the wealthier of her wooers, drove
Full fifty slant-brow'd kingly-hearted swine,

Reluctant ever to be led aright,
Race autocratical, autochthon race,
Lords of the woods, fed by the tree of Jove.
Some had three ploughs; some had eight oxen; some
Had vines, on oak, on maple, and on elm,
In long and strait and gleamy avenues,
Which would have tired you had you reacht the end
Without the unshapen steps that led beyond
Up the steep hill to where they lean'd on poles.
Yet kind the father was, and kind the maid.
And now when winter blew the chaff about,
And hens pursued the grain into the house,
Quarrelsome and indignant at repulse,
And rushing back again with ruffled neck,
They and their brood; and kids blinkt at the brand,
And bee-nosed oxen, with damp nostrils lowered
Against the threshold, stampt the dogs away;
Icarios, viewing these with thoughtful mind,
Said to Erigonè, "Not scantily
The Gods have given us these birds, and these
Short-bleating kids, and these loose-hided steers.
The Gods have given: to them will we devote
A portion of their benefits, and bid
The youths who love and honour us partake:
So shall their hearts, and so shall ours, rejoice."
The youths were bidden to the feast: the flesh
Of kid and crested bird was plentiful:
The steam hung on the rafters, where were nail'd
Bushes of savory herbs, and figs and dates;
And yellow-pointed pears sent down long stalks
Through nets wide-mesht, work of Erigonè
When night was long and lamp yet unsupplied.
Choice grapes Icarios had; and these, alone
Of all men in the country, he preserved
For festive days; nor better day than this
To bring them from beneath his reed-thatcht roof.
He mounted the twelve stairs with hearty pride,
And soon was heard he, breathing hard: he now
Descended, holding in both arms a cask,

Fictile, capacious, bulging: cork-tree bark
Secured the treasure; wax above the mouth,
And pitch above the wax. The pitch he brake,
The wax he scraped away, and laid them by,
Wrenching up carefully the cork-tree bark.
A hum was heard. "What! are there bees within?"
Euphorbas cried. "They came then with the grapes,"
Replied the elder, and pour'd out clear juice
Fragrant as flowers, and wrinkled husks anon.
"The ghosts of grapes?" cried Phanor, fond of jokes
Within the house, but ever abstinent
Of such as that in woodland and alone,
Where any sylvan God might overhear.
No few were saddened at the ill-omen'd word,
But sniffing the sweet odour, bent their heads,
Tasted, sipt, drank, ingurgitated: fear
Flew from them all, joy rusht to every breast,
Friendship grew warmer, hands were join'd, vows sworn.
From cups of every size, from cups two-ear'd,
From ivy-twisted and from smooth alike,
They dash the water; they pour in the wine;
(For wine it was) until that hour unseen.
They emptied the whole cask; and they alone;
For both the father and the daughter sate
Enjoying their delight. But when they saw
Flusht faces, and when angry words arose
As one more fondly glanced against the cheek
Of the fair maiden on her seat apart,
And she lookt down, or lookt another way
Where other eyes caught hers and did the like,
Sadly the sire, the daughter fearfully,
Upon each other fixt wide-open eyes.
This did the men remark, and, bearing signs
Different, as were their tempers, of the wine,
But feeling each the floor reel under him,
Each raging with more thirst at every draught,
Acastor first (sidelong his step) arose,
Then Phanor, then Antyllos:

"Zeus above

Confound thee, cursed wretch!" aloud they cried,
"Is this thy hospitality? must all
Who loved thy daughter perish at a blow?
Not at a blow, but like the flies and wasps."
Madness had seiz'd them all. Erigonè
Ran out for help; what help? Before her sprang
Mœra, and howl'd and barkt, and then return'd
Presaging. They had dragg'd the old man out
And murdered him. Again flew Mœra forth,
Faithful, compassionate, and seiz'd her vest,
And drew her where the body lay, unclosed
The eyes, and rais'd toward the stars of heaven.
Thou who hast listened, and still ponderest,
Raise thine, for thou hast heard enough, raise thine
And view Böotes bright among those stars,
Brighter the Virgin: Mœra too shines there.
But where were the Eumenides? Repress
Thy anger. If the clear calm stars above
Appease it not, and blood must flow for blood,
Harken, and hear the sequel of the tale.
Wide-seeing Zeus lookt down; as mortals knew
By the woods bending under his dark eye,
And huge towers shuddering on the mountain-tops,
And stillness in the valley, in the wold,
And over the deep waters all round earth.
He lifted up his arm, but struck them not
In their abasement: by each other's blow
They fell; some suddenly; but more beneath
The desperate gasp of long-enduring wounds.

THE CHILDREN OF VENUS.

Twain are the sons of Venus: one beholds
Our globe in gladness, while his brother's eye
Casts graver glances down, nor cares for woods
Or song, unworthy of the name of Love.
Nothing is sweet to him, as pure and cold
As rain and Eurus.

What dissension thus
Severed the beauteous pair? Ambition did.
With heavy heart the elder bore that he
Whom often with an arrow in his hand
He saw, and whetstone under it, and knew
To spend the day entire in weaving flowers
Or drawing nets, as might be, over birds,
That he should have men's incense, he have shrines,
While only empty honour, silent prayer,
Was offered to himself.
On this he goes
And makes Silenus arbiter. The eld
With gentle speech would fain assuage his wrath;
It rises but the higher: he bids him call
The Idalian to his presence, then decide.
With downcast eye, and drooping wing, and cheek
Suffused with shame, the little one advanced,
And "Brother! did you call me? Then at last
The poor Idalian is not quite despised?"
The kindly arbiter in vain attempts
To bring together two such potent hands.
"No," said the taller; "I am here for this,
This only, that he learn, and by defeat,
What is my power."
Hereon Silenus, "Go!
Kiss first: then both (but with no enemy)
In power and honour safely may contend."
The younger leaps upon the elder's neck
And kisses it and kisses it again:
The austerer could not, tho' he would, resist
Those rapid lips; one kiss he did return,
Whether the influence of the God prevail'd,
Or whether 'tis impossible to stand
Repelling constantly a kindly heart.
But neither his proud words did he remit
Nor resolution: he began to boast
How with his radiant fire he had reduced
The ancient Chaos; how from heaven he drove
The darkness that surrounded it, and drew

Into their places the reluctant stars,
And made some stand before him, others go
Beyond illimitable space; then curb'd
The raging sea and chain'd with rocks around.
"Is not all this enough for you?" exclaimed
The brother; "must my little realm be stript
Of every glory? You will make me proud
In speech, refusing what is justly due.
Upon my birth the golden ether smiled.
What Chaos was I know not, I confess;
I would let every star fly where it list,
Nor try to turn it: her who rules them all
I drew behind the Latmian cliffs; she prayed,
She promist ever to perform my will
Would I but once be friendly. 'Twas her first,
'Twas her last vow . . and it was made to me.
Now you alike inhabit the same heaven,
And she must know you, yet none other Love
Acknowledges save him whom you despise.
To me what matter are the raging seas,
Curb'd or uncurb'd, in chains or out of chains?
I penetrate the uttermost retreat
Of Nereus; I command, and from the deep
Dolphins rise up and give their pliant backs
For harps to grate against and songmen ride;
And, when I will'd it, they have fondly wept
For human creatures human tears, and laid
Their weary lives down on the dry sea-sand.
Desert thou some one, and he knows it not;
Let me desert him, let me but recede
One footstep, and funereal fire consumes
His inmost heart.
"The latest guest above
With basket overturn'd and broken thread
Lay lithe as new-mown grass before the gate
Of Omphale: a fondled whelp tug'd off
The lion-skin, and left athwart his breast.
Vast things and wonderful are those you boast.
I would say nothing of the higher Powers,

Lest it might chafe you. How the world turns round
I know not, or who tempers the extremes
Of heat and cold and regulates the tides.
I leave them all to you: give me instead
Dances and crowns and garlands; give the lyre,
And softer music of the river-side
Where the stream laps the sallow-leaves, and breaks
The quiet converse of the whispering reeds:
Give me, for I delight in them, the clefts
Of bank o'ergrown by moss's soft deceit.
I wish but to be happy: others say
That I am powerful: whether so or not
Let facts bear witness: in the sun, the shade,
Beneath the setting and the rising stars
Let these speak out; I keep them not in mind."
"Scarce less thy promises," the other cried.
He smiled and own'd it.
"You will soon educe
Bolder assertion of important deeds
Who things terrestrial haughtily despise.
Decline your presence at the blissful couch,
And boast you never make those promises
Which make so many happy, but with eye
Averted from them gaze into the deep,
Yet tell me, tell me, solemn one, that swearest
By that dark river only, who compel'd
Pluto to burn amid the deepest shades,
Amid the windings of the Stygian stream
And panting Phlegethon? while barkt the dog
Three-throated, so that all his realm resounds.
And who (here lies the potency) who made
The griesly Pluto please the captive bride?
Mere sport! If graver, better, things you want,
This is the hand, and this the torch it held
(You might have heard each drop the Danäid
Let fall, Ixion's wheel you might have heard
Creak, as now first without his groans it roll'd)
When the fond husband clasped Eurydice,
And the fond wife the earliest slain at Troy."

The arbiter embraced him: more composed
He turn'd toward the other and pronounced
This sentence.
"O most worthy of thy sire
The Thunderer! to thy guidance I commit
The stars (if he approve of it) and storms
And seas, and rocks coercing their uproar,
If Amphitrite smile, if Neptune bend.
But, O thou smaller one of lighter wing,
Source of the genial laugh and dulcet smile,
Who makest every sun shed softer rays,
And one sole night outvalue all that shine,
Who holdest back (what Jove could never do)
The flying Hours! thou askest nought beyond;
And this do I award thee. I bestow
On thee alone the gentle hand hand-linkt . .
Thy truest bond . . on thee the flowers, the lyre,
The river's whispers which the reeds increase,
The spring to weave thy trophies, the whole year
To warm and fill it with the balm of spring.
Only do thou" . . he whispered in the ear
Of Love, and blusht in whispering it . . "incline
Ianthe . . touch her gently . . just the point . .
Nor let that other know where thou hast aim'd."

THE HAMADRYAD.

Rhaicos was born amid the hills wherefrom
Gnidos the light of Caria is discern'd,
And small are the white-crested that play near,
And smaller onward are the purple waves.
Thence festal choirs were visible, all crown'd
With rose and myrtle if they were inborn;
If from Pandion sprang they, on the coast
Where stern Athenè raised her citadel,
Then olive was intwined with violets
Cluster'd in bosses, regular and large.

For various men wore various coronals;
But one was their devotion: 'twas to her
Whose laws all follow, her whose smile withdraws
The sword from Ares, thunderbolt from Zeus,
And whom in his chill caves the mutable
Of mind, Poseidon, the sea-king, reveres,
And whom his brother, stubborn Dis, hath pray'd
To turn in pity the averted cheek
Of her he bore away, with promises,
Nay, with loud oath before dread Styx itself,
To give her daily more and sweeter flowers
Than he made drop from her on Enna's dell.
Rhaicos was looking from his father's door
At the long trains that hastened to the town
From all the valleys, like bright rivulets
Gurgling with gladness, wave outrunning wave,
And thought it hard he might not also go
And offer up one prayer, and press one hand,
He knew not whose. The father call'd him in,
And said, "Son Rhaicos! those are idle games;
Long enough I have lived to find them so."
And ere he ended, sighed; as old men do
Always, to think how idle such games are.
"I have not yet," thought Rhaicos in his heart,
And wanted proof.
"Suppose thou go and help
Echeion at the hill, to bark yon oak
And lop its branches off, before we delve
About the trunk and ply the root with axe:
This we may do in winter."
Rhaicos went;
For thence he could see farther, and see more
Of those who hurried to the city-gate.
Echeion he found there, with naked arm
Swart-hair'd, strong-sinew'd, and his eyes intent
Upon the place where first the axe should fall:
He held it upright. "There are bees about,
Or wasps, or hornets," said the cautious eld,
"Look sharp, O son of Thallinos!" The youth

Inclined his ear, afar, and warily,
And cavern'd in his hand. He heard a buzz
At first, and then the sound grew soft and clear,
And then divided into what seem'd tune,
And there were words upon it, plaintive words.
He turn'd, and said, "Echeion! do not strike
That tree: it must be hollow; for some God
Speaks from within. Come thyself near." Again
Both turn'd toward it: and behold! there sat
Upon the moss below, with her two palms
Pressing it on each side, a maid in form.
Downcast were her long eyelashes, and pale
Her cheek, but never mountain-ash display'd
Berries of colour like her lips so pure,
Nor were the anemones about her hair
Soft, smooth, and wavering, like the face beneath.
"What dost thou here?" Echeion, half-afraid,
Half-angry, cried. She lifted up her eyes,
But nothing spake she. Rhaicos drew one step
Backward, for fear came likewise over him,
But not such fear: he panted, gaspt, drew in
His breath, and would have turn'd it into words,
But could not into one.
"O send away
That sad old man!" said she. The old man went
Without a warning from his master's son,
Glad to escape, for sorely he now fear'd,
And the axe shone behind him in their eyes.
Hamadryad. And wouldst thou too shed the most innocent
Of blood? no vow demands it; no God wills
The oak to bleed.
Rhaicos. Who art thou? whence? why here?
And whither wouldst thou go? Among the robed
In white or saffron, or the hue that most
Resembles dawn or the clear sky, is none
Array'd as thou art. What so beautiful
As that gray robe which clings about thee close,
Like moss to stones adhering, leaves to trees,
Yet lets thy bosom rise and fall in turn,

As, toucht by zephyrs, fall and rise the boughs
Of graceful platane by the river-side.
Hamadryad. Lovest thou well thy father's house?
Rhaicos. Indeed
I love it, well I love it, yet would leave
For thine, where'er it be, my father's house,
With all the marks upon the door, that show
My growth at every birth-day since the third,
And all the charms, o'erpowering evil eyes,
My mother nail'd for me against my bed,
And the Cydonian bow (which thou shalt see)
Won in my race last spring from Eutychos.
Hamadryad. Bethink thee what it is to leave a home
Thou never yet hast left, one night, one day.
Rhaicos. No, 'tis not hard to leave it; 'tis not hard
To leave, O maiden, that paternal home,
If there be one on earth whom we may love
First, last, for ever; one who says that she
Will love for ever too. To say which word,
Only to say it, surely is enough . .
It shows such kindness . . if 'twere possible
We at the moment think she would indeed.
Hamadryad. Who taught thee all this folly at thy age?
Rhaicos. I have seen lovers and have learnt to love.
Hamadryad. But wilt thou spare the tree?
Rhaicos. My father wants
The bark; the tree may hold its place awhile.
Hamadryad. Awhile! thy father numbers then my days?
Rhaicos. Are there no others where the moss beneath
Is quite as tufty? Who would send thee forth
Or ask thee why thou tarriest? Is thy flock
Anywhere near?
Hamadryad. I have no flock: I kill
Nothing that breathes, that stirs, that feels the air,
The sun, the dew. Why should the beautiful
(And thou art beautiful) disturb the source
Whence springs all beauty? Hast thou never heard
Of Hamadryads?
Rhaicos. Heard of them I have:

Tell me some tale about them. May I sit
Beside thy feet? Art thou not tired? The herbs
Are very soft; I will not come too nigh;
Do but sit there, nor tremble so, nor doubt.
Stay, stay an instant: let me first explore
If any acorn of last year be left
Within it; thy thin robe too ill protects
Thy dainty limbs against the harm one small
Acorn may do. Here's none. Another day
Trust me; till then let me sit opposite.
Hamadryad. I seat me; be thou seated, and content.
Rhaicos. O sight for gods! Ye men below! adore
The Aphroditè. *Is* she there below?
Or sits she here before me? as she sate
Before the shepherd on those highths that shade
The Hellespont, and brought his kindred woe.
Hamadryad. Reverence the higher Powers; nor deem amiss
Of her who pleads to thee, and would repay . .
Ask not how much . . but very much. Rise not:
No, Rhaicos, no! Without the nuptial vow
Love is unholy. Swear to me that none
Of mortal maids shall ever taste thy kiss,
Then take thou mine; then take it, not before.
Rhaicos. Hearken, all gods above! O Aphroditè!
O Herè! let my vow be ratified!
But wilt thou come into my father's house?
Hamadryad. Nay: and of mine I can not give thee part.
Rhaicos. Where is it?
Hamadryad. In this oak.
Rhaicos. Ay; now begins
The tale of Hamadryad: tell it through.
Hamadryad. Pray of thy father never to cut down
My tree; and promise him, as well thou mayst,
That every year he shall receive from me
More honey than will buy him nine fat sheep,
More wax than he will burn to all the gods.
Why fallest thou upon thy face? Some thorn
May scratch it, rash young man! Rise up; for shame!

Rhaicos. For shame I can not rise. O pity me!
I dare not sue for love . . but do not hate!
Let me once more behold thee . . not once more,
But many days: let me love on . . unloved!
I aimed too high: on my head the bolt
Falls back, and pierces to the very brain.
Hamadryad. Go . . rather go, than make me say I love.
Rhaicos. If happiness is immortality,
(And whence enjoy it else the gods above?)
I am immortal too: my vow is heard:
Hark! on the left . . Nay, turn not from me now,
I claim my kiss.
Hamadryad. Do men take first, then claim?
Do thus the seasons run their course with them?

. . Her lips were seal'd, her head sank on his breast.
'Tis said that laughs were heard within the wood:
But who should hear them? . . and whose laughs? and why?
Savoury was the smell, and long past noon,
Thallinos! in thy house; for marjoram,
Basil and mint, and thyme and rosemary,
Were sprinkled on the kid's well roasted length,
Awaiting Rhaicos. Home he came at last,
Not hungry, but pretending hunger keen,
With head and eyes just o'er the maple plate.
"Thou seest but badly, coming from the sun,
Boy Rhaicos!" said the father. "That oak's bark
Must have been tough, with little sap between;
It ought to run; but it and I are old."
Rhaicos, although each morsel of the bread
Increast by chewing, and the meat grew cold
And tasteless to his palate, took a draught
Of gold-bright wine, which, thirsty as he was,
He thought not of until his father fill'd
The cup, averring water was amiss,
But wine had been at all times pour'd on kid,
It was religion.
He thus fortified
Said, not quite boldly, and not quite abasht,

"Father, that oak is Zeusis own; that oak
Year after year will bring thee wealth from wax
And honey. There is one who fears the gods
And the gods love . . that one"
(He blusht, nor said
What one)
"Hath promist this, and may do more.
We have not many moons to wait until
The bees have done their best: if then there come
Nor wax nor honey, let the trees be hewn."
"Zeus hath bestow'd on thee a prudent mind,"
Said the glad sire: "but look thou often there,
And gather all the honey thou canst find
In every crevice, over and above
What hath been promist; would they reckon that?"
Rhaicos went daily; but the nymph as oft
Invisible. To play at love, she knew,
Stopping its breathings when it breathes most soft,
Is sweeter than to play on any pipe.
She play'd on his: she fed upon his sighs;
They pleas'd her when they gently waved her hair,
Cooling the pulses of her purple veins,
And when her absence brought them out they pleas'd.
Even among the fondest of them all,
What mortal or immortal maid is more
Content with giving happiness than pain?
One day he was returning from the wood
Despondently. She pitied him, and said
"Come back!" and twined her fingers in the hem
Above his shoulder. Then she led his steps
To a cool rill that ran o'er level sand
Through lentisk and through oleander, there
Bathed she his feet, lifting them on her lap
When bathed, and drying them in both her hands.
He dared complain; for those who most are loved
Most dare it; but not harsh was his complaint.
"O thou inconstant!" said he, "if stern law
Bind thee, or will, stronger than sternest law,
O, let me know henceforward when to hope

The fruit of love that grows for me but here."
He spake; and pluckt it from its pliant stem.
"Impatient Rhaicos! why thus intercept
The answer I would give? There is a bee
Whom I have fed, a bee who knows my thoughts
And executes my wishes: I will send
That messenger. If ever thou art false,
Drawn by another, own it not, but drive
My bee away: then shall I know my fate,
And, . . for thou must be wretched, . . weep at thine.
But often as my heart persuades to lay
Its cares on thine and throb itself to rest,
Expect her with thee, whether it be morn,
Or eve, at any time when woods are safe."

Day after day the Hours beheld them blest,
And season after season: years had past,
Blest were they still. He who asserts that Love
Ever is sated of sweet things, the same
Sweet things he fretted for in earlier days,
Never, by Zeus! loved he a Hamadryad.
The nights had now grown longer, and perhaps
The Hamadryads find them lone and dull
Among their woods; one did, alas! She called
Her faithful bee: 'twas when all bees should sleep,
And all did sleep but hers. She was sent forth
To bring that light which never wintry blast
Blows out, nor rain nor snow extinguishes,
The light that shines from loving eyes upon
Eyes that love back, till they can see no more.

Rhaicos was sitting at his father's hearth:
Between them stood the table, not o'erspread
With fruits which autumn now profusely bore,
Nor anise cakes, nor odorous wine; but there
The draft-board was expanded; at which game
Triumphant sat old Thallinos; the son
Was puzzled, vext, discomfited, distraught.
A buzz was at his ear: up went his hand,

And it was heard no longer. The poor bee
Return'd (but not until the morn shone bright)
And found the Hamadryad with her head
Upon her aching wrist, and showed one wing
Half-broken off, the other's meshes marr'd,
And there were bruises which no eye could see
Saving a Hamadryad's.
At this sight
Down fell the languid brow, both hands fell down,
A shriek was carried to the ancient hall
Of Thallinos: he heard it not: his son
Heard it, and ran forthwith into the wood.
No bark was on the tree, no leaf was green,
The trunk was riven through. From that day forth
Nor word nor whisper sooth'd his ear, nor sound
Even of insect wing: but loud laments
The woodmen and the shepherds one long year
Heard day and night; for Rhaicos would not quit
The solitary place, but moan'd and died.

Hence milk and honey wonder not, O guest,
To find set duly on the hollow stone.

ACON AND RHODOPE; OR, INCONSTANCY.

The Year's twelve daughters had in turn gone by,
Of measured pace tho' varying mien all twelve,
Some froward, some sedater, some adorn'd
For festival, some reckless of attire.
The snow had left the mountain-top; fresh flowers
Had withered in the meadow; fig and prune
Hung—wrinkling; the last apple glow'd amid
Its freckled leaves; and weary oxen blinkt
Between the trodden corn and twisted vine,
Under whose bunches stood the empty crate,
To creak ere long beneath them carried home.
This was the season when twelve months before,

O gentle Hamadryad, true to love!
Thy mansion, thy dim mansion in the wood
Was blasted and laid desolate: but none
Dared violate its precincts, none dared pluck
The moss beneath it, which alone remain'd
Of what was thine.
Old Thallinos sat mute
In solitary sadness. The strange tale
(Not until Rhaicos died, but then the whole)
Echeion had related, whom no force
Could ever make look back upon the oaks.
The father said "Echeion! thou must weigh,
Carefully, and with steady hand, enough
(Although no longer comes the store as once!)
Of wax to burn all day and night upon
That hollow stone where milk and honey lie:
So may the Gods, so may the dead, be pleas'd!"
Thallinos bore it thither in the morn,
And lighted it and left it.
First of those
Who visited upon this solemn day
The Hamadryad's oak, were Rhodope
And Acon; of one age, one hope, one trust.
Graceful was she as was the nymph whose fate
She sorrowed for: he slender, pale, and first
Lapt by the flame of love: his father's lands
Were fertile, herds lowed over them afar.
Now stood the two aside the hollow stone
And lookt with stedfast eyes towards the oak
Shivered and black and bare.
"May never we
Love as they loved!" said Acon. She at this
Smiled, for he said not what he meant to say,
And thought not of its bliss, but of its end.
He caught the flying smile, and blusht, and vow'd
Nor time nor other power, whereto the might
Of love hath yielded and may yield again,
Should alter his.
The father of the youth

Wanted not beauty for him, wanted not
Song, that could lift earth's weight from off his heart,
Discretion, that could guide him thro' the world,
Innocence, that could clear his way to heaven;
Silver and gold and land, not green before
The ancestral gate, but purple under skies
Bending far off, he wanted for his heir.
Fathers have given life, but virgin heart
They never gave; and dare they then control
Or check it harshly? dare they break a bond
Girt round it by the holiest Power on high?
Acon was grieved, he said, grieved bitterly,
But Acon had complied . . 'twas dutiful!
Crush thy own heart, Man! Man! but fear to wound
The gentler, that relies on thee alone,
By thee created, weak or strong by thee;
Touch it not but for worship; watch before
Its sanctuary; nor leave it till are closed
The temple-doors and the last lamp is spent.
Rhodope, in her soul's waste solitude,
Sate mournful by the dull-resounding sea,
Often not hearing it, and many tears
Had the cold breezes hardened on her cheek.
Meanwhile he sauntered in the wood of oaks,
Nor shun'd to look upon the hollow stone
That held the milk and honey, nor to lay
His plighted hand where recently 'twas laid
Opposite hers, when finger playfully
Advanced and pusht back finger, on each side.
He did not think of this, as she would do
If she were there alone.
The day was hot;
The moss invited him; it cool'd his cheek,
It cool'd his hands; he thrust them into it
And sank to slumber. Never was there dream
Divine as his. He saw the Hamadryad.
She took him by the arm and led him on
Along a valley, where profusely grew
The smaller lilies with their pendent bells,

And, hiding under mint, chill drosera,
The violet shy of butting cyclamen,
The feathery fern, and, browser of moist banks,
Her offspring round her, the soft strawberry;
The quivering spray of ruddy tamarisk,
The oleander's light-hair'd progeny
Breathing bright freshness in each other's face,
And graceful rose, bending her brow, with cup
Of fragrance and of beauty, boon for Gods.
The fragrance fill'd his breast with such delight
His senses were bewildered, and he thought
He saw again the face he most had loved.
He stopt: the Hamadryad at his side
Now stood between; then drew him farther off:
He went, compliant as before: but soon
Verdure had ceast: altho' the ground was smooth,
Nothing was there delightful. At this change
He would have spoken, but his guide represt
All questioning, and said,
"Weak youth! what brought
Thy footstep to this wood, my native haunt,
My life-long residence? this bank, where first
I sate with him . . the faithful (now I know,
Too late!) the faithful Rhaicos. Haste thee home;
Be happy, if thou canst; but come no more
Where those whom death alone could sever, died."
He started up: the moss whereon he slept
Was dried and withered: deadlier paleness spread
Over his cheek; he sickened: and the sire
Had land enough; it held his only son.

CATILLUS AND SALIA.

Catillus left his spear upon the steps
Of that old temple which from Ciminus
Looks o'er the lake and the dark ilexes.
Often his horse, standing alone before

The columns, starts at sights obscurely seen ;
Sometimes at roar of raging beast, sometimes
At bark that bursts and crackles from the cork,
Or at the rapid whirl of withered leaves
Wafted and rattling on his bridle-bit.
"Voltumna!" pray'd the youth, "reject not thou
My vows! for Salia is my heart consumed ;
Nor does the sire or maiden disapprove ;
But there are ancient oracles that hold
The torch of Hymen back. Thou knowest well,
O Goddess! (for from thy own fane proceed
These oracles) what menaces impend.
So great an evil be it mine to ward
From both! Yet how? He who could all foresee,
Amphiaräus, he might have advised ;
But earth before him opened, and with flames
Enveloping his chariot, drank it in.
Where in far regions, famed Ismenos flows
He left his children and the light of day.
"The Tuscan shore a race of fugitives
Alights on. O that they had come in guise
Of enemies! not (as they say) of friends :
Because old seers have seen, old prophets sung
That under this the royal house should fall
And royal bride be wedded, to her sire's
And people's ruin. Clearly I discern
What Fate before had hidden ; nor retreat ;
Nor arms, wherever they may lead, refuse ;
Nor absence . . long, for ever ; nor the gulph
Of Styx, which all must pass ; nor, what is worse,
In other lands to wander ; be but thou
Mine for one day, O Salia! no one's else
And least of any one an exile's bride!"
A hollow murmur shakes the beech-tree-tops ;
A voice is heard ;
"Of wretched father, child
More wretched! how wouldst thou have fled before,
If thou hadst ever known the curse to come!"
It ceases : loudly, as the portal closed,

Resounded in their depths the woods profound.
The youth is sunk in prayer, and all again
Is silent, in the sky, the grove, the fane,
Nor could he see above him any bird
Whose flight should comfort him; for right and left
Rose the huge branches, and after the swans
Shone out serenely on the lake serene,
Soothing the under-wing with neck reverst.
He wishes not for fields of waving vine,
He wishes not for olive-boundary,
Planted when first the blindfold boy had drawn
The lot of each Pelasgian from the win,
But he does wish for Salia, he does wish
To see Volsinii, blessed land, again.
Then of the king he thinks, and then revolves
Commands which both had given (and one with tears),
Unless Voltumna look with placid smile
Toward the couch of Hymen.
Evening came:
He threw him on the ground; he sought for dreams,
If haply sleep should calm his weariness,
Dreams that from sire and daughter may remove
The unknown peril that o'ershadows both.
Sharp was the splendour of the stars; all heaven
Seem'd moving as it never yet had moved;
To mortal power insuperable, fate
Bent easily before him; every word
Of oracles had now grown plain enough;
And he resolv'd to save at once the king
And the king's daughter, do they what they would
And fear'd they all that ever could be fear'd.
Amid these thoughts his yielding senses sleep
Impresses: in his dream he hears the arms
Of guest and ravisher: he sees (can sight
Deceive him?) Salia. With her own consent
Is she borne off? and, when her father calls
Pursuing her, disdains she to return?
He starts, he raves, strikes with his brow the ground,
Springs up, and, seizing on the bridle, leaps

Into the saddle, and before 'tis dawn
Reaches the city's outskirt.
Long the land
In peace had rested ; scanty was its watch ;
All knew the cordial youth who, strong of limb,
Joyous of countenance and prompt of speech
And large of liberality, and first
On foot or horseback, hurl'd the Argive spear ;
Straight went he onward where the palace stood,
And stationed under its first turret found
The friendly Periphas.
"I haste," he cried,
"I haste to Salia. Help me. That is nigh,
That which she fears, her father more than she,
And never may perhaps by arms avert :
Voltumna threatens it. Her father's love
May blind his eyes, but my love opens mine.
I bring the Goddess's own words, and these
The dreams she breath'd into my breast confirm."
Ever to Dian at the break of day
Did Salia bear her sacrifice : the gate
Was this thro' which she past into her grove
And little chapel.
Thickly sound the hoofs
Of fretting horse beneath the turret's arch,
And the last light of lamp that hangs therefrom,
Crackling, now hides now shows the whiten'd iron.
When casts the hind, with broken sleep morose,
The wooden collar round his ox's neck
And rope athwart the horns, when one red line
Borders the dull horizon, and the fields
Under the drowsy skies lie indistinct,
There stands the royal maiden.
"Hence ! fly hence !
O Salia ! " cries Catillus, "and believe
The Gods are now propitious."
At the word
On his high steed he lifts her, with a leap
Mounts, and redoubles with a rapid spur

His courser's speed.
"Tremble not," cried the youth:
"A time there was indeed for fear, when flight
Was none, and hope uncertain. From her shrine
Dian inclining to thy prayers and vows
Would, if she ever uttered oracle,
Have bidden what Voltumna hath ordain'd.
The horse is quiet: see! he frets no more:
And none are following. Is my arm too tight?
Bends it unwelcome round thee? Fearest thou?
Wouldst thou prohibit, wouldst thou chide, my fears?
I loosen it. Why weep and sigh? why doubt?
In Tibur who should envy us a life
Of country peace? To what ferocious man
Canst thou be there a prey? what war molest
Thy father? For no realm we fight; we hold
The only realm we want. I leave behind
The Sabines and their ruler to enjoy
Untroubled peace. Instead of fields in dower,
Fields which suspicion everywhere surrounds
With the uncertain faith of hireling arms,
Be there for us the deep repose of woods,
Walls that have never heard the name of Mars,
Tibur, and those green pastures on the banks
Thro' which Pareusius winds his silvery stream.
Look back; how widely spreads the space behind
Volsinii how remote! the citadel
How reddening lower and lower with larger light
At this she raises up her eyes, not quite
Up to his eyes who speaks to her; then looks
Back on her father's city; then they fill
With gushing tears.
"Live, father! live in peace
Voltumna claims me; can then piety
Forbid, or any care obstruct my course?
Follow I must the Goddess's command.
The desert, the dense darkness of the woods,
The lake, with all their gloom and all its own,
I would thro' life inhabit, nor repine,

Let but the Fates grant tranquil days to thee!"
Moved at her tenderness, Catillus said,
"Behold them granted! and shall she whose prayers
Have won them for her parent, not rejoice?
Voltumna well might choose thee for her own,
But she was silent; nay, she gave commands
Right opposite; she bade thee leave thy home,
Thy father's house: thou wisely hast obey'd,
And child so duteous she from far will hear.
Meanwhile an aged priestess keeps the fane,
One only: such its holiness, no time
Will ever move it. Thou shalt see the dells
Of Tibur, the Albunean lake, its shades
And floating islands, and (what oft thy wish
Shuddering at all the terrors of the tale
Urged thee to see) the fissured rock, the rush
Of angry waters, and, where these subside,
Glens where is heard the song of Nymphs below.
There be our country, there our house, and there
Our early days and later! All thy life
Must thou be happy in a father saved
And faith saved too: and no less happy he,
Obedient to the dictate of the Fates,
In that he gave not (tho' he wisht to give)
Salia to him who holds her to his heart."
Salia now calmer, bids him to repeat
All that Voltumna said. The Goddess's
Behest she thinks obscure, the danger clear;
She sighs; but piety distrusts not love.
Scarce the first hour of flight had past away
Before the father knew it. Idle time
He lost not in complaint, nor idle threats
Threw at the fugitive: he gave command
Forthwith that chosen youths surround the woods
And moorlands of Capenus, occupy
Every hill-top, keep equal distances
At certain stations, and from each, right, left,
The subject land, wood, river, lake, survey.
He himself hastened onward, and before

Noontide he saw, not distant, to the east,
Eretus, its wide woodland overgrown
With speckled arbutus, and, farther on
And higher up, an ancient temple, white
In the sun's splendour, on its mound apart:
Beyond it the Nomentan hills retired.
And now, inclosed by mountains, he approacht
The steep red banks and turbid stream profound
Of Tiber. Never had that stream been crost
By bridge of stone convex, or mountain pine,
Nor level boats in surging series linkt
Made plain the way for horseman and for horse.
He bends, and raises in his hollow hand
The sacred water, and thus prays the God.
"O father Tiber! if thou hast preserv'd
Thy people quiet by religious awe;
If thou beholdest thy Apollo's hill
Soracte bound in duteous equity;
If the Faliscians, righteous race, impress
The burning ember with unflinching heel;
If, when the robber Cacus he had slain,
Alcides (which our sires have seen) washt off
That robber's blood in thy most cleansing lymph;
If stolen herds brought vengeance down on him
Whom none consorted with, no host receiv'd;
Shall I in vain implore thee for thy help
Against a wretch who robs his host of all,
Who carries off his child, his only child?
Avenge me: give me only ('tis enough)
To swim in safety o'er thy rapid stream."
Thus praying, his huge spear he threw across;
Whereat the steed which bore him shrilly neigh'd,
Rear'd, and with hoof inverted scraped the turf,
And, call'd by name and patted and cheer'd on,
Sprang bravely down and clove the surging waves:
They bent beneath his lusty neck, they broke
At every breath his widening nostril breath'd,
And his rich trappings flasht fresh light around.
In the late hour of eve the king surveys

The highths of Tibur; to the walls he wends
Alone; to Coras, and him only, cries
That he come out.
But Coras, when he knew
Afar Catillus by his burnisht arms,
Ran from the rampart to embrace the king,
And said "Where is my brother?"
Fiercelier burns
His rage at this, and
"Like a slave he fled;
Nor shall it now avail thee to conceal
His flight; thy walls shall show him in their flames.
Now let him arm . . a father calls, a guest,
Despoil'd, dishonor'd . . let him arm before
The hospitable the avenging Jove
He thinks he may affront, deceive, despise."
The brother stood astonisht: lifting up
Both hands to heaven,
"No brother is with me,
I swear, and therefor lay aside thy wrath,
O king! and under happy auspices
Await in peace and patience his return."
He answered not, but rudely rusht away.
With angry looks the Argive nobles cried
"What, tyrant! dost thou threaten war? say first,
Proud as thy nation is of ancient fame,
Say when on Ciminus hath ever oak
Borne trophy? while the fatten'd hiefer shakes
The flowery fillet and salt-sprinkled crown,
Do their round cheeks, well form'd for puffing horns,
Turn into waxen whiteness at the approach
Of level'd spears. If (faith of Gods and men!)
Thou darest threaten us with fire or sword,
We will not wait thee in our walls, but show
Thy city, and all cities leagued with thee,
How the proud Tuscans first cried out for peace."
The last late sunbeam of the summer sky
Had fallen, and with dew far superfused
The fuming meadows of Pareusius paled,

Far as the Albula and Latian plain.
When Tibur's citadel had sunk to view
The king alighted from his horse, and spent
A weary night beneath a peasant's roof.
Near to Volsinii, with a clear cold stream *
There runs a rivulet and intercepts
The little rills that trickle thro' the grove,
And falls into the Tiber where it looks
Into the glades of Umbria; 'twas this course
Catillus followed thro' its whole extent.
Here, where it join'd the Tiber, pusht he forth
A narrow skiff, tied with a twisted band
Of osier to the tree. The oar's smooth palm
Divided the broad water-leaves and won
An easy way. Now, while the waves it made
With gentle plash and pattering heav'd the bark,
Thou, Salia, sattest at thy lover's side
Stiller and calmer than that shady stream.
Catillus then would hoist his little sail,
That he might lay aside the oar, and hold
The rope which turn'd it as the river turn'd
Or the wind caught it, and that he might sit
On the same bench with Salia, and protect
From the hot sun her face beneath its shade.
He fear'd to pass where hinds might see and shout,
He fear'd all voices, most of all he fear'd
The irreverent Fescennine's immodest song.
Volsinii's firm allies, the Sabines held
That country where amid the flowers he rears
Runs Farfar, and that barrener wherefrom
Himella shrinks when Sirius strikes his stream.
So now he took the simple guise of hind
Who had gone early forth, and must return
To hail his household Deities at eve.
Rushes and reeds conceal'd his crest and spear.
Long was the way by land, by water long,
Nor would the youth, nor could he had he will'd,

* Now called Fiume Chiaro.

Tell Salia how much farther they must go.
Her dread of any seeing her he calm'd,
Saying,
"Look up! behold what scanty light
Sheds Hesper, how he swings upon the stream
Alone of all the stars, and what calm gloom
Propitious sits upon the brow of heaven."
They both weave sleepless dreams. In days to come
What will their pleasure be, if touch of hand
Kindles such fires; if at one word, one glance,
Disperst is every doubt and every fear.
Ah! be not wise, ye young! but from bright days
Look into brighter: evermore believe:
Be this your wisdom. At the close of life,
We know too much; we know we are deceiv'd.
Needless the story were in what converse
Hour followed hour; what cultur'd lands, what wilds
Delighted them; how many were the spots
In whose retirement they could spend their lives:
Needless to mention how, amid the pause,
A bough impending o'er the stream sometimes
Swept, ere they were aware, the vessel's side,
Startling and reddening her with girlish fright.
The youth too had his fears, but held them in.
He fear'd if any silent matron stole
Down to the river-side, in quest of him
Her children cried for ere they went to bed:
He fear'd if suddenly a lamp-light burst
With long effulgence from some cot unseen
Across the water, or a fisherman
Had crown'd his net with flame, and, dipt in pitch,
The feathery cane its finny prey allured.
Onward they sail all night: when morn appears,
Seeing that friendly Tibur was behind,
He leaves (in view, though distant) on his right
Seven far-famed hills, where stood the residence
Of King Evander, sprung from Arcady;
Janus on one had rear'd a muniment,
And Saturn on another: he admired

How such vast works had ever been destroy'd.
Wonder may seize, but can not long detain,
And least the young and ardent. Rowing back,
Catillus rises on the oar and glides
Into his native land.
"O mine!" he cries,
"Mine surely now! come, Salia, come, enjoy
In safety and by right our freedom here:
No Gods oppose us: we are here at home."
And as he speaks, swifter he plies the oar.
Soon helmets blaze above the copse; men arm'd
And unarm'd welcome him; stout hinds belay
The laboring bark, tugging it where the wind
Baffles the sail; then, smoking from afield,
Laborious oxen and stout-hearted steeds.
But, tho' they aided, slower seem'd the hour
Than yesterday, when lay the oar athwart
And the loose sail flapt idly round the mast.
Both wisht to be alone again; nor long
Abstain'd Catillus (when the cliff began
To chafe the water and impede the way)
From ordering to haul the skiff ashore.
Alone then were they. He ascends the path,
The well-known path of the old wood; he stops,
Here, lest the stones should hurt her; here, because
The grass is softer than all grass beside;
Here, because sunny hazels most invite;
And here, because no serpent ever coils
Beneath the ashen shade. Such leisure-hour
Fatigue and sense of safety make more sweet.
"Up! Salia! one more hill we must ascend,
Whence Tibur, now thy own, thou mayst descry."
They reach the summit. What, across yon chasm,
Fixes the maid her eyes upon? A breeze
Whitens the waving willows as they bend,
And ancient elms cast shadows long and dark,
And the lithe tendril of the vine unpruned
Pats and springs up and pats again the stream.
What sees she from the summit there? why gaze?

Why tremble? why turn pale?
Behold! there stands
Her father!
You might have believ'd her knees
Had turn'd to marble.
"Wretched girl!" he cried,
"Whom dost thou fly from?"
At that voice she starts.
Swifter and swifter hurried she along
And thought each step was slower than the last.
Ambiguous was it from the fields or town
Whether she tore the youth away (her hand
Holding his spear through terror at the wrath
Of sire and prophet) or his arm made firm
Her step precipitous: but she was first
Where the road narrowed, fit for one alone,
And he where, leaning down for her, his spear
Protruded helpt her up the rock abrupt.
Indignant Anius saw them from below
Receiv'd into the city's double gate
With loud acclaim and trumpet's louder clang;
And from the aërial citadel the girls
One to another show'd him, and with taunts
Bade him begone.
He rushes to the wood
Resounding o'er the river: but not clash
Of cataract hears he, nor wild shout, nor dash
Roaring above, redoubled underneath,
And far away thro' cavern'd rocks prolong'd:
Nor rage impels him now nor tears dissolve,
He only presses with both hands his brow.
Ah! from what bitter source must flow the grief
Such scenes assuage not! There he stood, nor saw
Pareusius whirl his torrent deep below,
Whence watery dust eternal intercepts
The light of heaven. Dark ilex, bright-hair'd beech,
And, vainly fostering ever-fruitless vine,
The loftier elm, mass above mass, arise.
Among the branches thousand birds appear

To raise their little throats, but every song
Fast as it flows the roaring torrent drowns.
Some, by assiduous helpmate undetain'd,
Fly from the eternal thunder of the waves;
These . . leave them only sheltering bough, and moss
To soften for their young the nest they knit . .
Nor rains can chill nor thunders shake their love.
By rocks inclosed, sore fretting, and resolv'd
No force shall quell it, rushes the array
Of water, now united, scattered now,
Again to rally: pale is overhead
The mountain, pale and trembling; to its sides
The splasht herbs cling the closer: many a reed
Is there which never shall sigh forth the plaint
Of the lone shepherd, many a flower is there
On virgin bosom never to recline.
But numberless bright intermingled rays
Spring up, whence Jove and Phœbus raise an arch
Lofty and wide, and Iris dwells within.
Wrong, upon earth imperious, may o'erpower
And crush the mortal; Virtue may stand back
Nor help him; even the clemency of Heaven
May fail; the urn, the ashes laid within,
Violence may scatter; but on those who die
Thro' wretchedness, and undeservedly,
Compassionate and faithful verse attends
And drives oblivion from the wasted tomb.
O why, ye Gods! why, in such lands as these,
Fairest of earth, and where ye chose to dwell,
Should burst forth anguish from a father's breast?
Why from the guiltless Anius? Who brought gifts
More gladly to your altars? who more pure?
In part he uttered this, in part supprest;
Then added,
"Here is piety! and thus
Doth she requite her father! Duteous, chaste,
Benevolent, all thought her; and to all,
Excepting me, she was so; I alone
Less than a stranger merited her love.

Now know I what (Oh! lesson hard to learn
At all times! how much harder for the old!)
A daughter owes a father.
"O my wife!
If Libitina * had allow'd thy stay,
To see me so far left behind in love
(Our fond contention) thou hadst surely griev'd.
I took the mother's place. When any pain,
However slight, she suffered, could I rest?
Or could I leave her couch?
"Go, snatch the torch
Of Hymen, run, mingle thy song with theirs,
From tranquil brow draw down the saffron veil,
And be thy children, if they can, like thee.
If every other rite thou hast disdain'd,
If scorn'd the dower a royal bride should bring,
If thro' three nations, shameless, thou hast fled,
Blame, blame thy parent for it. He provides
At least a victim for so blest a day."
He spake; and from the woody mountain-top,
Where by the eternal battery of the waves
A way is cloven, cast himself. From rock
To rock he fell; and all the dew that rose
Around was dimly reddened with his blood.
The fact is well recorded: while the name
Of old Pereusius few remember, thine
O Anius, sounds for ever on that stream.

ENALLOS AND CYMODAMEIA.

A vision came o'er three young men at once,
A vision of Apollo: each had heard
The same command; each followed it; all three
Assembled on one day before the God
In Lycia, where he gave his oracle.
Bright shone the morning; and the birds that build

* Venus Libitina was an Etruscan Goddess.

Their nests beneath the column-heads of fanes
And eaves of humbler habitations, dropt
From under them and wheel'd athwart the sky,
When, silently and reverently, the youths
Marcht side by side up the long steps that led
Toward the awful God who dwelt within.
Of those three youths fame hath held fast the name
Of one alone; nor would that name survive
Unless love had sustain'd it, and blown off
With his impatient breath the mists of time.
"Ye come," the God said mildly, "of one will
To people what is desert in the isle
Of Lemnos: but strong men possess its shores;
Nor shall you execute the brave emprize
Unless, on the third day from going forth,
To him who rules the waters ye devote
A virgin, cast into the sea alive."
They heard, and lookt in one another's face,
And then bent piously before the shrine
With prayer and praises and thanksgiving hymn,
And, after a short silence, went away,
Taking each other's hand and swearing truth,
Then to the ship in which they came, return'd.
Two of the youths were joyous, one was sad;
Sad was Enallos; yet those two by none
Were loved; Enallos had already won
Cymodameia, and the torch was near.
By night, by day, in company, alone,
The image of the maiden fill'd his breast
To the heart's brim. Ah! therefore did that heart
So sink within him.
They have sail'd; they reach
Their home again. Sires, matrons, maidens, throng
The plashing port, to watch the gather'd sail,
And who springs first and farthest upon shore.
Enallos came the latest from the deck,
Swift ran the rumour what the God had said,
And fearful were the maidens, who before
Had urged the sailing of the youths they loved,

That they might give their hands, and have their homes,
And nurse their children; and more thoughts perhaps
Led up to these, and even ran before.
But they persuaded easily their wooers
To sail without them, and return again
When they had seiz'd the virgin on the way.
Cymodameia dreamt three nights, the three
Before their fresh departure, that her own
Enallos had been cast into the deep,
And she had saved him. She alone embarkt
Of all the maidens, and unseen by all,
And hid herself before the break of day
Among the cloaks and fruits piled high aboard.
But when the noon was come, and the repast
Was call'd for, there they found her; and they call'd
Enallos: when Enallos lookt upon her,
Forebodings shook him: hopes rais'd *her*, and love
Warm'd the clear cheek while she wiped off the spray.
Kindly were all to her and dutiful;
And she slept soundly mid the leaves of fig
And vine, and far as far could be apart.
Now the third morn had risen, and the day
Was dark, and gusts of wind and hail and fogs
Perplext them: land they saw not yet, nor knew
Where land was lying. Sudden lightnings blazed,
Thunder-claps rattled round them. The pale crew
Howl'd for the victim. "Seize her, or we sink."
O maid of Pindus! I would linger here
To lave my eyelids at the nearest rill,
For thou hast made me weep, as oft thou hast,
Where thou and I, apart from living men,
And two or three crags higher, sate and sang.
Ah! must I, seeing ill my way, proceed?
And thy voice too, Cymodameia! thine
Comes back upon me, helpless as thyself
In this extremity. Sad words! sad words!
"O save me! save! Let me not die so young
Loving thee so! let me not cease to see thee!"
Thus prayed Cymodameia.

Thus prayed he.
" O God ! who givest light to all the world,
Take not from me what makes that light most blessed !
Grant me, if 'tis forbidden me to save
This hapless helpless sea-devoted maid,
To share with her (and bring no curses up
From outraged Neptune) her appointed fate ! "
They wrung her from his knee ; they hurl'd her down
(Clinging in vain at the hard slippery pich)
Into the whitening wave. But her long hair
Scarcely had risen up again before
Another plunge was heard, another form
Clove the straight line of bubbling foam, direct
As ringdove after ringdove. Groans from all
Burst, for the roaring sea ingulpht them both.
Onward the vessel flew ; the skies again
Shone bright, and thunder roll'd along, not wroth,
But gently murmuring to the white-wing'd sails.
Lemnos at close of evening was in sight.
The shore was won ; the fields markt out ; and roofs
Collected the dun wings that seek house-fare ;
And presently the ruddy-bosom'd guest
Of winter, knew the doors : then infant cries
Were heard within ; and lastly tottering steps
Pattered along the image-stationed hall.
Ay, three full years had come and gone again,
And often, when the flame on windy nights
Suddenly flicker'd from the mountain-ash
Piled high, men pusht almost from under them
The bench on which they talkt about the dead.
Meanwhile beneficent Apollo saw
With his bright eyes into the sea's calm depth,
And there he saw Enallos, there he saw
Cymodameia. Gravely-gladsome light
Environed them with its eternal green,
And many nymphs sate round ; one blew aloud
The spiral shell ; one drew bright chords across
Shell more expansive ; tenderly a third
With cowering lip hung o'er the flute, and stopt

At will its dulcet sob, or waked to joy ;
A fourth took up the lyre and pincht the strings,
Invisible by trembling : many rais'd
Clear voices. Thus they spent their happy hours.
I know them all ; but all with eyes downcast,
Conscious of loving, have entreated me
I would not utter now their names above.
Behold, among these natives of the sea
There stands but one young man : how fair ! how fond !
Ah ! were he fond to *them !* It may not be !
Yet did they tend him morn and eve ; by night
They also watcht his slumbers : then they heard
His sighs, nor his alone ; for there were two
To whom the watch was hateful. In despair
Upward he raised his arms, and thus he prayed,
" O Phœbus ! on the higher world alone
Showerest thou all thy blessings ? Great indeed
Hath been thy favour to me, great to her ;
But she pines inly, and calls beautiful
More than herself the Nymphs she sees around,
And asks me ' Are they not more beautiful ? '
Be all more beautiful, be all more blest,
But not with me ! Release her from the sight ;
Restore her to a happier home, and dry
With thy pure beams, above, her bitter tears ! "
She saw him in the action of his prayer,
Troubled, and ran to soothe him. From the ground,
Ere she had claspt his neck, her feet were borne.
He caught her robe ; and its white radiance rose
Rapidly, all day long, through the green sea.
Enallos loost not from that robe his grasp,
But spann'd one ancle too. The swift ascent
Had stunn'd them into slumber, sweet, serene,
Invigorating her, nor letting loose
The lover's arm below ; albeit at last
It closed those eyes intensely fixt thereon,
And still as fixt in dreaming. Both were cast
Upon an island till'd by peaceful men
And few (no port nor road accessible)

Fruitful and green as the abode they left,
d warm with summer, warm with love and song.
said that some whom most Apollo loves
seen that island, guided by his light;
And others have gone near it, but a fog
Rose up between them and the lofty rocks;
Yet they relate they saw it quite as well,
And shepherd-boys and pious hinds believe.

PAN AND PITYS.

Cease to complain of what the Gods decree,
Whether by death or (harder!) by the hand
Of one prefer'd thy loves be torn away,
For even against the bourn of Arcady
Beats the sad Styx, heaving its wave of tears,
And nought on earth so high but Care flies higher.
A maid was wooed by Boreas and by Pan,
Pitys her name, her haunt the wood and wild;
Boreas she fled from; with more placid eye
Lookt she on Pan; yet chided him, and said . .
"Ah, why should men or clearer-sighted Gods
Propose to link our hands eternally?
That which o'er raging seas is wildly sought
Perishes and is trampled on in port;
And they where all things are immutable
Beside, even they, the very Gods, are borne
Unsteadily wherever love impels;
Even he who rules Olympus, he himself
Is lighter than the cloud beneath his feet.
Lovers are ever an uncertain race,
And they the most so who most loudly sing
Of truth and ardour, anguish and despair,
But thou above them all. Now tell me, Pan,
How thou deceivedst the chaste maid of night,
Cynthia, thou keeper of the snow-white flock!
Thy reed had crackled with thy flames, and split

With torture after torture; thy lament
Had fill'd the hollow rocks; but when it came
To touch the sheep-fold, here it paus'd and co
Wonderest thou whence the story reacht my e
Why open those eyes wider? why assume
The ignorant, the innocent? prepared
For refutation, ready to conceal
The fountain of Selinos, waving here
On the low water its long even grass,
And there (thou better may'st remember this)
Paved with smooth stones, as temples are. The sheep
Who led the rest, struggled ere yet half-shorn,
And dragged thee slithering after it: thy knee
Bore long the leaves of ivy twined around
To hide the scar, and still the scar is white.
Dost thou deny the giving half thy flock
To Cynthia? hiding tho' the better half,
Then all begrimed producing it, while stood
Well-washt and fair in puffy woolliness
The baser breed, and caught the unpracticed eye."
Pan blusht, and thus retorted.
"Who hath told
That idle fable of an age long past?
More just, perhaps more happy, hadst thou been,
Shunning the false and flighty. Heard I have
Boreas and his rude song, and seen the goats
Stamp on the rock and lick the affrighted eyes
Of their young kids; and thee too, then averse,
I also saw, O Pitys! Is thy heart,
To what was thy aversion, now inclined?
Believest thou my foe? the foe of all
I hold most dear. Had Cynthia been prefer'd
She would not thus have taunted me: unlike
Thee, Pitys, she looks down with gentle glance
On them who suffer; whether they abide
In the low cottage or the lofty tower
She tends them, and with silent step alike
And watchful eye their aching vigil soothes.
I sought not Cynthia; Cynthia lean'd to me.

Not pleased too easily, unlovely things
She shuns, by lovely (and none else) detain'd.
Sweet, far above all birds, is philomel
To her; above all scenes the Padan glades
And their soft-whispering poplars; sweet to her
The yellow light of box-tree in full bloom
Nodding upon Cytoros. She delights
To wander thro' the twinkling olive-grove,
And where in clusters on Lycæan knolls
Redden the berries of the mountain-ash;
In glassy fountain, and grey temple-top,
And smooth sea-wave, when Hesperus hath left
The hall of Tethys, and when liquid sounds
(Uncertain whence) are wafted to the shore . .
Never in Boreas."
"What a voice is thine!"
She said, and smiled. "More roughly not himself
Could sound with all his fury his own name.
But come, thou cunning creature! tell me how
Thou couldst inveigle Goddesses without
Thinning thy sheepfold."
"What! again," cried he,
"Such tart and cool twitting? She received,
Not as belov'd, but loving me, my gift.
I gave her what she askt, and more had given,
But half the flock was all that she required;
Need therefor was it to divide in twain
The different breeds, that she might make her choice.
One, ever meagre, with broad bony front,
Shone white enough, but harder than goat's hair
The wool about it; and loud bleatings fill'd
The plains it battened on . . for only plains
It trod; and smelt . . as all such coarse ones smell.
Avarice urged the Goddess: she sprang forth
And took, which many more have done, the worse.
"Why shake thy head? incredulous! Ah why,
When none believe the truth, should I confess?
Why, one who hates and scorns the lover, love?
Once thou reposedest on the words I spake,

And, when I ceast to speak, thou didst not cease
To ponder them, but with thy cool plump palm
Unconsciously didst stroke that lynx-skin down
Which Bacchus gave me, toucht with virgin shame
If any part slipt off and bared my skin.
I then could please thee, could discourse, could pause,
Could look away from that sweet face, could hide
All consciousness that any hand of mine
Had crept where lifted knee would soon unbend.
Ah then how pleasant was it to look up
(If thou didst too) from the green glebe supine,
And drink the breath of all sweet herbs, and watch
The last rays run along the level clouds,
Until they kindle into living forms
And sweep with golden net the western sky.
Meanwhile thou notedst the dense troop of crows
Returning on one track and at one hour
In the same darkened intervals of heaven.
Then mutual faith was manifest, but glad
Of fresh avowal; then securely lay
Pleasure, reposing on the crop she reapt.
"The oleaster of the cliff; the vine
Of leaf pellucid, clusterless, untamed;
The tufts of cytisus that half-conceal'd
The craggy cavern, narrow, black, profound;
The scantier broom below it, that betray'd
Those two white fawns to us . . what now are they?
How the pine's whispers, how the simpering brook's,
How the bright vapour trembling o'er the grass
Could I enjoy, unless my Pitys took
My hand and show'd me them; unless she blew
My pipe when it was hoarse; and, when my voice
Fail'd me, took up, and so inspired, my song."
Thus he, embracing with brown brawny arm
Her soft white neck, not far from his declined,
And with sharp finger parting her smooth hair.
He paus'd.
"Take now that pipe," said she, "and since
Thou findest joyance in things past, run o'er

The race-course of our pleasures: first will I
The loves . . of Boreas I abhor . . relate.
He his high spirit, his uprooted oaks,
And heaven confused with hailstones, may sing on:
How into thine own realms his breath has blown
The wasting flames, until the woods bow'd low
Their heads with heavy groans, while he alert
Shook his broad pinions and scream'd loud with joy.
He may sing on, of shattered sails, of ships
Sunk in the depths of ocean, and the sign
Of that wide empire from Jove's brother torn;
And how beneath the rocks of Ismaros
Deluded he with cruel sport the dream
That brought the lost one back again, and heard
The Manes clap their hands at her return.
Always his pastime was it, not to shake
Light dreams away, but change them into forms
Horrific; churl, from peace and truth averse.
What in such rival ever couldst thou fear?"
Boreas heard all she spoke, amid the brake
Conceal'd: rage seiz'd him: the whole mountain shook.
"Contemn'd!" said he, and as he said it, split
A rock, and from the summit with his foot
Spurn'd it on Pitys. Ever since, beneath
That rock sits Pan: her name he calls; he waits
Listening, to hear the rock repeat it; wipes
The frequent tear from his hoarse reed, and wears
Henceforth the pine, her pine, upon his brow.

LEONTION, ON TERNISSA'S DEATH (EPICUROS ALSO DEPARTED).

Behold, behold me, whether thou
Art dwelling with the Shades below
Or with the Gods above:
With thee were even the Gods more blest . .
I wish I could but share thy rest
As once I shared thy love.

'Twas in this garden where I lean
Against thy tombstone, once the scene
Of more than mortal bliss,
That loiter'd our Ternissa; sure
She left me that her love was pure;
It gave not kiss for kiss.

Faint was the blush that overspread
Thro' loosen'd hair her dying head;
One name she utter'd, one
She sigh'd and wept at; so wilt thou,
If any sorrows reach thee now . .
'Twas not *Leontion*.

Wert thou on earth thou wouldst not chide
The gush of tears I could not hide
Who ne'er hid aught from thee.
Willing thou wentest on the way
She went . . and am I doom'd to stay?
No; we soon meet, all three.

The flowers she cherisht I will tend,
Nor gather, but above them bend
And think they breathe her breath.
Ah, happy flowers! ye little know
Your youthful nurse lies close below,
Close as in life in death.

CORYTHOS.

Œnone had been weeping, but the blast
Bitterly cold had dried her tears, for high
Upon the mountain stood she, where the grass
Was short and dry, and where the fir-tree cones
Roll'd as the whirlwind rusht along the down.
Thence she beheld the walls and temples doom'd
So soon to fall, and view'd her husband's roof,

(Hers he was once, altho' another's now)
And call'd their Corythos from out the wood.
"Go," said she, "go, my child! there is at Troy
One who, without thy mother, may love *thee*.
Thy father lives . . alas! lives unaware
How few before him lie his destined days:
For now from Lemnos Philoctetes comes
And brings with him the deadly shafts bequeath'd
By Hercules, wherewith, the Fates have sung,
Paris must perish and the city fall.
Hated thou wilt not be by her he loves,
Altho' no child she ever bore to him
And thou art mine, if thou canst but delay
The hour foredoom'd: he may remember days
Of other times, and how serene they were,
Days when the poplar on its bark retain'd
Two names inscribed by him, and when invoked
Was Xanthos to bear witness to his vow.
When his lost son hath saved him, and he knows
He may not be ungrateful, but become
The kinder father for unkindness past."
She mingled kisses with o'erflowing tears,
Embraced him, then consigned him . . not at once . .
To Agelaos: he was oft recall'd,
And urged with admonitions fresh and fresh
To keep as distant as was possible
From wave sail-whitened and insidious shore,
And every spot where Argive rampires rose.
Downward, thro' crags and briars they wend their way.
Fixt to the place, she heard not long the shout
Of Corythos, nor outcry of shrill birds
He pelted, whooping; then she turn'd around
Toward her mountain home, and thus exclaim'd . .
"Mountains and woods, the birthplace of my child,
I see ye yet! he, dearer to my eyes,
Is lost to them! Paris, once gone, return'd
No more to me! alas! nor love remains
Nor pledge of love! not only have I lost
Him who might bring again to me past hours

By countenance, by mien, by sound of laugh,
By words persuasive, when presaging fear
Darkened my brow, that cause was none for grief,
I have lost here . . how little if success
Follow the loss! . . all solace, all support!
All things beside are just the same around.
Xanthos and Simöis tremble at the touch
Of early morning; then approaches me
Tenedos, one unbroken mass distinct,
And sidelong surges overleap the cliffs.
I am changed nothing; nothing can I change:
Such is the life of Nymphs; it must not cease,
Nor must the comeliness of youth decay.
Wretched! what look I back on? that frail gift
And fugitive, which others grasp, I mourn.
Œnone! O Œnone! beauteous once
He thought thee; he whom thou wilt ever hold
Beauteous and dear, now sees thee like the snow
That lost its colour in a southern gale.
How easy is it to snap off the bud
Of tender life, and sow upon a breast
Laid open ineradicable cares!
How soon droops youth when faith, that propt it, fails!
How often in her anguish would the maid
Recall irrevocable hours, and grieve
Most for the man whose future grief she sees!
Asteropè, my sister! happy thou
In him who loves but one! canst thou believe
That Æsacos and Paris are cognate?
But him the mild Arisbè bore; and him,
Born of a furious River, Hecuba.
I envy not alone the happier wed,
But even the wretched who avoid the light,
The unmarried, too, whose parents turn'd aside
Their nuptial torch, and widows o'er whose beds
Black wreaths are drooping; for the pang that death
Inflicts, time may, tho' time alone, assuage.
Where Nile besprinkles from his lotus-cup
The nuptial floor; where sacred Ganges rolls

Alike inscrutable his vaster stream,
If Memnon's mother sheds ambrosial tears
Before the sun arises ; if, ye maids
Of ocean, in the refuge of your caves
Ye daily hear your Thetis wail her loss,
Shunning wise Glaucos, deaf to Triton's shell,
To Doris, and the Nymphs that wait around ;
If maids and matrons wail'd o'er Hector's corse,
Mangled, and stretcht upon a tardy bier,
Hector was still Andromache's, as when
He drave before him the Achaian host,
As when he tost his infant to his crest
And laught that Hector's ehild could ever fear.
What fault ye Gods was mine, unless to love
And be deserted, and to pass my nights
Among the haunts of beasts, where wolves and bears
Break my first slumber, and my last, with howls,
And the winds roar incessant from above ?
Perhaps the Gods hereafter may look down
With gentler eyes, nor deem my fault so great.
Howe'er it be, may Corythos be blest
With other days, with better than pursuit
Of stag, or net thrown over birds when driven
By cold and hunger to scant oats unhous'd . .
O may they grant him happier, and forbid
That children suffer when their sires transgress."
Meanwhile the youth was stopping near the walls,
And stood there wondering that e'en those, so vast,
So lofty, had resisted such a host
Under so many tents on all sides round.
" But where is that old fig-tree ? where the scene
Of Hector and Achilles face to face ?
Where that of Venus when she drew the cloud
Around my father to preserve his life ? "
Such were his questions, seizing the guide's hand,
Hurrying him onward, and entreating him
Forthwith to lead him into Troy itself,
Even into Priam's house. Thus Agelaos
Represses him.

"Thy mother's sole command
Was *Onward! straight to Helena's abode.*"
An aged man, who heard the two converse,
Stopt them.
"O Dardan," cried the impatient boy,
"Say where dwells Helena?"
"With sterner voice
"Go," said the Dardan, "the destroyer's court
To all is open . . there it lies: pass on."
The youth threw instantly both arms around
The old man's neck, and, "Blessed," he exclaim'd,
"Blessed, to whom my mother's injuries
Are hateful! It is virtue so to hate
The wicked Spartan. Here none other house
Than Priam's will I enter, where with his
Abides my father, where Andromachè
Prostrate on earth bemoans her husband slain,
While that bold wanton, fearing neither Pan
Nor Zeus, with busy needle works, I ween,
For other temples golden tapestries,
Or twitches the shrill harp with nail of Sphynx."
Many, as they were speaking, past them by.
One woman, pausing, askt them if the ships
Could be discern'd from Ida whence they came,
And whether favourable were the winds
For their departure: to the eld she spake,
But gazed upon the youth: he saw her cheeks
Redden and pale; his guide too, not unmoved,
Thought, if in Ilion be such beauty, who
Would turn a glance elsewhere, tho' all the Gods
And all the Goddesses might promise more?
Now saw the youth, nor had he seen till now,
The maidens following her; their vests succinct,
Their hair close-braided; faultless all in form,
All modest in demeanour. Not so fast
The motion of his heart when rusht the boar
Into his toils, and knotty cornel spear
Whiz'd as it struck the bristles, and the tusks
Rattled with gnashing rage thro' boiling blood.

Whither were going they, she gently askt.
"To where Assaracos and Ilos dwelt,"
Replied the elder, "where dwells Paris now."
Then she, "The way is safer shown by us,
And sooner will ye find him when he leaves
The citadel. At early dawn he heard
A clamour from the coast; and soon a skiff
Was seen: an old man landed; one alone
Came with him; 'twas Odysseus; more behind.
Soon roam'd the sailors, culling on the coast
Bay and verbena; soon was every prow
Glimmering with these unhoped-for signs of peace."
Shaking his head, the Idæan answered thus.
"'Twas surely Philoctetes who arrived.
The arms he bears were those of Hercales,
And now the bow of Nessos and the shafts
Infected by the Hydra, come against
The falling city of Laomedon."
Struck by the words she heard, the more she wisht
To hear, the quicker went she on, and bade
Her damsels hasten too: she did look back,
Yet hasten'd. The Idæan strangers moved
Tardily now thro' crowds who stood before
The house of Hector: there they stood; there came
Widows and maids and matrons, carrying
Honey (the outraged Manes to appease)
And children on their shoulders, who lookt up,
Stretching their eyes, stretching their bodies out
To see their equal-aged Astyanax.
The older and the younger wept alike
At the morn silence: all things were laid waste
Around the roof-tree of their hero's house.
The palace now they reach where Paris dwelt;
They wonder at the wide and lofty dome,
The polisht columns and the brazen forms
Of heroes and of Gods, and marble steps,
And valves resounding at the gates unbarr'd.
They enter them. What ivory! and what gold!
What breathing images depicted there!

Dædalos had enricht the Cretan king
With divers; and his daughter when she fled
With Theseus, who had slain the Minotaur,
Brought part away within his hollow ship;
And these were Helena's: a scient hand
Drew her, the fairest, foremost into light
Among the girls she danced with, while the Gods
Of heaven and ocean gazed on her alone.
Above them sate the Sire of all, and nigh
She who on Cypros landed from her shell;
Curl'd conchs less bright the round-eyed Tritons blew.
Helena sent for Paris: what had said
The shepherd she related, but one fact
Repressing . . who the mother of the boy,
And whom the boy resembled. Such was once
Paris, the guest of Sparta; but ten years
Had cull'd and carried off the flower of youth.
She thought not in these moments of his flight
Inglorious from the spear of Diomed,
Of nearer peril thought she; he, reclined
Upon his purple couch, her fear controll'd.
"No Philoctetes is arrived, afar
Sits he, alone upon the Lesbian rock,
Heavy with mortal wound; a wing drives off
The beasts from worrying their expected prey,
Often he waves it o'er his weary head
Lest vulture settle on it, often sees
The brazen breast of eagle close above,
Too weak his voice to scare it off, too weak
His groans, tho' louder. Thinkest he who bore
All this from faithless friend, who sits athirst,
Ahungered, on the beach, who bends his ear
Down to the earth and hears the pulse of oars
Fainter and fainter, and the seaman's song
Lively as ever, and while he bemoans
His wasting and immedicable wound . .
What can Lernæan arrow do against us?
Grant, if that far-famed bowman limp across
The heavy sands crisp with Achaian gore,

Year after year, in flakes not washt away,
Where lies our danger? He but comes to find
Broken the chariot that had drag'd along
Hector, the blackened pyre where Ajax lies,
The corslet of Patroclos. Lo, O Troy!
Those mighty hands that threaten now thy fall!
Now is the time for us to turn our backs,
To leave our heritage, to leave the fane
Of Pallas, fane inviolate till now,
The roofs that Neptune helpt her to erect,
And over which Apollo, shining forth
And shouting and exhorting, bent his bow.
An old man bears an older on his back,
Odysseus Philoctetes. Aye, 'tis time,
My Helena, our footsteps to retrace
Toward Mycænai: let us bear away
Our household Gods, by former wars unmoved . .
Carry thou the Palladion in thy breast
That trembles so with pious fear, and bring
Gifts to Diana on Taÿgetos!
The rampire of the Achaians is o'erthrown;
The Myrmidons are scattered; every tent
Lies open . . that is little . . for, behold!
A lame man wins the race and grasps the prize!
While dark invidious Heré exercised
Her hatred on her judge, and arm'd the son
Of Tydeus, and while Ajax rear'd his shield
Covered with seven bull-hides, and Nereid-born
The proud Æmonian shook Aetion's towers,
Thy fears, even then, I might, in jest, rebuke.
On me no prowess have the Gods bestow'd?
No Venus, no Apollo, favoured *me!*"
Her failing spirits with derisive glee
And fondness he refresht: her anxious thoughts
Followed, and upon Corythos they dwelt.
Often he met her eyes, nor shun'd they his,
For, royal as she was and born of Zeus,
She was compassionate, and bow'd her head
To share her smiles and griefs with those below.

All in her sight were level, for she stood
High above all within the seagirt world.
At last she questioned Corythos what brought
His early footsteps thro' such dangerous ways,
And from abode so peaceable and safe.
At once he told her why he came: she held
Her hand to Corythos: he stood ashamed
Not to have hated her: he lookt, he sigh'd,
He hung upon her words . . what gentle words!
How chaste her countenance.
"What open brows
The brave and beauteous ever have!" thought she,
"But even the hardiest, when above their heads
Death is impending, shudder at the sight
Of barrows on the sands and bones exposed
And whitening in the wind, and cypresses
From Ida waiting for dissever'd friends."

CORYTHOS.

(SECOND PART.)

HELENA long had pondered, at what hour
To charm her Paris with the novel sight
Of such a son, so like him.
Seldom bears
A beauteous mother beauteous progeny,
Nor fathers often see such semblances
As Corythos to his. To mortal man
Rarely the Gods grant the same blessing twice;
They smile at incense, nor give ear to prayer.
With this regretful thought her mind recurs
To one so infantine, one left behind
At morning, from the breast she just had warm'd.
"Will no one ever tell me what thou art,

Hermionè! how grows thy destined spouse
Orestes."
Now invade her other cares
How to retain her Paris . . oft she wisht
She had a boy like Corythos . . at least
Hers she would make him by all tenderness,
Atoning, if atonement there could be,
For what his mother by her crime sustain'd . .
But was it not decreed so from above?
She argued . . and remorse was thus appeas'd.
Then Agelaos call'd she, and besought.
"Perform, O Agelaos, my request.
Two youths have been entrusted to thy care,
Paris and Corythos: one care is mine.
Already hast thou seen the torch extinct
That threatened Troy, and strong as be thy wish
Again to press thy earlier pupil's hand,
Be not thou overhasty: let a son
Receive a father's blessing quite alone."
Then he. "Not different were the wise commands
His mother gave me. Should I see the man
I left a child, he might not recognize
Old Agelaos in these wrinkled cheeks,
These temples sprinkled now with hoary hair,
These limbs now slow, this voice and spirit weak;
Nor haply would the prince be overjoyed
To know his servant had outrun his lord
In virtue's path: my help the royal heir
Wants not; but Corythos may want it, him
Never until death parts us will I leave."
Revolving in her mind a thousand schemes,
She now decided that her guest should come
Before his father when the harp and wine
Open the breast, and the first lamps were lit
To show the dauntless, unsuspicious youth;
She oftentimes had thought of it before,
And now the day was come.
The Trojans turn'd
Again to strains of intermitted glee,

Not unafraid, however, of reproof
Tho' mild; the times had so debased the lyre,
And for heroic deeds of better men,
It tinkled now, in city and in camp,
With little else than weak lasciviousness,
Until its strings were stifled with applause.
Helena heard not such complacently;
Adultress as she was, she had not lost
The early bloom of Spartan modesty.
Around the chamber shone the images
Of boys and maidens robed in vest succinct,
And holding burnisht lamps, whence incense wreath'd
Its heavy cloud whitened with cedar oil,
And under them the purple seats gleam'd forth,
And over was the residence of Gods,
And nectar-bearing youth, in light serene.
Helena, now impatient of delay,
Looks often out the portal's tissued folds
Heavy with fringe of interwoven gold,
And often stops when even Paris speaks,
Listening, but not to Paris as before,
And, once or twice, half springing from her seat.
Now enters Corythos: the splendours round
Amaze him, and one image strikes him dumb,
His lofty sire's: he would advance, but awe
Withholds him: he can only fix his gaze
On Helena.
When Paris first perceives
A stranger, of fresh age and ardent mien,
Advance, then hesitate, and then retreat
Disturb'd and trembling, voiceless, motionless,
Nameless, and without call or office there,
And when he sees the purple robe he wears,
Woven by Helena in former days,
Perhaps too for the man she since had loved,
A thousand furies rush into his breast,
He tears it off, he hurls it on the ground,
He strikes with rapid sword, the face, the neck,
The bosom, of his child, and with his heel

Stamps on the hands in vain to heaven uprais'd,
And hears, infuriate wretch! but bubbling blood,
And one loud female shriek . . *Thy child! thy child!*

PELEUS AND THETIS.

Thetis. O Peleus! whom the Gods have given me
For all my happiness on earth, a bliss
I thought too great . .
Peleus. Why sighest thou? why shed
Those tears? why sudden silence? our last tears
Should then have fallen when the Fates divided us,
Saying, earth is not thine; that he who rules
The waters call'd thee. Bitter those that flow
Between the loved and loving when they part,
And ought to be; woe to the inhuman wretch
Who wishes they were not: but such as fall
At the returning light of blessed feet
Should be refreshing and divine as morn.
Thetis. Support me, O support me in thy arms
Once more, once only. Lower not thy cheek
In sadness; let me look into thine eyes;
Tho' the heavens frown on us, they, now serene,
Threaten us no fresh sorrow . . *us?* ah me!
The word of Zeus is spoken: our Achilles
Discovered, borne away in the Argive ships
To Aulis, froward youth! his fearless heart
Had bounded faster than those ships to Troy.
Ah! surely there are some among the Gods
Or Goddesses who might have, knowing all,
Forewarn'd thee.
Were there neither auguries
Nor dreams to shake off thy security,
No priest to prophesy, no soothsayer?
And yet what pastures are more plentiful
Than round Larissa? victims where more stately?

Come, touch the altar with me.

Pious man,

Doth not thy finger even now impress
The embers of an incense often burnt
For him, for thee?

The lowing of the herds
Are audible, whose leaders lead them forth
For sacrifice from where Apidanos
Rises, to where Enipeus widens, lost
In the sea-beach: and these may yet avail.

Peleus. Alas! alas! priests may foretell calamity
But not avert it: all that they can give
Are threats and promises and hopes and fears.
Despond not, long-lost Thetis! hath no God
Now sent thee back to me? why not believe
He will preserve our son? which of them all
Hath he offended?

Thetis. Yet uncertainties,
Worse than uncertainties, oppress my heart,
And overwhelm me.

Peleus. Thetis! in the midst
Of all uncertainties some comfort lies,
Save those which even perplex the Gods on high
And which confound men the most godlike . . love,
Despond not so. Long may Achilles live
Past our old-age . . *ours?* had I then forgot,
Dazed by thy beauty, thy divinity?

Thetis. Immortal is thy love, immutable.

Peleus. Time without grief might not have greatly changed me.

Thetis. There is a loveliness which wants not youth,
And which the Gods may want, and sometimes do.
The soft voice of compassion is unheard
Above; no shell of ocean is attuned
To that voice there; no tear hath ever dropt
Upon Olympos.

Fondly now as ever
Thou lookest, but more pensively; hath grief
Done this, and grief alone? tell me at once,

Say have no freshly fond anxieties . .
Peleus. Smile thus, smile thus anew. Ages shall fly
Over my tomb while thou art flourishing
In youth eternal, the desire of Gods,
The light of Ocean to its lowest deep,
The inspirer and sustainer here on earth
Of ever-flowing song.
Thetis. I bless thy words
And in my heart will hold them; Gods who see
Within it may desire me, but they know
I have loved Peleus. When we were so happy
They parted us, and, more unmerciful,
Again unite us in eternal woe.
Peleus. Powerfuller than the elements their will,
And swifter than the light, they may relent,
For they are mutable, and thou mayest see
Achilles every day and every hour.
Thetis. Alas! how few! . . I see him in the dust,
In agony, in death, I see his blood
Along the flints, his yellow hair I see
Darken'd, and flapping a red stream, his hand
Unable to remove it from the eyes.
I hear his voice . . his voice that calls on *me*.
I could not save him; and he would have left
The grots of Nereus, would have left the groves
And meadows of Elysium, bent on war.
Peleus. Yet Mars may spare him. Troy hath once been won.
Thetis. Perish he must, perish at Troy, and now.
Peleus. The *now* of Gods is more than life's duration;
Other Gods, other worlds, are form'd within it.
If he indeed must perish, and at Troy,
His ashes will lie softly upon hers,
Thus fall our beauteous boy, thus fall Achilles.
Songs such as Keiron's harp could never reach
Shall sound his praises, and his spear shall shine
Over far lands, when even our Gods are mute.
Thetis. Over his head nine years had not yet past
When in the halls of Tethys these were words

Reiterated oftenest . . *O thou brave*
Golden-hair'd son of Peleus ! What a heap
Of shells were broken by impatient Nymphs
Because of hoarseness rendering them unfit
For their high symphonies ! and what reproofs
Against some Tritons from their brotherhood
For breaking by too loud a blast the slumber
Of those who, thinking of him, never slept.
To me appear'd the first light of his eyes,
The dayspring of the world ; such eyes were thine
At our first meeting on the warm sea-shore.
Why should youth linger with me ? why not come
Age, and then death ? The beast of Kalydon
Made his impetuous rush against this arm
No longer fit for war nor for defence
Of thy own people ; is the day come too
When it no longer can sustain thy Thetis ?
Protend it not toward the skies, invoke not,
Name not, a Deity ; I dread them all.
No ; lift me not above thy head, in vain
Reproving them with such an awful look,
A look of beauty which they will not pity,
And of reproaches which they may not brook.
Peleus. Doth not my hand now, Thetis, clasp that foot
Which seen the Powers of ocean cease to rage,
Indignant when the brood of Æolos
Disturbs their rest ? If that refreshing breath
Which now comes over my unquiet head
Be not the breath of immortality,
If Zeus hath any thunderbolt for it,
Let this, beloved Thetis, be the hour !

THE ESPOUSALS OF POLYXENA.

"Thy blood, O pious maiden ! shall remain
In thy own city ; and thou shalt survive
Its foe who now espouses thee."

The song
Of the three Sisters in three voices sang
These words, so comforting a mother's heart
To her Polyxena; and from the shrine
Of Thymbra, from Apollo's mouth the same
When she had led her thither.
"Future days
Of peace and happiness," said she, "expand
Before thee, and thou seest them not, O child!
Pious, yet even by that God's voice unmoved.
Behold! how bright the sky! how sweet the air
Breathes round about us! sweet when we came forth,
But how much balmier now! the flowers arise
Under the spring's first dust, as if no foot
Of foe had trampled them, and sip the dew
Joyous as if they felt thy wedding-day.
Continuous heaps extend along the plain,
Heaps where one briar binds more than one below,
Foes lately, now united evermore."
"I see the flowers, I see the sepultures,"
Polyxena said sighing, "and I feel
The breeze, no balmier than it breath'd before:
That tepid moisture which the plants inhale
Was theirs; and ah! those flowers were Trojan blood.
Not other now shines forth thy light, O sun,
Than when the Achaian anchors grasp our strand
Amid the clamour of the host, amid
Cars rattling on the stony beach, and shields
Struck in defiance. Ah! nor otherwise
When every God left Hector."
Here she wept,
Here wept the mother too.
"But why thus break
Silence, if only to make way for grief?
I had ceast almost so deeply to bemoan
My children when Achilles was defence,
Not terror, to us all. Canst thou refuse
To see the Gods now with him, friends to Troy?
King above kings, rich with ancestral stores,

And now about to bring all Asia bound
Into Mycenai, and, despite of Mars,
Polyxena, thee now doth he prefer
To all these glories: ere they yet were won,
Iphigeneia never had declined
His proffer'd hand while yet his shield was white,
Nor had the Nereid, she from whom he sprang,
Brought the Vulcanian armour he now bears.
Him born of Gods and worthy to beget
Their semblances, rejectest thou? She shed
Her blood upon the altar that thy hand
Might rescue Troy. Thou fearest the wild wail
Of our Cassandra; if there must be fear,
Is not Achilles what thou mightest dread?"
Briefly the yielding daughter thus replied.
"Whether the Gods command me, as they do,
To wed, or whether to be bound a slave,
I follow the behest: where no disgrace
No hardship is . . but let me weep awhile.
I will, O mother! yes, I will obey
A parent . . for this also they command,
Hoping they may recall or may remit
This one decree. Must I be given up
To him behind whose wheels my brother's corse
Was drag'd along, drag'd while his breast yet heaved
And plowed and fill'd the furrow with his blood.
Oh! on this very ground our feet now press
Plighted are nuptial vows! are Gods invoked!
Thanksgivings offered them! Oh! pardon grief
That nothing can abate: what can the Gods
Do now to lighten it?
Ye mouldering heaps
Which friendly hands heapt up and covered o'er
With turf, not solid yet; where cypresses,
Green lately, drop their hard and withered leaves;
And ye that cover corses numberless
In happier union, ye but separate
The resting soul from soul that knows not rest.
I gave my promise; thus Apollo will'd;

Let then his oracles, by me observ'd,
Bring (to me never!) to my country peace."
Hecuba gaspt for breath, tears gushing down,
"O my last child! my only hope in life!"
Cried she, "unmerited unhoped-for weal
Restorest thou: not what thy terror feigns
Wilt thou soon find him: his stern heart relents
At Priam's sad reverses; he beholds
A house the Gods have visited and deign'd
To share its hospitality; he looks
With pity and with fondness on thy youth
And beauty; else he never would hold out
His hand in amity, nor blandly take
What he could tear away: beside, he fears
That thou, beyond the reach of his revenge
(Unlike Briseïs whom his sword reclaim'd)
Shouldst be by equal lot another's prey.
For long ago he saw our certain fate,
Deriding the Palladion, nor afraid
Of any Gods, when Gods saw Hector fall."
Another, not a happier, morn arose.
Under the walls of Dardanos a plain
Lies open: it was covered now with crowds
Even to the root of Ida, past the banks
Of those two stony rivers, since alike
Rendered immortal by immortal song.
Unwearied, tho' grown hoary under arms,
And from the omen fondly hoping peace,
Commingled with the Trojans, in the fane
Of their Apollo, the Achaians held
Stern silence, or in whispers a discourse
That varied. Some regretted the delay
Of the doom'd city; some dared blame the king,
And some Peleides; others muttered words
On treachery, then on bribes, and knew the tent
That covered them stow'd carefully from sight.
Hither came Priam; slower came behind
His aged consort, and her sons, not few;
Prodigal had the rest been of their blood.

The wives of the survivors hither came,
All deeply veil'd and all with brow abased.
Hither they once had come led joyfully
Mid hymenæal song, by hands now cold:
Alone at home remain'd, and tried to wear
Away with restless spindle the sad hour,
Andromache, oft chided by her child.
In every street of the wide city, throngs
Rusht forth impatiently to see the shields
So long opposed to them, and helmets caught
Before by glimpses only thro' the dust.
Close to the altar of the placid God
Polyxena held tightly by the arm
Achilles, and scarce knew it; beautiful
Above her sister, beautiful almost
As Helena herself; so white that brow,
So pure the lustre of those gentle eyes.
Cassandra suddenly with horrid scream
Rushes beyond the congregated host . .
All tremble, all are stricken mute, as when
Enters some Deity. She speaks, alone,
And not her words speaks she, but words compell'd.
"Sister, believest thou the Destinies
Are friendly to thee? Sister! turn thine eyes
Back from this temple, turn them on the walls
Poseidon aided by Apollo rais'd.
In vain hath Pallas dwelt within . . I see
Prodigies, I see arms and flames o'er-ride
The ancient towers; Xanthos and Simoeis
I see run swifter now with streams of blood,
And heroes rising heavily from wounds,
And ruin following when the battles cease.
O flower! upon what altar art thou laid,
Cull'd by Thessalian hand! why, ere the torch
Be lighted, flames so the Sigæan shore
And Tenedos the level ray prolongs?
Fly! let us fly! Citheron calls aloud;
Sound the Chaonian towers, resound the horns
Of Achelöos, and, high up above,

The thunder-rent Keraunian rocks reply.
Hearest thou not the marble manger crack
Under the monster's jaw? it scales our walls
And human voices issue from its bulk?
Why then delay? why idle words? Arise
My parents! . . turn, ah! turn away the sight
From those Bistonian, those betraying realms.
Why, Polydoros, callest thou? why waves
A barren cornel o'er a recent tomb
While the loose pebbles tinkle down the base?
Me neither tears nor madness are vouchsafed;
Do thou, devoted sister! now thy chains
Are taken off that thy pure blood may flow
More readily, step back one little step
From where thou sittest on the fagot; come
And give me, all I hope, one last embrace.
Oh spare her thou! And thee too I implore,
Pyrrhos! Oh, by the manes of thy sire!
Haste forward. She deserves it not, no crime
Is hers. This only my last breath implores."
Uttering such words her maidens drew her home.
Another noise was heard within the fane.
Silent and dark an arrow from across
Amid the tumult struck the hero's heel,
And, passing thro' and thro', the brazen point
Rang on the marble floor. The chiefs around
Wonder to see the weapon and small bead
Of blood: they seize their spears, and tear away
The olive and verbena from their crests
And stamp them underfoot: not Priam's voice
Was heard, who gathering dust with desperate grasp
Strew'd with it his grey hairs; nor was the bride
Heeded, tho' sinking as if into death.
Achilles neither helpt her nor required
Help for himself; aware the day was come,
Foretold him: he with failing voice represt
The wrath of his compeers, yet strong enough
Thus to command.
"Lay ye your arms aside;

Let not none avenge Achilles but his son.
Alkimos and Automedon! detain
Within our tent the Myrmidons: my voice
They might no longer mind who see me now,
Fallen ignobly . . Ajax! Diomed!
Leave here a corse not worth a beast alive,
Or hide it where no Trojan may rejoice.
Ah! must his herds then graze upon my grave!
Let not thy tears drop over me, who e'er
Thou art upon my left! my eyes of iron
See none, see nothing . . take those friendly arms
From off my shoulder . . they now weary me
And weary you with their too vain support.
Not that Larissa in a quiet tomb
Holds my brave ancestors grieve I, O Death,
Not that my mother will lament my loss,
Lone in the bower of Tethys, for a while;
I grieve that Troy should ever thus exult
Without more slaughter of her faithless race.
Open the turf, remove the blackened boughs,
And let the urn of Menætiades
Take my bones too.
Launch from this hateful strand
The bark that bore us hither.
With the leave
Of your Atreides . . send for . . now at play
In Phthia, and expecting the return
Of playmate . . my own Pyrrhos, my brave boy . .
To bring destruction with the Pelian spear.
Hear ye my voice? or with its pants and gasps
Expires it, and deceives me?
I forget . .
Such is the mist of mind that hangs on me . .
What are the orders I have given, and what
My wishes yet unspoken: be not ye
Forgetful of me as I am of these;
Sure, although Orcos drags my wounded limbs
Beneath, the Shades shall know and fear me there.
Pyrrhos! my child, my far-off child, farewell!

Whose care shall train thy youth? What Cheiron stoop
To teach thee wisdom? what parental hands
Be loud in the applauses thou shalt win
For lyre, for javelin, for Thessalian car
Seen above others in the foremost dust."

DEATH OF PARIS AND ŒNONE.

Closed had the darkened day of Corythos.
When Agelaos heard the first report,
Curses he uttered on the stepmother,
Fewer on Paris by her spells enthrall'd,
For in the man he now but saw the child,
Ingenuous, unsuspicious. He resolved
To hasten back to Ida, praying death
To come and intercept him on the way.
What tale to tell Œnone! and what thanks
From parent at a prosperous son's return,
Anxiously hoped for after many years,
Last gift of wife deserted, now deprived
Of him whose voice, whose gesture, day and night
Brought the beloved betrayer back again
Into her closing and unclosing eyes,
And sometimes with her child upon the knee
Of her who knew him not, nor cared to know.
Grief and indignant virtue wrung her breast
When she repeated to the fond old man
Such intermingled and such transient joys;
But when she met him on his sad return
Ida was hateful in her eyes, for there
Love bore such bitter and such deadly fruit.
When Paris knew the truth, on cheek supine
And cold a thousand kisses he imprest,
Weeping and wailing; he would expiate
(If expiation there might ever be)
The murderous deed: he built up high a pyre
Of fragrant cedar, and in broken voice

Call'd on the name, a name he knew so late.
"O Corythos! my son! my son!" he cried,
And smote his breast and turn'd his eyes away;
Grief wrencht him back, grief that impell'd him on,
But soon return'd he, resolute to catch
The fleeting ashes and o'ertake the winds;
So from the brittle brands he swept away
The whiter ashes, placed them in their urn,
And went back slowly, often went alone
In the still night beneath the stars that shed
Light on a turf not solid yet, above
The priceless treasure there deposited.
Achaians, wandering on the shore, observ'd
His movements thither, Laertiades,
Epeos, and that hero last arrived,
Pæantios, catching the cool air with gasps.
There rose the foss before them: they advanced
From the Sigæan side thro' copse and brake
Along the winding dell of darker shade,
Awaiting Paris.
Under a loose string
Rattles a quiver; and invisibly
Hath flown an arrow, and a shout succeeds:
No voices answer it. One listens, groans,
Calls for his foe; but calls not any God's
Or any mortal's aid; he raves, and rests
Upon his elbow. Back thro' the soft sands
They from their ambush hasten, for no shield,
No helmet had they taken, no defence.
Below his knee the arrow has transfixt
The pulp, and hindered all pursuit; in vain
Strove he to tear it out; his vigorous arm
Could only break the arrow; blood flow'd hot
Where he would wrench it.
All night thro', he roll'd
His heavy eyes; he saw the lamps succeed
Each other in the city far below,
He saw them in succession dim and die.
In the fresh morn, when iron light awakes

The gentle cattle from their brief repose,
His menials issue thro' the nearer fields
And groves adjacent to explore their lord,
And lastly (where perchance he might be found)
Nearer the pointed barrow of his son.
Thither ran forward that true-hearted race
Which cheers the early morn, and shakes the frost
From stiffened herbs, which lies before the gate
Alike of rich and poor, but faithful most
To the forsaken and afflicted, came
And howl'd and croucht and lickt their master's face,
And now unchided mixt their breath with his.
When man's last day is come, how clear are all
The former ones! Now appear manifest
Neglected Gods, now Sparta's Furies rise,
Now flames the fatal torch of Hecuba
Portended at his birth, but deem'd extinct
Until that arrow sped across the tombs
Of heroes, by a hand unseen, involves
In flame and smoke the loftiest tower of Troy.
Such were the thoughts that vanisht like a mist,
And thee, Œnone, thee alone he sees,
He sees thee under where the grot was strown
With the last winter leaves, a couch for each,
Sees thee betrotht, deserted, desolate,
Childless . . how lately not so! what avail
The promises of Gods? false! false as mine!
"Seek out, ye trusty men, seek out," said he,
"The Nymph Œnone: tell her that I lie
Wounded to death: tell her that I implore
Her pardon not her aid."
They, when they reacht
High up the hill the woodland's last recess,
And saw her habitation, saw the door
Closed, and advancing heard deep groans, which brought
Even to the sill her favourite doe and stag
Springing before them with defiant breasts,
They paus'd; they entered; few and slow the words
They brought with them, the last they heard him speak.

Briefly she answered with her face aside.
"I could not save my child; one who could save
Would not."
Thick sobs succeeded.
'Twas not long
Ere down the narrow and steep path are heard
The pebbles rattling under peasants' feet,
Whose faces the dense shrubs at every side
Smite as they carry on his bier the man
Who thinks his journey long; 'twas long to him
Wounded so grievously, to him about
To close his waning day, before his eyes
Might rest on hers and mix with hers his tears.
How shall he meet her?
Where the rocks were clear
Of ivy, more than once the trace is seen
Of name or verse, the hunter's idle score
Indifferent to pursue the chase; and where
There was a leveler and wider track
He might remember, if indeed he cared
For such remembrances, the scene of games
At quoit or cestus closed by dance and feast.
He drew both hands before his face, and wept,
And those who carried him, and found him faint
And weary, placed their burden on the ground,
And with averted faces they wept too.
Œnone came not out; her feet were fixt
Upon the threshold at the opened door,
Her head turn'd inward that her tears might fall
Unseen by stranger; but not long unseen
By Paris: he was in his youth's domains,
He view'd his earliest home, his earliest loves,
And heard again his earliest sighs, and hers.
"After how many and what years!" he cried,
"Return I, O Œnone! thus to thee!"
She answered not; no anger, no reproach;
For, hours before, she prayed the Eumenides
That they would, as befits the just, avenge
The murder of her Corythos; she prayed

That she might never have the power to help
The cruel father in the hour of need.
A voice now tells her from her inmost heart,
Voice never, to the listener, indistinct,
It is not granted to so wild a prayer.
Weary of light and life, again she prayed.
"Grant me, O Zeus! what thou alone canst grant.
Is death too great a boon? too much for me,
A wretched Nymph, to ask? bestow it now."
When she had spoken, on the left was heard
Thunder, and there shone flame from sky serene;
Now on her child and father of her child
Equally sad and tender were her thoughts;
She saw them both in one, and wept the more.
Heedless and heartless wretch she call'd herself,
But her whole life, now most, those words belied.
Paris had heard the words. "Those words were mine
Could I have uttered them: wounds make men weak,
Shame makes them weaker: neither knowest thou,
Pure soul! one fit for immortality!
Let us, Œnone, shouldst thou ever die,
Be here united, here is room for both . .
Both did I say? and not for one beside?
Oh! will his ashes ever rest near mine?"
To these few words he added these few more.
"Restrain, Œnone, those heartrending sobs!"
His he could not restrain, nor deeper groans,
Yet struggled to console her. "Are not these
Our true espousals? Many may have loved
But few have died together!" Then she shriekt
"Let me die first, O husband! Hear my prayer
Tho' the Gods have not heard it! one embrace!
Paris is mine at last; eternally
Paris is mine.
Oh do not thou, my child,
Shun or disdain amid the shades below
Those who now die, and would have died for thee!
The gift of Venus I have often mourn'd,
With this one consolation, that my grief

Could not increase: such consolation lasts
No longer: pnnishment far less severe
Could Heré or could Pallas have decreed
Than Venus on this Ida, where she won
A prize so fatal, and to more than me."
The maidens of the mountain came and rais'd
Her drooping head, and drew from tepid springs
The water of her grot, and, from above,
Cedar and pine of tender spray, and call'd
Her father Cebren: he came forth, and fill'd
After due sacrifice the larger space
That was remaining of the recent urn.
Paris had given his faithful friends command,
Whether the Fates might call him soon or late,
That, if were found some ashes on his breast,
Those to the bones they covered be restored.

HOMER, LAERTES, AGATHA.

FIRST DAY.

Homer. Is this Laertes who embraces me
Ere a word spoken? his the hand I grasp?
Laertes. Zeus help thee, and restore to thee thy sight,
My guest of old! I am of years as many,
And of calamities, as thou thyself,
I, wretched man! who have outlived my son
Odysseus, him thou knewest in this house,
A stripling fond of quoits and archery,
Thence to be call'd for counsel mid the chiefs
Who storm'd that city past the farther sea,
Built by two Gods, by more than two defended.
Homer. He rests, and to the many toils endur'd
There was not added the worse weight of age.
Laertes. He would be growing old had he remain'd
Until this day, tho' scarcely three-score years
Had he completed; old I seem'd to him

For youth is fanciful, yet here am I,
Stout, a full twenty summers after him:
But one of the three sisters snapt that thread
Which was the shortest, and my boy went down
When no light shines upon the dreary way.
Homer. Hither I came to visit thee, and sing
His wanderings and his wisdom, tho' my voice
Be not the voice it was; yet thoughts come up,
And words to thoughts, which others may recite
When I am mute, and deaf as in my grave,
If any grave in any land be mine.
Laertes. Men will contend for it in after times,
And cities claim it as the ground whereon
A temple stood, and worshippers yet stand.
Long hast thou travell'd since we met, and far.
Homer. I have seen many cities, and the best
And wisest of the men who dwelt therein,
The children and *their* children now adult,
Nor childless they. Some have I chided, some
Would soothe, who, mounted on the higher sod,
Wept as the pebbles tinkled, dropping o'er
A form outstretcht below; they would not hear
Story of mine, which told them there were fields
Fresher, and brighter skies, but slapping me,
Cried worse, and ran away.
Laertes. Here sits aside thee
A child grey-headed who will hear thee out.
Here shalt thou arm my son again, in mail
No enemy, no time, can strip from him,
But first I counsel thee to try the strength
Of my old prisoner in the cave below:
The wine will sparkle at the sight of thee,
If there be any virtue left in it.
Bread there is, fitter for young teeth than ours,
But wine can soften its obduracy.
At hand is honey in the honeycomb,
And melon, and those blushing pouting buds
That fain would hide them under crisped leaves.
Soon the blue dove and particolor'd hen

Shall quit the stable-rafter, caught at roost,
And goat shall miss her suckling in the morn;
Supper will want them ere the day decline.
Homer. So be it: I sing best when hearty cheer
Refreshes me, and hearty friend beside.
Laertes. Voyagers, who have heard thee, carried home
Strange stories; whether all be thy device
I know not: surely thou hadst been afraid
Some God or Goddess would have twicht thine ear.
Homer. They often came about me while I slept,
And brought me dreams, and never lookt morose.
They loved thy son and for his sake loved me.
Laertes. Apollo, I well know, was much thy friend.
Homer. He never harried me as Marsyas
Was harried by him; lest he should, I sang
His praise in my best hymn: the Gods love praise.
Laertes. I should have thought the Gods would more approve
Good works than glossy words, for well they know
All we can tell them of themselves or us.
Have they enricht thee? for I see thy cloak
Is ragged.
Homer. Ragged cloak is songster's garb.
Laertes. I have two better; one of them for thee.
Penelope, who died five years ago,
Spun it; her husband wore it only once,
And 'twas upon the anniversary
Of their espousal.
Homer. Wear it I will not,
But I will hang it on the brightest nail
Of the first temple where Apollo sits,
Golden hair'd, in his glory.
Laertes. So thou shalt
If so it please thee: yet we first will quaff
The gifts of Bakkos, for methinks his gifts
Are quite as welcome to the sons of song
And cheer them oftener.

[AGATHA *enters with a cup of wine.*]

Maiden! come thou nigh,

And seat thee there, and thou shalt hear him sing,
After a while, what Gods might listen to:
But place that cup upon the board, and wait
Until the stranger hath assuaged his thirst,
For songmen, grasshoppers, and nightingales
Sing cheerily but when the throat is moist.
Homer. I sang to maidens in my prime; again,
But not before the morrow, will I sing;
Let me repose this noontide, since in sooth
Wine, a sweet solacer of weariness,
Helps to unload the burden.
Laertes. Lie then down
Along yon mat bestrown with rosemary,
Basil, and mint, and thyme.
She knows them all
And has her names for them, some strange enough.
Sound and refreshing then be thy repose!
Well may weak mortal seek the balm of sleep
When even the Gods require it, when the stars
Droop in their courses, and the Sun himself
Sinks on the swelling bosom of the sea.
Take heed there be no knot on any sprig;
After, bring store of rushes and long leaves
Of cane sweet-smelling from the inland bank
Of yon wide-wandering river over-sea
Famed for its swans; then open and take out
From the black chest the linen, never used
These many years, which thou (or one before)
Spreadst for the sun to bleach it; and be sure,
Be sure, thou smoothen with both hands his couch
Who has the power to make both young and old
Live throughout ages.
Agatha. And look well through all?
Laertes. Aye, and look better than they lookt before.
Agatha. I wish he could make me so, and without
My going for it anywhere below.
I am content to stay in Ithaca,
Where the dogs know me, and the ferryman
Asks nothing from me, and the rills are full

After the rain, and flowers grow everywhere,
And bees grudge not their honey, and the grape
Grows within reach, and figs, blue, yellow, green,
Without my climbing; boys, too, come at call;
And, if they hide the ripest, I know where
To find it, twist and struggle as they may;
Impudent boys! to make me bring it out,
Saying I shall not have it if I don't!

Laertes. How the child babbles! pardon her! behold
Her strength and stature have outgrown her wits!
In fourteen years thou thyself wast not wise.

Homer. My heart is freshen'd by a fount so pure
At its springhead; let it run on in light.
Most girls are wing'd with wishes, and can ill
Keep on their feet against the early gale
That blows impetuous on unguarded breast;
But this young maiden, I can prophesy,
Will be thy staff when other staff hath fail'd.

Agatha. May the Gods grant it! but not grant it yet!
Blessings upon thy head!

Homer. May they bestow
Their choicest upon thine! may they preserve
Thy comeliness of virtue many years
For him whose hand thy master joins to thine!

Agatha. O might I smoothen that mild wrinkled brow
With but one kiss!

Laertes. Take it. Now leave us, child,
And bid our good Metampos to prepare
That brazen bath wherein my rampant boy
Each morning lay full-length, struggling at first,
Then laughing as he splasht the water up
Against his mother's face bent over him.
Is this the Odysseus first at quoit and bar?
Is this the Odysseus call'd to counsel kings,
He whose name sounds beyond our narrow sea?

Agatha. O how I always love to hear that name!

Laertes. But linger not; pursue the task at hand:
Bethink thee 'tis for one who has the power
To give thee many days beyond old-age.

Agatha. O! tell him not to do it if he can:
He cannot make youth stay: the swallows come
And go, youth goes, but never comes again.
Laertes. He can make heroes greater than they were.
Agatha. By making them lay by the wicked sword?
How I shall love him when he has done that!
Laertes. No, but he gives them strength by magic song.
Agatha. The strength of constancy to love but one?
As did Odysseus while he lived on earth,
And when he waited for her in the shades.
Laertes. The little jay! go, chatterer.
Agatha (*to* HOMER). Do not think,
O stranger, he is wroth; he never is
With Agatha, albeit he stamps and frowns
And shakes three fingers at her, and forbears
To do the like to any one beside.
Hark! the brass sounds, the bath is now prepared.
Laertes. More than the water shall her hand assuage
Thy weary feet, and lead thee back, now late.

HOMER, LAERTES, AGATHA.

SECOND DAY.

In the Morning.

Homer. Whose is the soft and pulpy hand that lies
Athwart the ridges of my craggy one
Out of the bed? can it be Agatha's?
Agatha. I come to bring thee, while yet warm and frothy,
A draught of milk. Rise now, rise just half-up,
And drink it. Hark! the birds, two at a time,
Are singing in the terebinth. Our king
Hath taken down his staff and gone afield
To see the men begin their daily work.
Homer. Go thou to thine: I will arise. How sweet
Was that goat's milk!
Agatha. We have eleven below,

All milchers. Wouldst thou now the tepid bath?
Homer. Rather when thou hast laid on the left-hand
My sandals within reach; bring colder lymph
To freshen more the frame-work of mine eyes,
For eyes there are, altho' their orbs be dark.
Agatha. 'Tis here; let me apply it.
Homer. Bravely done!
Why standest thou so still and taciturn?
Agatha. The king my master hath forbidden me
Ever to ask a question: if I might,
And were not disobedience such a sin,
I would ask *thee*, so gentle and so wise,
Whether the story of that bad Calypso
Can be all true, for it would grieve me sorely
To think thou wouldst repeat it were it false,
And some ill-natured God (such Gods there are)
Would punish thee, already too afflicted.
Homer. My child! the Muses sang the tale I told,
And they know more about that wanton Nymph
Than they have uttered into mortal ear.
I do rejoice to find thee fond of truth.
Agatha. I was not always truthful. I have smarted
For falsehood, under Queen Penelope,
When I was little. I should hate to hear
More of that wicked creature who detain'd
Her lord from her, and tried to win his love.
I know 'twas very wrong in me to listen.
Homer. A pardonable fault: we wish for listeners
Whether we speak or sing, the young and old
Alike are weak in this, unwise and wise,
Cheerful and sorrowful.
Agatha. O! look up yonder!
Why dost thou smile? everything makes thee smile
At silly Agatha, but why just now?
Homer. What was the sight?
Agatha. O inconsiderate!
O worse than inconsiderate! cruel! cruel!
Homer. Tell me, what was it? I can see thro' speech.
Agatha. A tawny bird above; he prowls for hours,

Sailing on wilful wings that never flag
Until they drop headlong to seize the prey.
The hinds shout after him and make him soar
Eastward: our little birds are safe from kites
And idler boys.
'Tis said (can it be true?)
In other parts men catch the nightingale
To make it food.
Homer. Nay, men eat men.
Agatha. Ye Gods!
But men hurt one another, nightingales
Console the weary with unwearied song,
Until soft slumber on the couch descends.
The king my master and Penelope
Forbade the slaughter or captivity
Of the poor innocents who trusted them,
Nor robbed them even of the tiniest grain.
Homer. Generous and tender is thy master's heart,
Warm as the summer, open as the sky.
Agatha. How true! how I do love thee for these words!
Stranger, didst thou not hear him wail aloud,
Groan after groan, broken, but ill suppressed,
When thou recitedst in that plaintive tone
How Anticleia met her son again
Amid the shades below?
Thou shouldst have stopt
Before that tale was told by thee; that one
At least was true, if none were true before.
In vain, O how in vain, I smote my breast
To keep more quiet what would beat within!
Never were words so sweet, so sad, as those.
I sobb'd apart, I could not check my tears:
Laertes too, tho' stronger, could not his,
They glistened in their channels and would run,
Nor could he stop them with both hands: he heard
My sobs, and call'd me little fool for them;
Then did he catch and hold me to his bosom,
And bid me never do the like again.
Homer. The rains in their due season will descend,

And so will tears; they sink into the heart
To soften, not to hurt it. The best men
Have most to weep for, whether foreign lands
Receive them (or still worse!) a home estranged.
Agatha. Listen. I hear the merry yelp of dogs,
And now the ferul'd staff drops in the hall,
And now the master's short and hurried step
Advances: here he is: turn round, turn round.
Laertes. Hast thou slept well, Mæonides?
Homer. I slept
Three hours ere sunrise, 'tis my wont, at night
I lie awake for nearly twice as long.
Laertes. Ay; singing birds wake early, shake their plumes,
And carol ere they feed. Sound was thy sleep?
Homer. I felt again, but felt it undisturb'd,
The pelting of the little curly waves,
The slow and heavy stretch of rising billows,
And the rapidity of their descent.
I thought I heard a Triton's shell, a song
Of sylvian Nymph, and laughter from behind
Trees not too close for voices to come thro',
Or beauty, if Nymph will'd it, to be seen;
And then a graver and a grander sound
Came from the sky, and last a long applause.
Laertes. Marvellous things are dreams! methinks we live
An age in one of them, we traverse lands
A lifetime could not reach, bring from the grave
Inhabitants who never met before,
And vow we will not leave an absent friend
We long have left, and who leaves *us* ere morn.
Homer. Dreams are among the blessings Heaven bestows
On weary mortals; nor are they least
Altho' they disappoint us and are gone
When we awake! 'Tis pleasant to have caught
The clap of hands below us from the many,
Amid the kisses of the envious few.
There is a pride thou knowest not, Laertes,
In carrying the best strung and loudest harp.
Laertes. Apollo, who deprived thee of thy light

When youth was fresh and nature bloom'd around,
Bestowed on thee gifts never dim with age,
And rarely granted to impatient youth.
The crown thou wearest reddens not the brow
Of him who wears it worthily; but some
Are snatcht by violence, some purloin'd by fraud,
Some dripping blood, not by the Gods unseen.
To thee, O wise Mæonides, to thee
Worthless is all that glitters and attracts
The buzzing insects of a summer hour.
The Gods have given thee what themselves enjoy,
And they alone, glory through endless days.
The Lydian king Sarpedon never swayed
Such sceptre, nor did Glaucos his compeer,
Nor Priam. Priam was about my age,
He had more sorrows than I ever had;
I lost one son, some fifty Priam lost;
This is a comfort, I may rub my palms
Thinking of this, and bless the Powers above.
Homer. One wicked son brought down their vengeance on him,
And his wide realms invited numerous foes.
Laertes. Alas! alas! are there not cares enow
In ruling nearly those five thousand heads,
Men, women, children; arbitrating right
And wrong, and hearing maids and mothers wail;
For flax blown off the cliff when almost bleacht,
And curlew tamed in vain and fled away,
Albeit one wing was shortened; then approach
To royal ear the whisper that the bird
Might peradventure have alighted nigh,
And hist upon the charcoal, skinn'd and split.
Bounteous as are the Gods, where is the wealth
To stop these lamentations with a gift
Adequate to such losses? words are light,
And words come opposite, with heavy groans.
Homer. The pastor of the people may keep watch,
Yet cares as wakeful creep into the fold.
Laertes. Beside these city griefs, what mortal knows

The anxieties about my scattered sheep?
Some bleating for lost offspring, some for food,
Scanty in winter, scantier in the drought
Of Sirius; then again the shrubs in spring,
Cropt close, ere barely budded, by the goats.
Methinks these animals are over-nice
About their food, else might they pick sea-weeds,
But these forsooth they trample on, nor deign
To taste even samphire, which their betters cull.
There also are some less solicitudes
About those rocks, when plunderers from abroad
Would pilfer eggs and nestlings; my own folk
Are abstinent, without their king's decree.

Homer. To help thee in such troubles, and in worse,
Where is thy brave Telemakos?

Laertes. That youth
Is gone to rule Dulikion, where the soil
Tho' fitter than our Ithaca for tilth,
Bears only turbulence and idleness.
He with his gentle voice and his strong arm,
Will bring into due train the restive race.

Homer. Few will contend with gentleness and youth,
Even of those who strive against the Laws,
But some subvert them who could best defend,
And in whose hands the Gods have placed the sword.
On the mainland there are, unless report
Belie them, princes who, possessing realms
Wider than sight from mountain-head can reach,
Would yet invade a neighbour's stony croft,
Pretending danger to their citadels
From fishermen ashore, and shepherd boys
Who work for daily and but scanty bread,
And wax the reeds to pipe at festivals,
Where the dogs snarl at them above the bones.

Laertes. What! would the cloth'd in purple, as are some,
Rip off the selvage from a ragged coat?
Accursed be the wretch, and whosoe'er
Upholds him, or connives at his misdeeds.
Away with thoughts that sadden even this hour!

Homer. I would indeed away with 'em, but wrath
Rings on the lyre and swells above the song.
It shall be heard by those who stand on high,
But shall not rouse the lowlier, long opprest,
Who might be madden'd at his broken sleep,
And wrenching out the timbers of his gate
Batter the prince's down.
Laertes. Ye Gods forbid!
Thou makest the skin creep upon my flesh,
Albeit the danger lies from me afar.
Now surely this is but a songman's tale,
Yet songman never here discourst like thee,
Or whispered in low voice what thou hast sung,
Striking the lyre so that the strings all trembled.
Are people anywhere grown thus unruly?
Homer. More are they who would rule than would be ruled,
Yet one must govern, else all run astray.
The strongest are the calm and equitable,
And kings at best are men, nor always that.
Laertes. I have known many who have call'd me friend,
Yet would not warn me tho' they saw ten skiffs
Grating the strand with three score thieves in each.
Curse on that chief across the narrow sea,
Who drives whole herds and flocks innumerable,
And whose huge presses groan with oil and wine
Year after year, yet fain would carry off
The crying kid, and strangle it for crying.
Alas, Mæonides, the weakest find
Strength enough to inflict deep injuries.
Much I have borne, but 'twas from those below;
Thou knowest not the gross indignities
From goat-herd and from swine-herd I endur'd
When my Odysseus had gone far away;
How they consumed my substance, how the proud
Divided my fat kine in this my house,
And wooed before mine eyes Penelope,
Reluctant and absconding till return'd
Her lawful lord, true, chaste, as she herself.

Homer. I know it, and remotest men shall know.
If we must suffer wrong, 'tis from the vile
The least intolerable.
Laertes. True, my son
Avenged me: more than one God aided him,
But one above the rest; the Deity
Of wisdom, stronger even than him of war,
Guided the wanderer back, and gave the arms
And will and prowess to subdue our foes,
And their own dogs lapt up the lustful blood
Of the proud suitors. Sweet, sweet is revenge;
Her very shadow, running on before,
Quickens our pace until we hold her fast.
Homer. Rather would I sit quiet than pursue.
Laertes. Now art thou not, from such long talk, athirst?
Split this pomegranate then, and stoop the jar.
Hold! I can stoop it: take this cup . . 'tis fill'd.
Homer. Zeus! God of hospitality! vouchsafe
To hear my prayer, as thou hast often done,
That, when thy lightnings spring athwart the sea,
And when thy thunders shake from brow to base
The Acrokerauneans, thy right hand protect
This Ithaca, this people, and this king! *

LAERTES, HOMER, AGATHA.

THIRD DAY.

Homer. And now, Mæonides, the sun hath risen
These many spans above the awaken'd earth,
Sing me that hymn, which thou hast call'd thy best,
In glory to the God who gives it light.
First I will call the child to hear thee sing,
For girls remember well and soon repeat

* It has been doubted and denied that Homer and Laertes were contemporary.

What they have heard of sacred more or less.
I must forbear to join in it, although
That blessed God hath helpt to rear my grain
High as my knee, and made it green and strong.
Alas! I cackle when I aim to sing,
Which I have sometimes done at festivals,
But, ere a word were out, methought I felt
A beard of barley sticking in my throat.

[AGATHA *enters.*

Now, with a trail of honey down the cup
(Agatha, drop it in), commence thy chaunt.

(*About the* 500*th verse* LAERTES *falls asleep: awakening he finds* AGATHA *in the same state, and chides her.*)

Hast thou no reverence for a song inspired?

Agatha (*in a whisper*). Hush! O my king and lord, or he may hear.

You were asleep the first: I kept my eyes
Wide open, opener than they ever were,
While I do think I could have counted more
Than half a thousand of those words divine,
Had both my hands not dropt upon my lap.

Laertes. Another time beware of drowsiness
When reverend men discourse about the Gods.
Now lead him forth into the cooler porch,
Entreating him that he will soon renew
His praises of Apollo.

Agatha. I will bear
Your words to him; he might care less for mine,
And, sooth to say, I would much rather hear
Some other story, where more men than Gods
Shine on the field.

Laertes. Of men thou know'st enough.

Agatha. Too much: then why show Gods almost as bad?
They can not be . . least of all Artemis;
'Twas she directed and preserved Odysseus.

Laertes. Blessings upon thee! While thou wast a babe
He fondled thee, nor saw when thou couldst walk.
Few love so early or so long: We say

We love the Gods: we lie; the seen alone
We love, to those unseen we may be grateful.
Agatha. But when they are no more before our eyes . . .
Laertes. That never is, altho' earth come between.
Perplex not thou thy simple little head
With what the wise were wiser to let be.
Agatha. I go, and will not be again perplext.
[*Aside.*
He has been dozing while we have converst.
Mæonides! rise and take this arm
To lead thee where is freshness in the porch.
My master tells me thou another time
Wilt finish that grand hymn about Apollo.
Hast thou no shorter one for Artemis?
Homer. Such thou shalt have for her, but not to-day.
Agatha. O, I can wait, so (I am sure) can she.
Homer. Faint are the breezes here, less faint above;
Gladly then would I mount that central peak
Which overlooks the whole of Ithaca,
That peak I well remember I once clomb
(What few could do) without the help of beast.
Agatha. Here are sure-footed ones, who weed our thistles,
And give us milk, grey dappled as the dawn:
Their large and placid eyes well know that path,
And they will bring us safely to the top
And back again, treading more warily
Than up the ascent.
I will call forth two boys
To lead them, without switches in the fist.
These two can lift thee up; I at thy side
Require no help, and can whisk off the flies.
Homer. I know not what impels me to retrace
Scenes I can see no more: but so it is
Thro' life.
If thou art able, lead me forth,
And let none follow; we are best alone.
Agatha. Come forward ye.
Now lift up carefully
The noblest guest that ever king received

And the Gods favour most.
Well done! now rest,
Nor sing nor whistle till we all return,
And reach the chesnut and enjoy the shade.
Homer (*at the summit*). I think we must be near the highest point,
For now the creatures stop, who struggled hard,
And the boys neither cheer 'em, nor upbraid.
'Tis somewhat to have mounted up so high,
Profitless as it is, nor without toil.
Agatha. Dost thou feel weary?
Homer. Short as was the way
It shook my aged bones at every step;
My shoulders ache, my head whirls round and round.
Agatha. Lean on my shoulder, place thy head on mine,
'Tis low enough.
What were those words? . . I heard
Imperfectly . . . shame on me! Dost thou smile?
Homer. Child! hast thou ever seen an old man die?
Agatha. The Gods defend me from so sad a sight!
Homer. Sad if he die in agony, but blest
If friend be nigh him, only one true friend.
Agatha. Tho' most of thine be absent, one remains;
Is not Laertes worthy of the name?
Homer. And Agatha, who tends me to the last.
Agatha. I will, I will indeed, when comes that hour.
Homer. That hour is come.
Let me lay down my head
On the cool turf; there I am sure to rest.
Agatha (*after a pause*). How softly old men sigh! Sleep, gentle soul!
He turns his face to me. Ah how composed!
Surely he sleeps already . . . hand and cheek
Are colder than such feeble breeze could make 'em.
Mæonides! hearest thou Agatha?
He hears me not . . . Can it . . . can it be . . . death?
Impossible . . . 'tis death . . . 'tis death indeed . . .
Then, O ye Gods of heaven! who would not die,
If thus to rest eternal, he descend?

O, my dear lord! how shall I comfort thee?
How look into thy face and tell my tale,
And kneeling clasp thy knee? to be repulst
Were hard, but harder to behold thy grief.

Homer's age is uncertain. He may have been, or may not, the contemporary of Laertes. Chronology and poesy are not twins. Two heavy volumes might never have befallen us if their author had consulted Pericles and Aspasia. Among the hymns attributed to Homer is one to Apollo, which may well have made an old man and a young girl somnolent.

[The "two heavy volumes" were the first two volumes of Mr Gladstone's work on Homer. "Whatever," said Landor, "is worth notice in them may be found in Pericles and Aspasia."]

CONTENTS AND BIBLIOGRAPHY.

[In order to save space in these Bibliographical notes no reference has been made to the 1876 Edition, except in those cases where a poem included in this edition does not appear there. It must also be added that the Editor has been unable to make this Bibliography complete. To do so would have required a very long search through the Magazines to which Landor contributed, and this search he has been unable to undertake.]

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GEBIR 3

[Gebir, a poem in seven books, 1798; Gebir, a poem in seven books, 1803; Gebir, Count Julian and other poems, 1831; Works, 1846. In Latin Gebirus, 1803; Poemata et Inscriptiones, 1847. The history of the story of Gebir is a curious one. If one may trust M. Pierre Vattier, Arabic Professor to King Louis XIV., he found in the Mazarin Library a manuscript written by Murtadha ibn al Khafif, which he translated into French, and published under the title *L'Egypte où il est traité des Pyramides*, and of many other wonders natural to that country. In 1672 this book was translated into English as *The Egyptian History, treating of the Pyramids . . . and other prodigies of Egypt*. I have not so far been able to see this translation, and so cannot tell whether C. R. used it, when, in 1785, she published *The Progress of Romance through times, countries, and manners, with remarks on the good and bad effects of them respectively, in a course of Evening Conversations. By C.[lara] R.[eeve], Author of The English Baron, The Two Mentors, &c.* At the

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end of this book is *The Story of Charoba*, which the author states that she has taken from M. Pierre Vattier's book, referred to above. It is in fact only an adaptation of a part of that work. The story may be briefly given. Charoba was the daughter of Totis, the King of Egypt, whom Abraham and Sara visited, whose adventures in Egypt are recounted. After their departure, Totis fell into ways of tyranny and cruelty, and Charoba, to protect her country, poisoned her father, and was made Queen in his stead. Gebir, a giant, and the king of a people of giants, called Gadites, whom Landor, without warrant, seems to have supposed to be connected with Gades, and therefore Spaniards, invades Egypt, and is persuaded by Charoba to attempt to build a city on the site of Alexandria. The powers of the sea, however, nightly destroy the work of the day. Then follows the episode of the sea-nymph, told very much as Landor tells it, save that the shepherd is not Gebir's brother. The Nymph explains to Gebir the incantations he must use to

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save his city, and by her aid he discovers the treasures of seven kings, his forefathers. The descent into Hell is Landor's addition. The city was built, and Gebir claims Charoba as his wife. But Charoba's nurse comes to her aid, and poisons the whole of Gebir's army and Gebir himself, over whose death Charoba exults. But as he dies, the king threatens her with a fate like his own, and in less than a year the Queen dies bitten by an asp, and Dalica, her cousin, succeeds to the throne. The name of this Queen Landor has applied to the nurse, who has no name in the original. I cannot help feeling some suspicions as to M. Pierre Vattier's fidelity as a translator. It would be pleasant to know if his account of the Arabic manuscript can be trusted.]

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[Poetry by the Author of Gebir, 1802. Never reprinted. The history of the Phocæans can be found either in Herodotus or Justin. It was from the latter author that Landor got the bare idea of his poem. But so far as the details of the story go they are purely Landor's own invention. We know only the bare fact that the Phœnicians and the Phocæans at one time met in battle, and that the former were defeated.]

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[Poetry by the Author of Gebir, 1802; The Hellenics, 1847; The Hellenics, 1859. Mr Colvin has pointed out in Diodorus iv. 156, a mention of a King of Spain called Chrysaor, from his wealth, who ruled over all Iberia with his three sons. Shortly after Hercules had assisted the gods in quelling the rebellion of the giants, he was despatched to Spain by Eurystheus to carry off the oxen of Geryon, and in order to accomplish his purpose he conquered Chrysaor and his three sons. This is all that Diodorus has to say, and it is clear that this supplies only the name of Chrysaor, and explains in part why Landor associated him with the giants. The remainder of the story, with its cloudy magnificence, is due to Landor himself, though I suspect him to have had in his mind the story of Ajax Oileus, who was shipwrecked, and taking refuge on a rock thence defied the gods. Neptune split the rock, and the hero perished miserably.]

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[Hellenics, Works, 1846; Hellenics, 1847; Hellenics, 1859. Never written in Latin. For the source of this story see Polyaenus, Stratagem, v. 14. This is clearly the source from which Landor derived his account. But neither Polyaenus nor Plutarch mention the name of Eunoe.]

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[Hellenics, Works, 1846. Hellenics, 1847. Hellenics, 1859. Never written in Latin. See Nonnus, Dionysiaca xlvii. for this story. Landor may, however, have taken his version from Apollodorus iii. 7.]

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[Hellenics, 1847; Hellenics, 1859 (new version). Printed from the 1847 text.]

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[Works, 1846; Hellenics, 1847; Hellenics, 1859. Never written in Latin. See Mr Colvin's selections from Landor for several references to the original sources of this tale; he traces it to Charon of Lampsacus, a lost author of the 5th century, B.C.]

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[Hellenics, 1847. Not reprinted later. Not written in Latin.]

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[Hellenics, Works, 1846; Hellenics, 1847; Hellenics, 1859 (another version). Printed from the 1847 text. The source of this story is Plutarch, Moralia, 388, 18. Landor has altered the name Cathetus, to Catillus.]

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[Hellenics, Works, 1846; Hellenics, 1847; Hellenics, 1859; not written in Latin. For the source of this story see Plutarch Septem Sapientum Convivium xx. where Pittacus tells the story very much as Landor does. As Mr Colvin points out in his selections Lemnos is an alteration of Landor's for Lesbos.]

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[Hellenics, 1847; Hellenics, 1859. Printed from the 1847 text.]

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[Hellenics, 1847; Hellenics, 1859. Printed from the 1859 text. Landor has taken the story from the account given by Conon. See Photius, Bibliotheca, p. 134 (Bekker).]

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[Imaginary Conversations, v. 1829 in prose. Afterwards incorporated in

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the Conversation between Epicurus, Leontion, and Ternissa, Works, 1846. In verse in Hellenics, 1859.]

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[Hellenics, 1846; Hellenics, 1859. Printed from the 1859 text. It is not easy to say exactly where Landor has taken this story from; possibly the Scholiast on Lycophron 269 may have been his source.]

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[See Corythus for bibliography. In the Hellenics, 1847, the two parts of Corythus and this poem form one poem under the title of Corythus.]

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[Hellenics, 1859 (part). Heroic Idylls, with additional poems, 1863. These scenes are Landor's own invention.]

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